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THE MAGAZINE OF CIVIL WAR CONFLICT

ISSUE #4 • APRIL 1998

MEMPHIS: BATTLE OF THE RAMS



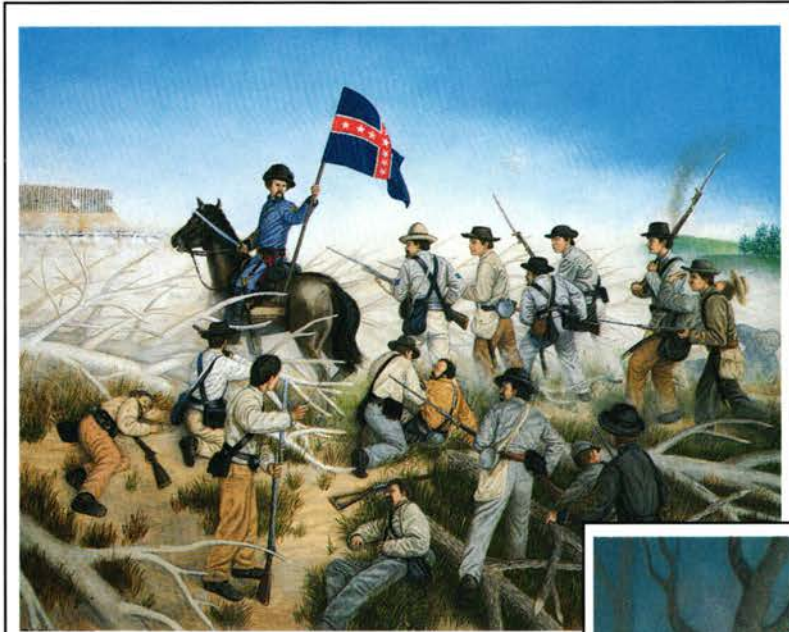
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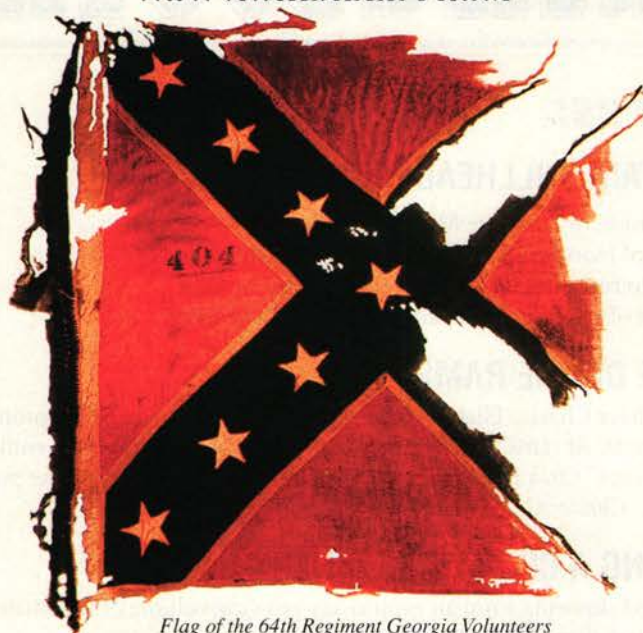
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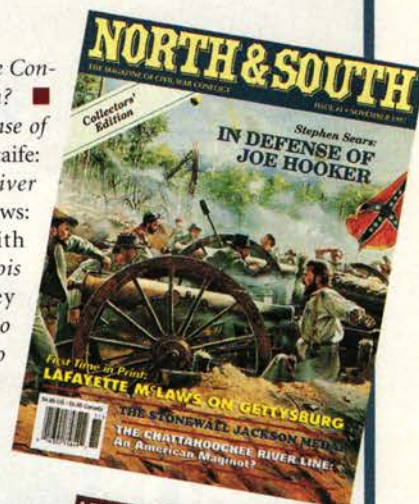
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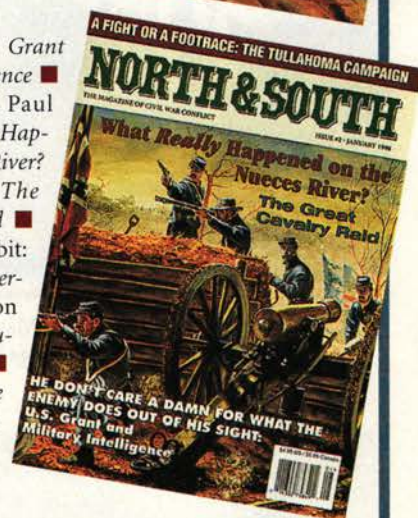
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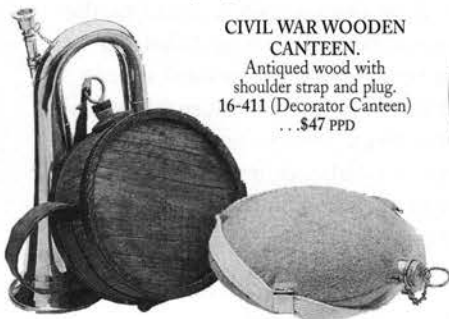
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Editorial

Keith Poulter

WHEN NORTH & SOUTH WAS LAUNCHED we stated that our aim was to publish fresh and accurate history, and to publish a magazine that was "balanced" in the sense that there would be a place within its pages for a variety of perspectives. Judging by your reaction we are on the mark (see *Crossfire*).

It is our hope that we can also bring some light to questions which often generate only heat—the classic of course being "What caused the Civil War?" (and its corollary, "Should it be called the Civil War?"). We also plan to take a long hard look at the generalship of various commanders, north and south.

Our aim throughout will be to come as close to objective historical truth as humanly possible. The magazine has no ax to grind, other than the pursuit of truth; it is no part of our purpose to change anyone's perspective. However, if we all gain some insight into the *other guy's* values, that will be no bad thing. Whatever our standpoint on the war, I would like to think we can all come to regard the death, say, of a nineteenth century farmer turned soldier as tragic, irrespective of whether he came for Maine or from Alabama, irrespective of whether he wore blue or gray. And that we all may share the sentiments of the sixteenth-seventeenth century English poet John Donne:

No man is an island, entire of itself;
Every man is a piece of the continent, a part of
the main;.....
Any man's death diminishes me, because I am
involved in mankind;
And therefore never send to tell for whom the
bell tolls;
It tolls for thee.

After all, whatever our allegiance, we have more in common with one another than with those for whom the war has no meaning.



PRIZE

We received six correct answers to the Teaser question in *North & South* #1. We put these in a hat and drew one, and the winner was John Ransom, of Boston. He receives the *Official Records* on CD, kindly donated by H-Bar Enterprises.



Crossfire

Letters & Responses

Cavalry

I enjoyed reading Ron Furqueron's article on the Tullahoma campaign and your rebuttal in issue #2. I have studied the campaign closely during my work toward a Masters in Military History and have published my own article on it in *Strategy & Tactics* magazine. I would like to add a few comments to the discussion.

Mr. Furqueron's discussions of how the command problems within the Army of Tennessee helped the Union cause was certainly correct. Even more important, in my opinion, was the rift in the cavalry command, which was not mentioned. Wheeler was supposed to be in overall command, but his two chief subordinates, Forrest and Morgan, did not like him. In fact, Forrest went so far as to refuse to fight with Wheeler after a botched attack on Fort Donelson in February. Had Forrest and Wheeler been cooperating, Minty's attack into Shelbyville might have had a different ending. Wheeler tried to hold the Skull Camp Bridge open for Forrest (at his request) and was nearly overwhelmed, losing some 2,000 cavalymen killed, wounded or captured. Forrest, as mentioned, simply bypassed the town. Had Forrest attacked the Union troopers with his fresh troops, the Union cavalry could have been defeated, opening up the Federal right and rear to disruption.

Your rebuttal was also correct in chiding Rosecrans for execution errors, particularly his failure to insure the army's baggage was lightened as ordered. However, concerning Rosecrans' misuse of his cavalry, I feel this is an illegitimate use of a hindsight. Certainly your suggested move by

massed cavalry could have pinned Bragg in place and allowed the Union infantry to close with him. But I think you have to consider the status of the Union cavalry at this time. The first two years of the war saw Confederate cavalry beat and embarrass their Union counterparts constantly. Union army commanders had little confidence in their cavalry arm and were reluctant to use them effectively. Rosecrans, I believe, had the same mindset. Union cavalry had failed miserably to stop Wheeler's deprivations prior to the Battle of Stone's River, for example. Transferring Minty's brigade from the Union left to the right after Stanley ran into Confederate cavalry on June 24 was in part, I believe, a reaction to this lack of confidence. Rosecrans had to be sure that the Confederates were unable to break through Stanley's screen and discover the feint. Union cavalry began to emerge as a viable, confident force only after Brandy Station (9 June 1863), Shelbyville (27 June 1863), and Gettysburg (1 July 1863), with a subsequent effect on their use by Union commanders

—John Burr
Kensington, Maryland

Ed. The evolution of the Federal cavalry—and the point at which it emerged as a viable force in both the eastern and western theatres—will be a main theme of *North & South* #9, the Cavalry Special.

Quisling?

I have enjoyed your magazine and look forward to upcoming issues. I applaud the article *What Really Happened on the Nueces River?*, but take offense of the use of "quisling"—a WWII term related to helping the Nazis—on pages 63 & 66 to describe supporters of the state of Texas. What next? Will "Copperheads" be replaced with "quisling" to describe the pro-South living in the North? This "creeping revisionism" can start with one word and must end. Was this an honest mistake? Thank you for printing my concerns.

—David W. Palmer
Clifton Heights, Pennsylvania

Mr. Burrier and Dr. Selcer reply: Mr. Palmer is at least partly right in his criticism: used in a Civil War context, "quisling" might be considered anachronistic since the term dates only from World War II, being derived from the activities of Norwegian turncoat Vidkun Quisling who aided the Nazis in the subjugation of his country. However, the

term has since entered the English language as a common noun meaning "a traitor who collaborates with the invaders of his country." (*Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary*) That description certainly describes Charles Bergmann, the German-born farmer and resident of the Texas Hill Country at the time of the Nueces events. Bergmann—and probably other, unidentified local citizens—informed on their fellow German, Unionist neighbors to Confederate "invaders" commanded by Captain James Duff in the summer of 1862. It was Bergmann who told Duff about the Unionists' secret gathering on Turtle Creek and the route they were taking to Mexico. As if that were not bad enough, he then led the Confederate pursuit party that chased them down and joined in the subsequent attack that has been called "a massacre." A quisling indeed! We feel that Mr. Palmer misreads our statements on pages 63 and 66 if he feels that we were smearing all "supporters of the state of Texas" with the label "quisling." As we used it, the term refers only to Bergmann and any others who betrayed their neighbors for personal gain or vendetta.

Balance

Outstanding! Cancelling CWTI and ACW. Thanks for not tar brushing Confederates as slavers and traitors. Keep your balance and N&S will take off in the South.

—John Carr, SCV/MOS&B
Fairfield, Texas

Cover Story

I would like to make several points about the N&S cover story article in issue #2 entitled "Van Den Corput's Cherokee Georgia Battery at Resaca."

One must be careful when using General Geary's *Official Records* reports. He had a reputation of exaggerating the achievements of his command, even taking credit that was due others.

With the one exception of the 149th N.Y., no regiment or brigade report of Ireland's brigade makes any claim to being in the initial charge which drove the Confederates from the battery. The credit belongs to Ward's brigade whose two leading regiments (the 70th Indiana and 102nd Illinois) were actually involved in a brief hand-to-hand combat with the Confederate batterymen. The rest of the brigade, along with the 149th N.Y., soon thereafter, briefly entered the battery lunette. All the other regiments of both Butterfield's and (continued on page 94)

WE WELCOME YOUR COMMENTS and opinions. Letters are often edited for length so that we can include as many as possible. Write: NORTH & SOUTH CROSSFIRE, 33756 Black Mountain Road, Tollhouse, CA 93667

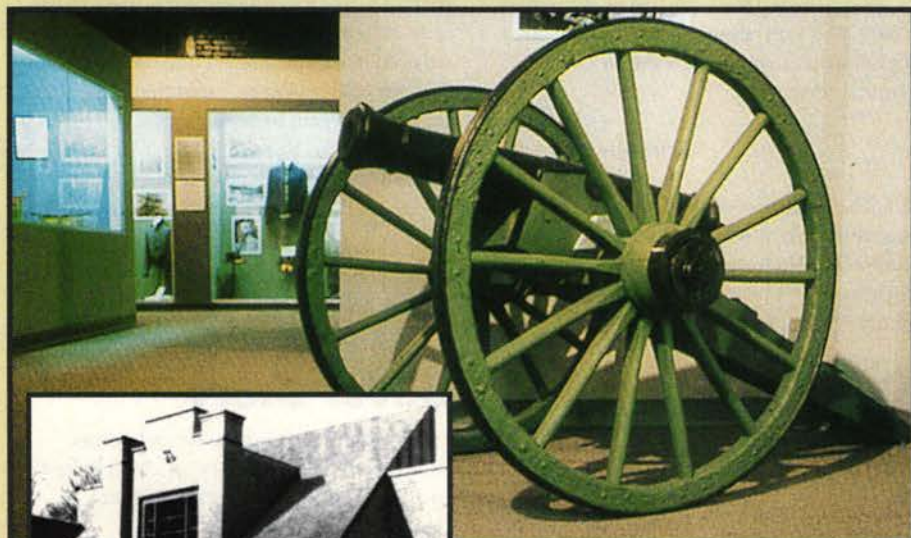
THE CIVIL WAR MUSEUM AND OLD BARDSTOWN VILLAGE

LAST YEAR A MAJOR NEW CIVIL WAR EXHIBITION opened in Bardstown, Kentucky. This relatively unknown gem is located in a building that formerly served as the town's water works and icehouse. Completely renovated with \$450,000 from the Kentucky Legislature, the Civil War Museum houses the collections of four area residents. What the visitor finds at the end of the sixteen-mile drive off Interstate 65 will not disappoint. The Civil War Museum ranks a close fourth to the Museum of the Confederacy in Richmond, Confederate Memorial Hall in New Orleans, and the Atlanta History Center in terms of size and contents.

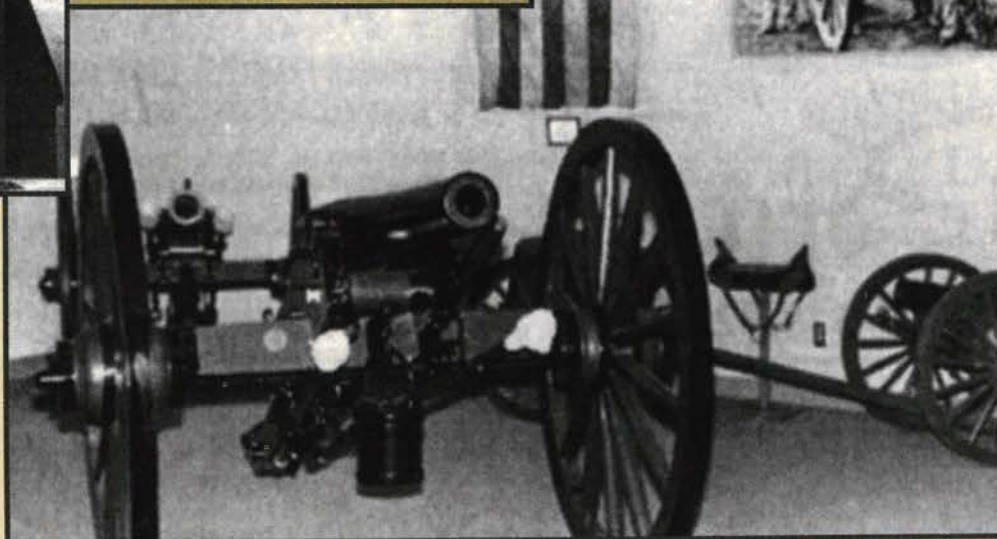
Unlike the others, the Civil War Museum focuses on the *War of the Western States*. Personally guided by Director Rita Merrmann or Historian Bryan Bush, visitors move through a series of exhibits that present chronologically the Civil War in the Western Theater. Artifacts include the flag of the 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, captured near New Libson, Ohio, during Confederate Brigadier General John Hunt Morgan's Raid, the presentation sword of Confederate Brigadier General Lloyd Tilghman, killed at the Battle of Champion's Hill, and a silver flask presented to Confederate Brigadier General John C. Breckinridge a few days after he joined the Confederate Army.



Following these displays are the Infantry, Cavalry, Naval, and Artillery Rooms, where the Eastern Theater enthusiast will not be disappointed. Artifacts in this area include a one-pounder cannon used by Confederate Colonel John S. Mosby's raiders and the epaulets worn by Union Brigadier General Irvin McDowell during the First Battle of Bull Run. The complex also includes Old Bardstown Village, which is under restoration. Five cabins are currently open for a self-guided tour. The Civil War Museum is an excellent example of what can be achieved when the public and private sectors cooperate for the common good. □



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Al Nofi's Knapsack

A CIVIL WAR DIGEST

SHORT ROUNDS

A Valley Bivouac

Late in December of 1861, Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson undertook an expedition to destroy the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. It was bitterly cold in the Shenandoah Valley that winter, and the troops grumbled mightily as they marched and camped in the ice and snow. One morning early in January, 1862, near the town of Bath, a group of Jackson's troops woke up to find themselves covered with an additional blanket of white, for it had snowed once again while they slept. As the men got up, shaking out their snow-covered blankets and getting into the routine of the day, they began roundly cursing Jackson for the miseries of their lives.

Then one hitherto unnoticed snuggled up in his blanket under a

nearby tree stirred. The man crawled out of his blanket, and, shaking off the snow, stood up. It was Jackson himself. Stunned into silence, the troops jumped to attention, bracing themselves for a blast of general's ire. But the gallant Stonewall, who had ridden up during the night, made but a smiling remark to a couple of the men, shook out his blanket, and was soon away.

VD in the Civil War

Venereal disease (VD) has long been a major cause of non-battle related casualties in armies. The VD rate for the allegedly restrained Victorians of the Union Army in Civil War seems to have been about 82 cases per thousand men per year. Officially 182,779 cases and 136 deaths were reported among white volunteer troops alone during the war.

Reported Cases of VD, 1861-1865

White Volunteers Only		
DISEASE	CASES	DEATHS
Gonorrhea	95,833	6
Syphilis	73,382	123
Other	13,564	7
Total	182,779	136

Of course these figures exclude black troops, as well as personnel in the Regular Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps, so the actual totals are likely to have been higher. However, since white volunteers made up about 90 percent of the total Union forces, the overall rate of 82 cases per thousand men on strength per year was probably about the same, though we cannot know how many cases actually went unreported.

FROM THE GRAPEVINE:

- By the end of the Civil War, Union military hospitals had capacity for 136,894 patients, roughly one bed for every eight men in service.
- The last Civil War veteran on active duty was Sergeant Henry B. Hallowell, who enlisted in the Marine Corps during the Buchanan administration, served in the Civil War, and did not retire until 1919, at the age of 85.
- Among its other distinctions, the U.S.S. *Monitor* was the first warship to have flush toilets.
- Sixteen black soldiers and seven black sailors received the Medal of Honor during the Civil War, the first of whom was Sergeant William H. Carney, Company C, 54th Massachusetts Colored



Infantry, for heroic conduct in the attempt to storm Battery Wagner, South Carolina, on July 18, 1863, during which his regiment incurred 25% casualties, including its white colonel, Robert G. Shaw, who was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor as well.

- On the eve of his 1864 "Overland Campaign," U.S. Grant was asked how long it would take to get to Richmond, to which he replied, "I will agree to be there in about four days, that is, if General Lee becomes a party to the agreement, but if he objects, the trip will undoubtedly be prolonged."
- As a means of determining whether women volunteers were suitable to serve as spies, early in the war Major General George McClellan's staff used phrenology, a 19th Century pseudo-science that postulated that one's personality could be determined by the lumps on one's skull.
- To guide the organization and training of its new military forces in 1861, North Carolina published a training manual entitled *The*

"I never heard music so fascinating and grand as that of battle."

—Lew Wallace

Some notion of the magnitude of the problem may be gained by noting that 1,779 white soldiers, regulars and volunteers, as well as 86 black soldiers were discharged during the war due to advanced syphilis.

Figures for Confederate forces are at best fragmentary, but impressive just the same. Thus, in the Army of Northern Virginia in December of 1862 reports from eight regiments aggregating 6,253 indicated 46 new cases of venereal disease (36 of gonorrhea and 10 of syphilis), which amounts to an annual rate of about 89 cases per thousand men on strength, slightly higher than the reported Union rate.

Prostitutes were the principal vectors for spreading VD during the war. As the distinguished pioneer social historian of the Civil War, Bell Irvin Wiley noted, the raising of the armies "was paralleled by informal mobilization for active service of a vast horde of loose women . . ." Between those working the

streets and those in the approximately 450 "sporting houses," there were an estimated 7,500 prostitutes working in Washington in 1862-1863, and an estimated 2,000 more were at work in Chicago. In the South, Richmond and New Orleans both had impressive numbers of prostitutes as well. Despite the known hazards—there was no cure for syphilis or gonorrhea at the time—these ladies seem to have been well-patronized.

By World War I the rate in the U.S. Army was about 87 cases per 1,000 men per year. Although only slightly higher than the officially reported figure for the Civil War, the World War I rate was still much higher than that of the French Army. By World War II the rate had decreased markedly, due largely to intensive education of the troops to the danger of venereal infections and the introduction of penicillin. As a result, it would seem that the problem of VD had been solved. It wasn't.

VD in the US Army Since 1861

WAR	RATE	RATIO
Civil War	82	100.0%
World War I	87	106.1%
World War II	49	46.0%
Korea	146	178.0%
Vietnam	325	396.3%

Rate is the number of cases per thousand troops on strength per year, with the Civil War figure limited to white volunteers only. *Ratio* uses the Civil War rate as a baseline against which to compare the rates in the other four wars. For political reasons statistics have not been published for the Gulf War, but they are believed to be much lower than any since World War II.

The Fleets

At the start of the war the Union did not have much of a fleet, and the Confederacy none at all. Nevertheless, the Civil War was a naval war as much

as anything else, and the Union's fleets were as responsible for the defeat of the Confederacy as were the Union's armies.

At the start of the war the United States Navy owned just 90 vessels, many of them obsolete old sailing ships-of-the-line and frigates, such as the U.S.S. *Constitution*. Only about 75 percent of the ships were serviceable, and of these only about 60 percent were actually in commission. Worse, only half of the serviceable ships were steamships, and of those fewer than half were in commission. And some of the vessels in commission were on distant stations. So the U.S. Navy had slender resources indeed to commence a major war. Of course the Union could draw upon the enormous resources of the sea-faring North, so that by the end of the war well over 700 vessels had seen commissioned service, including about 60 ironclads.

The situation of the Confederacy was by no means so rosy. At the start of the war the South seized not a single useful vessel from the United States Navy. Of those which were taken, only the steam frigate U.S.S. *Merrimac* could be restored to service, as an ironclad, though only after nearly a year's effort. In addition, the Confederacy seized six revenue cutters, three coast survey vessels, about a dozen lighthouse tenders, and a few other miscellaneous vessels owned by the Federal government. These formed the nucleus of the Confederate Navy, which, like its opponent, immediately began pressing all sorts of miscellaneous vessels into service and embarked upon an ambitious building program. Altogether, at one time or another the Confederacy seems to have commissioned nearly 175 warships of various types, including 14 ironclads. Also, work was begun on many additional vessels, including about 50 ironclads and perhaps 100 others. It was a prodigious effort, and one marked by a considerable degree of success.

Some idea of the effort put into the naval side of the war can be gained by looking at the strength of the fleets.

Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind.

- At the onset of the Civil War, the Hungarian General George Klapka offered his services to Lincoln as general-in-chief of the Union armies, provided he received a cash advance of \$100,000 plus an annual salary of \$25,000 for the duration, with a provision for a period of service as chief of the general staff while he learned English.
- An estimated 566 tons of ammunition were expended during the three days of the Battle of Gettysburg, roughly 24 pounds for every man who became a casualty.

Left: Sgt. W.H. Carney, Co C, 54th Mass. Ft Wagner Medal of Honor

Warships in Commission, 1861-1865

DATE	United States		Confederate		CS as % of US	
	TOTAL	RIVERINE	TOTAL	RIVERINE	TOTAL	RIVERINE
Jan 1, 1861	42	0	0	0	—	—
Jan 1, 1862	265	10	35	10	13.2%	100.0%
Jan 1, 1863	425	48	50	3	11.8%	6.3%
Jan 1, 1864	590	75	60	2	10.2%	2.7%
Jan 1, 1865	670	90	50	3	7.5%	3.3%

This table gives a highly approximate idea of the relative strengths of the respective navies at the start of each year. *Total* is all vessels in service, while *Riverine* refers only to those on the Mississippi and other inland waters. The final pair of columns summarizes Confederate naval forces as a percentage of the Union fleet.

Since only vessels actually in commission are included, a number of difficulties arise. At any given time not all of the ships a navy owns are in commission, nor capable of being put into commission, given that some ships are in for repairs and overhauls, often for extended periods.

Warship Losses

YEAR	U.S.	C.S.	CS:US
1861	6	3	50.0%
1862	11	30	272.7%
1863	26	35	134.6%
1864	20	24	120.0%
1865	6	30	500.0%
Total	69	122	176.8%

This table summarizes annual warship losses. The figures include not only vessels lost in combat, but also those that were captured, scuttled, lost to the hazards of the sea, or otherwise lost to the service in the course of that same year. However, the table does not include vessels stricken from the navy list due to poor physical condition, which occurred to a number of the older Union warships and even some of the Confederate vessels. Union loss figures exclude revenue cutters and other government owned vessels captured in 1860 and 1861. The Confederate figure for 1865 excludes losses from captures and scuttlings after the surrender of Richmond. Over the next few weeks most of the Confederacy's remaining warships were scuttled or fell into Union hands, which is not reflected in this table.

The last Confederate vessel in service was the cruiser *Shenandoah*. In the North Pacific at the time of the collapse of the Confederacy, the ship's company

did not learn of the war's end until August, whereupon they sailed her to Britain, where she was interned in November. It must be stressed that these figures are rather unreliable, and notably so for the Confederate Navy.

PROFILE

Drummer Boys

Until well into the 19th century, armies regularly recruited young boys for service as drummers. This was not merely to provide music. As with bugles (called "trumpets") drums formed an important part of the battlefield communications system, with various rolls signaling different commands. Recruiting boys for the work freed men for combat duty. As the boys got older they could regularly enlist in the ranks. Drummer boys were usually treated as something of a mascot by the troops, and often entrusted to the good offices of the regimental chaplain. Since they had few military duties to perform, the life of drummer boys was not particularly onerous and appeared rather glamorous. As a result, boys of all ages—and not a few girls—tried to enlist, often running away from home. Officially there were age restrictions, but these were often ignored, and boys as young as ten were occasionally found beating the "long roll" which called the men to action.

Needless to say, drummer boys—and in Confederate regiments they were sometimes black—were often in the thick of the fighting, becoming casualties on a regular basis. Many lie in unknown graves, which prompted more than one sentimental poem in their memory.

The Dead Drummer Boy

*Midst tangled roots that lined the
wild ravine,
Where the fierce fight raged
hottest through the day,
And where the dead in scattered
heaps were seen
Amid the darkling forest's shade
and sheen
Speechless in death he lay.*

*The setting sun which glanced
athwart the place,
In slanting lines, like amber-
tinted rain
Fell sidewise on the drummer's
upturned face,
Where Death had left his gory
finger's trace
In one bright crimson stain.*

*The silken fringes of his once-
bright eye
Lay like a shadow on his cheek so
fair;
His lips were parted by a long-
drawn sigh,
That with his soul had mounted
to the sky
On some wild martial air.*

*No more his hand the fierce tattoo
shall beat;
The shrill reveille, or the long
roll's call,
Or sound the charges, when, in
smoke and heat
Of fiery onset, foe with foe shall
meet,
And gallant men shall fall.*

*Yet may be in some happy home,
that one,
A mother, reading from some list
of dead,
Shall chance to view the name of
her dead son,
And move her lips to say, "God's
will be done!"
And bow in grief her head.*

*But more than this what tongue
shall tell his story?
Perhaps his boyish longings were
for fame.
He lived, he died; and so
memento mori.
Enough if on the page of War and
Glory,
Some hand has writ his name.*

(continued on page 93)

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"A CERTAIN BULL

The Longstreet-McLaws Controversy

At 10 a.m. on the morning of February 13, 1864, in Morristown, Tennessee, a small rail town approximately 50 miles northeast of Knoxville, a court martial was convened to consider the fate of Lafayette McLaws, the ranking major general in the Army of Northern Virginia.

THE CHARGES AGAINST MCLAWS had been made by his longtime friend, patron, and commanding officer, Lieutenant General James Longstreet. Before testimony could be heard, a courier arrived from Longstreet urging the court to adjourn until March 15 "or as soon thereafter as possible." The army had begun a movement on Knoxville, Longstreet reported, and he needed "not only the witnesses ... but the members of the court who belong with us." With that, the court's president, Lieutenant General Simon B. Buckner, adjourned the proceedings and the members of the court returned to their commands. McLaws, no doubt seething with anger by seeing the trial which he had so vigorously demanded suddenly broken up and further delayed, was ordered by Longstreet to proceed to Abingdon, Virginia, and to remain there until summoned by Buckner.

Lafayette McLaws had come a long way as a soldier before this embarrassing and frustrating moment. Less than a month past his forty-fifth birthday at the time of the court martial, McLaws was a native of Augusta, Georgia, who had graduated from West Point in 1842, ranking 48th out of 56 graduates. Among the handful of cadets whose performance ranked below McLaws' was fellow Georgian James Longstreet. Like so many other Civil War generals, McLaws saw service in Mexico and was fighting Indians on the frontier when news of Georgia's secession reached him. Returning to his native state, he received a commission as colonel of the 10th Georgia Infantry, which he organized and led to the front in Virginia.

Promotion came quickly. On September 25, 1861, McLaws was elevated to brigadier general; less than a year later, in May 1862, he was made major general and given command of a division composed of troops from Georgia, Mississippi, and South Carolina. As Robert Krick has observed, no other division in the Army of Northern Virginia operated for so long with all amateur leadership at the brigade level. McLaws' briga-

diers — Paul Semmes and William Wofford of Georgia, Joseph Kershaw of South Carolina, and William Barksdale of Mississippi—were all non professional soldiers whose prewar careers had done little to prepare them for the responsibilities of high command. Semmes had made a fortune in banking, while the others were renowned lawyers and political figures. Three of them—Barksdale, Kershaw, and Semmes—were active in their states' secession movements, rare examples of men who voted for separation and then went out to fight for it. It was a tribute to McLaws' leadership that he managed to forge such strong personalities into a cohesive unit.

McLaws has come down to us as an enigmatic and uninspiring figure. No major biography of the bulky Georgian has ever been written, probably because his execrable handwriting has fended-off potential biographers daring enough to wade into his voluminous correspondence. He has always been overshadowed by his more colorful, and indeed tragic, fellow First Corps division commanders, George Pickett and John Bell Hood. While it seems as if every other important (and some not so important) Confederate general earned a sobriquet of some sort, McLaws never inspired any snappy nicknames like Longstreet's "Old War Horse," or George Anderson's "Old Tige," or Henry Benning's "Old Rock." He enjoyed the friendship of powerful men like Joseph E. Johnston and Braxton Bragg, but was never a favorite of Robert E. Lee (his promotion to major general came under Johnston's tenure with the Virginia army, and not Lee's) and he therefore never made it into the pantheon of "Lee's Paladins." His penchant for defensive fighting, coupled with his stocky frame, creates an image of slowness and predictability, rather than one of mystery and excitement.

No greater epitaph could be given to McLaws than that which the men he led inscribed on his tombstone.



The grave of Lafayette McLaws, Major General, Confederate States Army. Born Augusta GA. January 15th 1821. Died Savannah, GA. July 24th 1897. Enscribed on the reverse side: "I fought not for what I thought was right but for principles that were right."

HEADEDNESS"

W. Todd Groce, Georgia Historical Society

McLaws (left) and Longstreet were good friends. Both men were from the Augusta area and their families had known each other for generations.



In twentieth century terms, McLaws was a "detail person" rather than an "ideas man." His reputation for careful management and attention to detail led even his fellow officers to accuse him of being slow, if not ponderous. They were quick to concede, however, that this same quality made him mindful of the needs of his men. G. Moxley Sorrel, Longstreet's AAG and a fellow Georgian, observed that McLaws was "fond of detail," and that "his command was in excellent condition." Although "not brilliant in the field or quick in movement" the young Savannahian considered McLaws an officer who "could always be counted on and had secured the entire confidence of his men." Another Georgian, E. Porter Alexander, Longstreet's chief of artillery, echoed this sentiment, observing that although McLaws had a reputation for being slow, "he made up for it in having his division always in the best possible condition." Alexander remarked that "few of our generals equalled him" in looking after the needs of his troops. Indeed, no greater epitaph could be given to McLaws than that which the men he led inscribed on his tombstone in Savannah's Laurel Grove Cemetery: "He knew when to lead us in, and he always brought us out."

ENJOYING THE CONFIDENCE OF HIS MEN and blessed with a talented array of subordinates, McLaws welded his division into an effective fighting machine and built for himself a solid record as a leader. After serving under Major General John B. Magruder in the Seven Days Campaign, McLaws took over much of Magruder's division once "Prince John" was transferred from the army. During the Maryland Campaign of 1862, McLaws played a key role in the capture of Harpers Ferry by successfully seizing Maryland Heights above the town, closing off an important route of retreat for the Federals and giving the Confederates a commanding presence above the town, leading to its ultimate capitulation. At Sharpsburg, McLaws launched a furious counterattack that

routed Federals from the West Wood, scoring a tactical victory that helped prevent the collapse of the Confederate left on that hard-fought field.

Undoubtedly, McLaws' best performance of the war came at Fredricksburg in December 1862, where he was given the tough assignment of defending the Rappahannock River bank. His skillful defense there, and in the Sunken Road below Marye's Heights, earned him the respect of the army. Moxley Sorrel praised McLaws' handling of his division and thought that the key to his success was that "his ground and position were well reconnoitered." Porter Alexander also commended McLaws' disposition of his troops at Fredricksburg, observing that he "was about the best general in the army for that sort of job, being very painstaking in details, & having a good eye for ground. He fixed his sharpshooters all along the river to the Queen's taste."

The following spring, at the Battle of Chancellorsville, McLaws was sent to turn back the Federal attack at Salem Church, but did not live up to his Sharpsburg performance. His men were not well-handled and the Federals were allowed to escape from what should have been a certain trap. When he discovered that McLaws had failed to snare his quarry, Lee was none too happy. The day after the engagement, the commanding general, while not naming McLaws specifically—that was not his style—grumbled that a great deal of valuable time had been lost and that no one seemed to know exactly where the enemy line was located. No doubt, this lost opportunity to destroy the Federals contributed to Lee's decision not to give McLaws command of a corps when the army was reorganized after the death of Stonewall Jackson. Although he outranked Major General A.P. Hill, McLaws was by passed in favor of the Virginian when Lee selected the new lieutenant general and corps commander in May, 1863.

What must have surprised and disappointed McLaws most, however, as he sat in Abingdon preparing his defense was how far and fast he had fallen in the estimation of his own corps commander and old friend, James Longstreet. Like another solid but undistinguished division commander, George Pickett, McLaws was a favorite of Longstreet, and the leader of the First Corps worked hard to advance McLaws' career within the Army of Northern Virginia. When the decision was made to give the new corps to Hill and not McLaws, Longstreet was furious, believing that his friend and protégé had been denied promotion because he was not a Virginian. Longstreet insisted that McLaws was passed over because the sys-

tem was rigged against him in favor of Virginians like the commanding general, not because McLaws had performed below Lee's expectations.

To some extent, Lee may have been prompted in his decision not to reward McLaws with a corps because of the Georgian's poor health. Apparently, McLaws was ailing the winter of 1862-63, and this may have affected his performance at Salem Church. In fact, Longstreet discussed with McLaws the possibility of the latter going south and exchanging places with General P.G.T. Beauregard, then stationed in Charleston, but nothing came of the idea. Still, Longstreet later claimed that Lee asked him to give his personal attention to McLaws and his division. McLaws, however, knew nothing of the arrangement—and thus the seed was sown for trouble between the two ranking Georgians in the army.

It is not surprising that Longstreet and McLaws were such good friends. Both men were originally from the Augusta area and their families had known each other for generations. In fact, Longstreet's and McLaws' grandfathers are buried within only a few feet of each other in the graveyard at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Augusta. As mentioned earlier, the two soldiers went through West Point together, graduated at the bottom of their class, and served as infantry officers in Mexico.

Interestingly enough, Longstreet and McLaws were similar in appearance and personality. Indeed, many contemporary descriptions of one fit the other. Both were heavily bearded and overweight; both were forty-three years of age when the war began (their birthdays were less than one month apart); and anyone familiar with the personality of Longstreet would immediately recognize him in these descriptions of McLaws: "a reputation of being slow;" "slow but sure;" or "one of the most dogged defensive fighters in the army." The two men seemed suited both by disposition and background to become friends and tactical soul mates in much the same way that Lee and Jackson were kindred spirits. Indeed, Longstreet's greatest moment—the fight for the Sunken Road and stonewall at Fredericksburg—was a product of the fierce defensive combat waged by McLaws' Division.

Soon, however, the bonds of friendship began to crack. The first sign of trouble appeared when the two Georgians had a falling out over Longstreet's actions and attitude at Gettysburg. While it is not exactly clear just what passed between them, something serious caused McLaws' opinion of his friend to sour. Perhaps he learned of Longstreet's promise to keep an eye on him, suspecting an attempt to remove McLaws in favor of Kershaw. Or maybe McLaws blamed his division's heavy casualties in the Peach Orchard and Wheatfield on his chief's reluctance to follow Lee's plan of battle for July 2 and his refusal to allow McLaws to reconnoiter the ground before committing his division to battle that day.

Whatever it was, McLaws turned on Longstreet with a vengeance, at least privately. Shortly after the battle, McLaws complained to his wife that his mentor was "a humbug, a man of small capacity, very obstinate, not at all chivalrous, exceedingly conceited, and totally selfish. If I can it is my intention to get away from his command." Longstreet supporters have attempted to discount these harsh words, but the fact that they were written in private and not in a public attempt to embarrass Longstreet makes them damning indeed, and at the very

least they reflect that all was not well within the army's high command.

The rift between the two Georgians would have dire consequences for McLaws as his division and that of John Bell Hood boarded trains in early September, 1863, and headed for a junction with Braxton Bragg's Army of Tennessee. During the fight at Chickamauga, McLaws was stuck in Atlanta for some reason, and his division was led by Kershaw as senior brigadier. When after the battle Longstreet launched a round robin against the western army's commander, McLaws further strained his relationship with his chief by refusing to participate. Not only did McLaws decline to sign a petition circulated by Longstreet and others calling for Bragg's removal, but he branded Longstreet's role in the whole messy affair as nothing more than a blatant power grab calculated to place Longstreet in command of the army.

BUT IT WAS THE FAILED ASSAULT on Fort Sanders at Knoxville that provided Longstreet with the justification, as he saw it, to rid himself of his old protégé. Following his failed attempt to oust Bragg, Longstreet was detached from the Army of Tennessee and sent northward to retake Knoxville which had fallen only months earlier to the Federals. Investing the city in late November, Longstreet set



about selecting a point to attack the Yankee lines. After some reconnaissance, Fort Sanders was selected for the assault. Not only was it considered the key to the Union defenses, but Longstreet's chief engineering officer Brigadier General Daniel Leadbetter judged it to be the weakest point in the formidable Federal works surrounding the town. Convinced by his own and Leadbetter's observations that the ditch around Sanders was only a few feet deep and could be quickly crossed, Longstreet dismissed fears raised by several of his most trusted subordinates, including his new protege Brigadier General Micah Jenkins. McLaws was ordered to prepare his division to make the assault, which was scheduled for dawn on November 29. He apparently issued no protest and simply accepted Longstreet's assessment of the enemy works.

It was all over in about twenty minutes. The Confederates suffered 813 casualties, the Federals a mere five killed, eight wounded. McLaws' infantry had fought like tigers.

From the beginning, everything went wrong. The fort's garrison was alerted the night before the attack by the capture of the Federal picket line and was ready for the Confederates. In the predawn darkness, the storming column moved forward after a short bombardment and quickly became entangled in telegraph wire strung across the line of attack. Once this obstacle was overcome, to their surprise the Confederates found that the ditch was four, and in some places eight, feet deep. The walls of the fort were slippery with ice from water poured upon them by the garrison; and even worse scaling ladders were nowhere to be found. Added to all this, the attacking column converged on too narrow a front, jamming units together in the ditch, which quickly became a slaughter pen. In addition to a murderous fire of artillery and musketry, the Federals rained



axes, lighted shells, and billets of wood down upon the crowded Rebel infantry. The few daring parties that made it into the fort were promptly killed or captured. Soon white flags appeared in the ditch as men chose to surrender rather than run the gauntlet of fire back to their own lines.

It was all over in about twenty minutes. The Confederates had suffered 813 casualties, a quarter of whom were prisoners. Federal losses were a mere five killed and eight wounded. Never before had troops from the Army of Northern Virginia suffered such a lopsided defeat. William Garret Piston claims that McLaws' failure to take Ft. Sanders demonstrates that the Georgian "had lost his nerve as a combat officer." But McLaws neither shrank from the daunting task nor balked at the considerable risk he ran in leading the assault. Moreover, the heavy casualty list reveals that his infantry had fought like tigers and had sustained a forlorn attempt longer than common sense demanded. Indeed, it was not until Longstreet ordered him to do so that McLaws called off the attack.

When Longstreet learned that Bragg had been routed from his position around Chattanooga and that Sherman was approaching from the south, he lifted the siege on December 4 and withdrew into upper East Tennessee. The entire campaign

The Confederate Assault on Fort Sanders.

Library of Congress

reached an exasperating climax eleven days later when Longstreet failed to capture three brigades of Union cavalry and one of infantry at Bean's Station. Longstreet blamed the poorly handled affair on his division commanders. He charged Brigadier General Evander Law, temporarily in charge of the division of the wounded John Hood, with moving too slowly in pursuit of the enemy; and he criticized McLaws for not moving until his hungry troops had been fed.

Longstreet's nerves were at the breaking point. The botched fight at Bean's Station only added to his anger over the disaster at Fort Sanders. As soon as the troops returned to camp, he surprised the army by relieving McLaws of command. He directed McLaws to turn over his division to the senior brigadier and to proceed to Augusta immediately.

MCLAWS WAS STUNNED. Blind-sided by this remarkable order, he immediately wrote to his chief demanding an explanation. Rather than extend his friend the courtesy of a personal reply, Longstreet ordered his AAG to speak for him. "I am directed to say," Moxley Sorrel curtly stated, "that throughout the campaign on which we are engaged you have exhibited a want of confidence in the efforts and plans which the commanding general has thought proper to adopt, and he is apprehensive that this feeling will extend more or less to the troops under your command." Sorrel concluded that "the interest of the service would be advanced by your separation from him [Longstreet], and as he could not leave himself," McLaws simply had to go. Remarkable words for someone like Longstreet, who is fortunate he himself did not receive a similar communique from Lee citing the same "want of confidence in the efforts and plans" of the commanding general after his own questionable performance at Gettysburg.

Now insulted as well as hurt, McLaws did not linger at army headquarters to argue the point, but headed instead for Augusta, where he forwarded the correspondence to Adjutant General Samuel Cooper in Richmond. To Cooper, McLaws insisted that his division be restored. He did not deny that he and Longstreet differed in opinion "concerning many things," he told Cooper, but he did not agree with his commander that his opinions had influenced his conduct or that of his division.

By the time this letter to Cooper was written on December 29, Longstreet had decided to present formal charges against his childhood friend. He now ignored the first sweeping charge of general lack of cooperation and leveled three specific charges, all of which were based on McLaws' failure to take precautions in the assault on Fort Sanders in November. Under the heading "Neglect of duty, to the prejudice of good order and military discipline," Longstreet claimed that McLaws: 1) did not properly advance his sharpshooters to within good rifle range on the night prior to the assault; 2) did not organize a select storming party before the assault; and 3) had attacked the fort at a point where the ditch was impassable, that he failed to supply ladders or other means for crossing the ditch, and furthermore he did not notify his officers that the ditch on the west side of the fort was "but a slight obstacle to his infantry," implying that McLaws should have directed his men to a point on the parapet other than the one he actually hit. In short,

McLaws had failed "to make the arrangements essential to success," the first time in his military career that this careful officer, noted for his obsession with details, had ever been accused of ignoring them.



McLaws continued to press for trial before a court martial and to be restored to his command.

Brigadiers General Benjamin G. Humphreys (left) and George T. Anderson

McLaws launched a savage counterattack. In a letter written for public consumption, he tore into Longstreet with the same fury that had driven the Federals from the West Wood at Sharpsburg. He accused Longstreet of using the charges against him to divert scrutiny of his own failures in Tennessee and of forwarding charges but not asking for a court of inquiry to investigate their merits. McLaws traced his trouble with Longstreet back to the abortive post-Chickamauga coup, "when I," he roared, "not believing that he [Longstreet] was a greater man than General Bragg kept aloof from the coalition which was forming against him headed by General L." He complained that Longstreet never forgave him for "not joining in that clique, the object of which was to place him in command" of the Army of Tennessee. He then closed his scurrilous attack with these stinging remarks: "When it is considered that General L. failed to assault the enemy before reaching Knoxville, and his long delay before the place was the cause of much of Bragg's disaster at Chattanooga, and that he has nothing to recommend him as a commander but the possession of a certain bullheadedness, it is mortifying when one feels that he is allowed to tyrannize, as he is doing." He continued to press for trial before a court martial and to be restored to his command.

McLaws was not the only member of the First Corps to feel the sting of Longstreet's anger. At the same time he was prosecuting his case against McLaws, Longstreet lashed out at another of his senior officers, Brigadier General Jerome Robertson, leader of the Texas Brigade. Robertson, Longstreet alleged, openly complained of his orders in front of his regimental commanders during the Bean's Station engagement; moreover, Longstreet's crony, Micah Jenkins, who was now at the head of Hood's Division, considered Robertson "incompetent." Thus, in the letter to Richmond containing the charges

against McLaws, Longstreet called for a court martial against the Texan. Longstreet also endorsed the resignation of Evander Law, who at the time explained to Longstreet that he wanted to transfer to the cavalry, but later claimed that he was miffed over the fact that Longstreet had recommended Jenkins, rather than himself, to command Hood's Division. At his own request, Law was granted leave and allowed to hand-carry his resignation to the capital.

Longstreet must have known how badly all of this made him look. He had come to Tennessee confident of victory and seeking to command an army of his own. Now all that was gone. The day he forwarded the charges against McLaws and Robertson, he requested that, since he was cut off from Bragg's army, he be placed under the command of another officer, even one junior in grade to himself if a senior could not be found. He selflessly took the blame for his lack of success in Tennessee, as any commanding officer should have—but at the same time did not rescind any of the charges against McLaws and Robertson nor seek to dissuade Law from leaving. He admitted his guilt but wanted his subordinates to suffer the punishment.

If Longstreet hoped for sympathy, he got none from Richmond. Cooper—whose apparent dislike for the Georgian reflected the sentiments of the president—questioned Longstreet's authority to relieve an officer of command and send him home, and strongly urged Longstreet to recall McLaws from Augusta immediately, all of which "Old Pete" simply ignored. In fact, the government was so deeply concerned over the whole affair, that President Davis personally intervened and granted McLaws the court martial he so vigorously demanded. In late January, Secretary of War Robert Seddon instructed Cooper to order a court martial to be held in the Tennessee Valley hamlet of Russellville (Longstreet's headquarters) and to recommend the officers to serve on it. Cooper notified all parties that the trial would open on February 3, but before the court could be organized the venue changed to Morristown. These and other inevitable delays pushed the date back for another week.

THE TRIAL, WHICH FINALLY GOT UNDERWAY on the morning of February 12, 1864, in Morristown was a remarkable event in Confederate military history. Nothing like it had ever happened in the Army of Northern Virginia or any other Confederate army, for that matter. For the first time and only time in Confederate military history, the senior major general of a Southern army was about to stand trial for mismanaging an assault on the enemy lines. The only affair comparable to it during the entire Civil War was the trial of Union Major General Fitz John Porter, which took place a year before the proceedings against McLaws, for his role in the Second Manassas Campaign. In Porter's case, however, he was tried and convicted by a court martial for disobedience of orders, a clear breach of military law; McLaws on the other hand was about to be tried for failing to capture a fortified position. There was never any question about his obedience to orders, but instead how well he carried out those orders.

Cooper carefully selected as impartial a court as possible with one important exception. The choice of president did not bode well for McLaws. Major General Simon B. Buckner had been a ringleader along with Longstreet in the attempted ouster

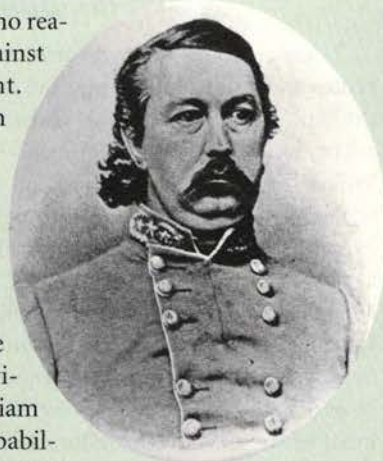
of Bragg the previous fall. In all probability, he resented McLaws for supporting Bragg and relished an opportunity to embarrass the Georgian now. Whatever his personal feelings may have been, Buckner's leading role in the failed round robin meant that he should have excused himself from the case. Other members included Major General Charles Field (promoted from brigadier the very day the court convened), and Brigadier Generals John Gregg, Francis T. Nicholls, George Anderson, Benjamin Humphreys, and James Kemper. There may have been nothing but coincidence in the fact that Charlie Field's promotion came through simultaneous with the opening of the trial, but Jefferson Davis' appointment was to take rank immediately, and everyone knew how the President felt about Longstreet. At any rate, neither Field, Kemper, nor Nicholls had any part in the round robin, and therefore, had no reason to be prejudiced against McLaws on that account.

Anderson, a Georgian commanding a brigade in Hood's Division, did not catch up with the First Corps in its westward movement until after Chickamauga. Humphreys was at the head of the Mississippi brigade previously led by the dead William Barksdale, and in all probability was friendly to his division commander. Only Gregg had served any time under Bragg, but he too was a relative new comer to the Army of Tennessee, having served most of the war in the Mississippi theater, and probably played no part in the coup.

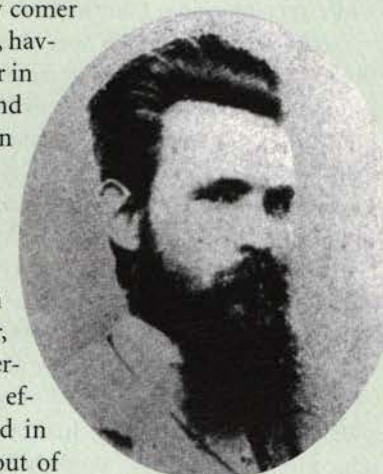
To observers that February day, the court must have been a pitiful sight. Three of its seven members—Field, Kemper, and Nicholls—were recovering or suffering from the effects of wounds received in combat. Field had been out of action since Second Manassas, where he was so badly shot up he was not expected to live; Kemper



*Brigadier General
Francis R. T. Nicholls*

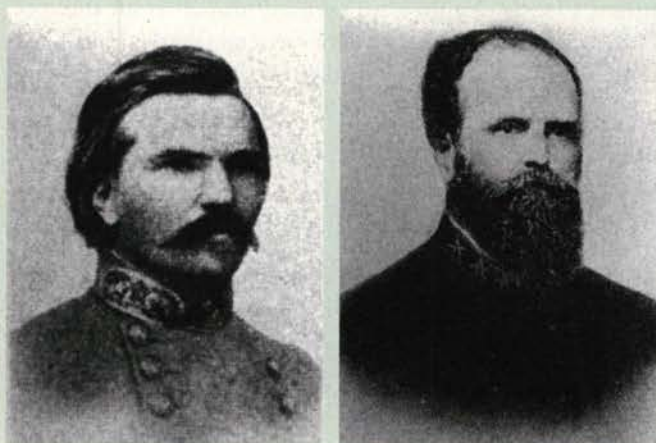


*Major General
Charles W. Field*



*Brigadier General
John Gregg*

was still on crutches from his Gettysburg injuries; Nicholls sat with his empty coat sleeve and pants leg hanging before the court. It was mute testimony of the war's toll on the army's high command.



Adjutant General Cooper indignantly asked Buckner if Longstreet was trying to undermine the court.

*Brigadier General Simon B. Buckner (left)
and Major General James L. Kemper*

Counsel for the trial was an interesting contrast. Both prosecutor and defender were obscure men given the magnitude of the task before them. Major Garnett Andrews acted as judge advocate, or prosecuting attorney. The son of a prominent Wilkes County, Georgia, jurist and anti-secessionist, Andrews was a colorful character who before the McLaws case had served in a variety of staff capacities, including duty as assistant adjutant general for Generals Henry R. Jackson and Arnold Elzy. He was later attached as AAG to Brigadier General William M. Gardner, a Georgian who commanded all military prisons east of the Mississippi River, except those in Georgia and Alabama. Near the end of the war, Andrews raised what was probably the most exotic unit in Confederate service. The 8th Confederate Infantry Battalion was composed of English and French nationals and "Galvanized Yankees" from Andersonville and other camps whom Anderson had come in contact with while serving under Gardner.

Anderson's opponent was Maj. Joseph Ganahl, a thirty-three-year-old Savannah lawyer whose family had roots in Augusta, where they were heavily involved in the prewar cotton trade. Although he practiced law in the Confederate States Court in Georgia, Ganahl apparently had a medical background as well, because he was serving as surgeon for McLaws' old unit, the 10th Georgia Infantry. Why McLaws employed Ganahl rather than Brigadier General Henry Benning, widely respected as one of the most talented lawyers and judges in Georgia before the war, is something of a mystery. At some point, Benning apparently approached Buckner about serving as his friend's counsel but either was refused or reconsidered taking such a potentially dangerous case. In all probability, "Old Rock" declined to involve himself publicly for fear that, if McLaws was found guilty and left the army, there would be no one to protect him from retribution by Longstreet. Privately, however, he continued to advise McLaws.

The first day of court the judges heard testimony in the case of Jerome Robertson, who was reprimanded for his conduct at Bean's Station and transferred to Texas. Early the next morning, February 13, Buckner reconvened the court to begin review of McLaws' case when Longstreet notified Buckner that the army was in motion toward Knoxville. "Old Pete" claimed that as he drew nearer the city "evidences of the demoralization of the enemy increases and the evidences of the importance of a prompt move increases." He therefore "respectfully suggested" that the court adjourn for two weeks "so we may go down and look at the enemy and try and take him. . . ." A similar dispatch to Andrews of the same date brought news that Longstreet could not send the requested witnesses because discussion of the merits of the case would bar "that hearty cooperation and harmony which are so necessary to success." Like Buckner, Andrews was also urged to call off the proceedings for two weeks "to give us the opportunity which we should not allow to pass."

The court broke up as men returned to their commands. McLaws went to Abingdon as ordered. While there, he was not idle but continued to build his case, writing and refining his "Notes for the Defense," and seeking advice and plotting strategy. Among those offering help to the embattled Georgian were Brigadier General William Martin, cavalry commander in East Tennessee, who offered any material support available and assured McLaws of ultimate vindication; Major John F. Edwards, McLaws' commissary officer who was now attached to Longstreet's headquarters, dutifully spying for his old chief; and of course, Henry Benning, whose informal legal advice kept alive McLaws' hopes for success. Benning helped McLaws and Ganahl with strategy and perceptibly recognized that the defense hinged on whether it could be proven that Longstreet, rather than McLaws, "regarded the ditch as a trifling affair not requiring ladders." In addition, Evander Law was in Richmond trying to marshal support for McLaws among the press and politicians.

And then McLaws received help from an unexpected quarter. Fortunately for the Georgian, his most powerful ally was not with the army in East Tennessee but instead firmly ensconced in the halls of the capital itself. Now serving as military advisor to President Davis and nominal general-in-chief of the Confederate army, Braxton Bragg saw in McLaws' case a rare chance to exact revenge on Longstreet and Buckner for trying to oust him from command. He therefore eagerly responded to McLaws' entreaties for help.

Dealing with Bragg in his new position of authority was probably unethical but McLaws needed every weapon at his disposal, and Bragg gleefully offered his services. He informed McLaws that Buckner was a "tool in interest against you," and urged the Georgian to go on the offensive, assuring him that the evidence in his possession was ample to convict Longstreet of "disobedience of orders, neglect of duty, and want of cordial cooperation and support which resulted in all the disasters after Chickamauga." Bragg intended to use the trial of McLaws to expose Longstreet's own failures, an objective to which McLaws readily assented. Spurred on by Bragg, McLaws decided to draw up his own list of charges against Longstreet, not related to the campaign, but instead to what McLaws perceived as "Old Pete's" outright attempt to block the trial from going forward.

Indeed, it does appear that Longstreet was doing his best to keep the case from ever being heard, and moreover, that

Buckner was doing little to stop him. In the midst of the trial the commander of the First Corps granted a leave of absence to two key players, Micah Jenkins and court member Benjamin Humphreys. Jenkins' departure was particularly harmful, since he was a star witness for the prosecution whose testimony concerning preparations for the assault were crucial to Judge Advocate Andrews' case against McLaws. Longstreet attempted to lure another court member, George Anderson, into also taking an extended leave, but "Tige" wisely declined the offer. The whole affair was so irregular that Cooper indignantly asked Buckner if Longstreet was trying to undermine the court, a charge which Buckner of course firmly denied.

The trial finally got underway on March 11. Longstreet was conspicuously absent, having been called to Richmond on business. For the next two days, the court examined numerous witnesses, including artillery chief Porter Alexander and the various brigade commanders who participated in the doomed assault. After a three-day recess, testimony resumed on March 16, with five additional officers brought before the court. At this point, Major Andrews found it difficult to proceed with Micah Jenkins still on leave and Longstreet in Virginia, so he petitioned the court for a delay until they returned. When Buckner realized on March 19 that his court was reduced to only three members present, he cracked the gavel and adjourned it for the last time.

IT WOULD TAKE TWO MONTHS for Adjutant General Cooper to publish the court's findings, but when he did, the overall result was favorable to McLaws. He and the army finally learned his fate on May 4. On the first two charges—failing to post his sharpshooters within range and organizing a storming party—McLaws was acquitted. But on the third specification—failing to direct the assault against the shallow point in the ditch—he was found guilty as charged. However, the court quickly added that there were many circumstances which exonerated McLaws "from any high degree of criminality in his failure to provide the ordinary means of crossing the ditch," that he had "many good reasons for considering it a slight one," and was encouraged in this belief by officers whose opinions "should have had the most weight with him," meaning of course, Longstreet. For this, McLaws was slapped with a sixty-day suspension from rank and command.

The government, however, did not allow the verdict and sentence to stand. In his review of the case appended to the court's findings, Cooper overturned the decision on the grounds that it was not sustained by the evidence presented at trial. The testimony of the officers involved, Cooper insisted, demonstrated that the ditch was shallow (four and one half feet deep) at the point of attack and that there was no need for ladders to cross it. "The finding was easy to be determined," he sneered. Cooper also cited the numerous irregularities, in particular the fact the Longstreet granted thirty-day furloughs to court members and witnesses, men who were "under the direct orders of the War Department," as "fatal to the record." The adjutant general then dissolved the court and, at Bragg's insistence, ordered McLaws back to duty with the army in Virginia.

McLaws had little opportunity to revel in his vindication. The day after McLaws was reinstated to command of his divi-

sion, Longstreet was dangerously wounded by his own men in the battle of the Wilderness. When Lee learned that Cooper had ordered McLaws back to the Army of Northern Virginia, where by seniority he would take command of Longstreet's Corps, he moved to block his return. Lee knew that when Longstreet recuperated the two Georgians would find it difficult to work together. Besides, Joseph Kershaw was showing great promise at the head of McLaws' old division, in fact, was handling it better than McLaws ever did; Lee still remembered the bungling at Salem Church a year earlier. His message to Bragg was simple: "I request that Gen. McLaws be not ordered to this Army, but assigned to duty elsewhere." Within days, McLaws was shuffled off to the Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. Of course, he protested, but to no avail. And thus, one of the most familiar faces in the old First Corps was gone forever from the Army of Northern Virginia.

One of the most familiar faces in the old First Corps was gone forever from the Army of Northern Virginia.

Photo: Lafayette McLaws



The significance of the trial of Lafayette McLaws lies in the fact that it symbolized, more than any other event, the failed policies and lackluster leadership that characterized the independent command of James Longstreet. Having failed as an army commander, Longstreet attempted to shift the blame to his subordinates—Robertson, Law, and McLaws—in order to take the heat off himself. True, he admitted his failings but continued to press charges against his officers, especially McLaws, who became a scapegoat for all Longstreet's failings. As Douglas Southall Freeman so aptly put it, "At Chickamauga, he had been the Longstreet of Second Manassas, but at Knoxville, he was back in front of Suffolk," referring to Longstreet's first bungled attempt at independent command in early 1863.

Longstreet, however, must have known he was on shaky ground in going after McLaws. It was he, Longstreet, who had rushed the plan of attack, not giving himself or his officers sufficient time to plan; and it was he that had dismissed serious questions raised about the depth of the ditch, not McLaws. As Longstreet's most recent—and sympathetic—biographer, Jeffrey Wert, has written, "Careful, thoughtful planning, attention to detail, and a disposition against frontal attacks—longstanding characteristics of Longstreet's generalship—were absent in the attack on Fort Sanders." Longstreet's refinement of the charges as time went on and his repeated attempts to keep the case from being heard at all raise the very real possibility that, depressed and upset with his own performance, he lashed out in anger at the nearest and easiest target. He even admitted to McLaws after the war that he had relieved him of his command "in an ungarded moment" and admitted in his memoirs that the reversal of the court's decision against McLaws was "very gratifying to me," and even went so far as to concede

“Old Rock”

ALMOST FROM THE TIME of his birth in 1814, Henry Benning seemed destined to succeed. After attending the best prep schools in Georgia, he entered Franklin College and graduated first in his class. Moving to Columbus, he was admitted to the bar at twenty-one and became solicitor general of the Chattahoochee Circuit Court two years later. During one



General Henry Benning

term in the state legislature, his views resembled those of John C. Calhoun. Believing the South destined for independence, he supported secession at the Nashville Conference in 1850 and, in a Machiavellian manner, introduced a compromise resolution designed to bring about secession. Georgians expressed their desire for compromise by defeating him in his 1851 Congressional race.

Elected associate justice of the state supreme court in 1853, he ruled in *Padleford v. Savannah* that a state supreme court was not bound by the U.S. Supreme Court regarding constitutional questions. Instead, the two courts were “coordinate and coequal.” His eighty-page decision is the strongest argument ever written for “strict construction” of the Constitution. A delegate to the 1860 Democratic Convention, Benning participated in Georgia’s secession convention and served as its commissioner to the Virginia Convention. Though considered for a cabinet post, Benning entered Confederate service as a colonel on August 29, 1861.

Fighting in every major action in Virginia except Chancellorsville, Benning earned the sobriquet “Old Rock.” His defense of Burnside’s Bridge at Antietam earned him a brigadier’s stars, and he successfully captured Devil’s Den at Gettysburg. After having three horses shot from under him at Chickamauga, he mounted an artillery horse, harness and all, to lead a crucial counterattack. After sustaining a severe wound at the Wilderness, he returned to command his brigade at Petersburg and Appomattox. Fort Benning is named in his honor.

So why did Benning officially not defend McLaws? Possibly, he was also out of favor with his superiors. According to one of his subordinates, after receiving an order to assault Little Round Top, “Benning refused to have his troops butchered and sent word back that he wouldn’t obey the order.” □

—Lawrence Lee Hewitt

that he should never have filed charges against his old friend in the first place. Tired and frustrated, he probably struck at McLaws in the heat of the moment, and upon sober reflection, must have been trying to find some face-saving way out of a bad and hasty decision by holding up the proceedings against his second in command.

Perhaps we should not criticize Longstreet too harshly for his shortcomings in dealing with his subordinates. Even the great Stonewall Jackson was constantly embroiled in controversy with his senior officers—W. W. Loring, Richard Garnett, and A. P. Hill—not to mention the stormy relationship between Bragg and Hood and their subordinates. Only Lee seemed to know how to engineer quietly the transfer of officers he found wanting, while keeping any disappointment or controversy away from the public.

All of which raises another point about Longstreet’s possible motivation for attacking McLaws. Like most people who would prefer to see conspiracy against them rather than find fault in their own actions, McLaws

believed that he was the victim of “a combination against me,” as he styled it, a blatant attempt by Longstreet to get McLaws out of the way so that Joseph Kershaw could take over his division and Micah Jenkins could be promoted to permanent command of Hood’s. And to his credit, considerable evidence exists to confirm his suspicions. Freeman argued that from the beginning, even before he leveled the charges against McLaws, Longstreet was laying the ground work so that men of his choosing would succeed McLaws, whom he did not want, and Hood, who was wounded and would not return for sometime. By removing McLaws, the way was clear for Kershaw; and by ridding himself of Law, Jenkins would be eligible for the promotion Longstreet thought the young South Carolinian deserved and had tried unsuccessfully in the past to secure. The problems Longstreet encountered in attempting to follow through with his plan after the ouster of McLaws and Law, especially in the face of the administration’s firm insistence that Charlie Field be given

command of Hood’s troops, are beyond the scope of this article. Suffice it to say that Longstreet was not simply thinking of the good of the service when he sought the removal of Lafayette McLaws.

Indeed, the trial of McLaws symbolizes what Jeffrey Wert has recently observed—that with Lee, Longstreet was capable of brilliance, but without him, he was difficult, ambitious, and contentious—none of which, of course, suited a man for independent command. Wert contends that Lee prized Longstreet as a corps commander, citing the fact that Lee always camped next to Longstreet when the two were near as proof of Lee’s great fondness and friendship for his “Old War Horse.” But in a larger sense, Lee’s camping arrangements may also demonstrate that the commander of the Army of Northern Virginia knew then something that many historians know now—that James Longstreet was a better soldier when being led, than when he was leading himself. □

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2. The Civil War disease known as consumption is better known by what name today?
3. What was the name of the popular hotel in Washington frequented by politicians, generals, and newspaper correspondents?
4. In 1862 one Union general officer shot and killed a brother officer. Who were the two generals involved in this affair?
5. What President restored Robert E. Lee's citizenship?
6. Which Confederate Lieutenant General is buried in Laurel Hill cemetery in Philadelphia?

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When Maine papermaker Augustus Stanwood began to run out of raw materials for his mills, where was he able to obtain fresh supplies of pulp?

THE ANSWERS to questions 1-6 will be found on page 94. If you know the answer to the teaser question, send it in writing to the editorial address below. The author of the correct answer drawn from the N&S hat will receive a free copy of *The Official Records of the War of the Rebellion* papers on CD. This prize is kindly donated by H-Bar Enterprises, whose advertisements appear elsewhere in this issue.

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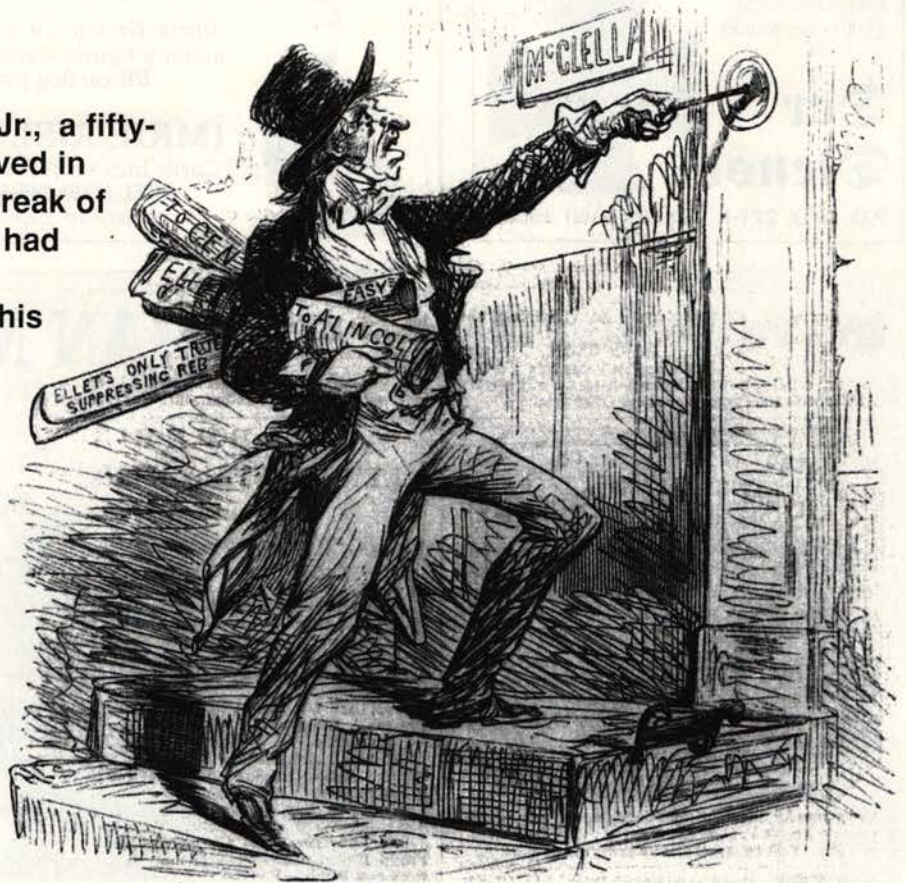
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THE RAMS AT

Bridge-builder Charles Ellet, Jr., a fifty-two-year-old civil engineer, lived in Washington, D.C., at the outbreak of the Civil War. In the 1850s he had unsuccessfully attempted to interest European nations in his theory that fast unarmed steamers equipped with iron prows could smash wooden warships. During the Crimean War he offered to break the siege at Sebastopol, but the Russians never tried the experiment. Now with war in America, Ellet wore a path between the navy and the war departments with proposals for a fleet of rams.



AN (UN) CIVIL ENGINEER. "If he won't let me in, I'll Jerk the Bell out, or—or—or—I'LL PUBLISH A PAMPHLET?"

[Heart-rending Account (in his Pamphlet, *passim*) of his Attempts to get into GEN. McCLELLAN'S HOUSE.—Vide Mr. ELLET.]

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY Gideon Welles showed no interest in the schemes of an uninformed landsman "full of zeal to overflowing [but] not, however, a naval man." Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, a former attorney, tried to avoid the engineer. He had once lost a case against Ellet over a suspension bridge erected at Wheeling, Virginia, and he never forgave the builder for convincing Congress that the span must be kept open as a post road. Now here was Ellet, badgering him for funds to build a fleet of rams.

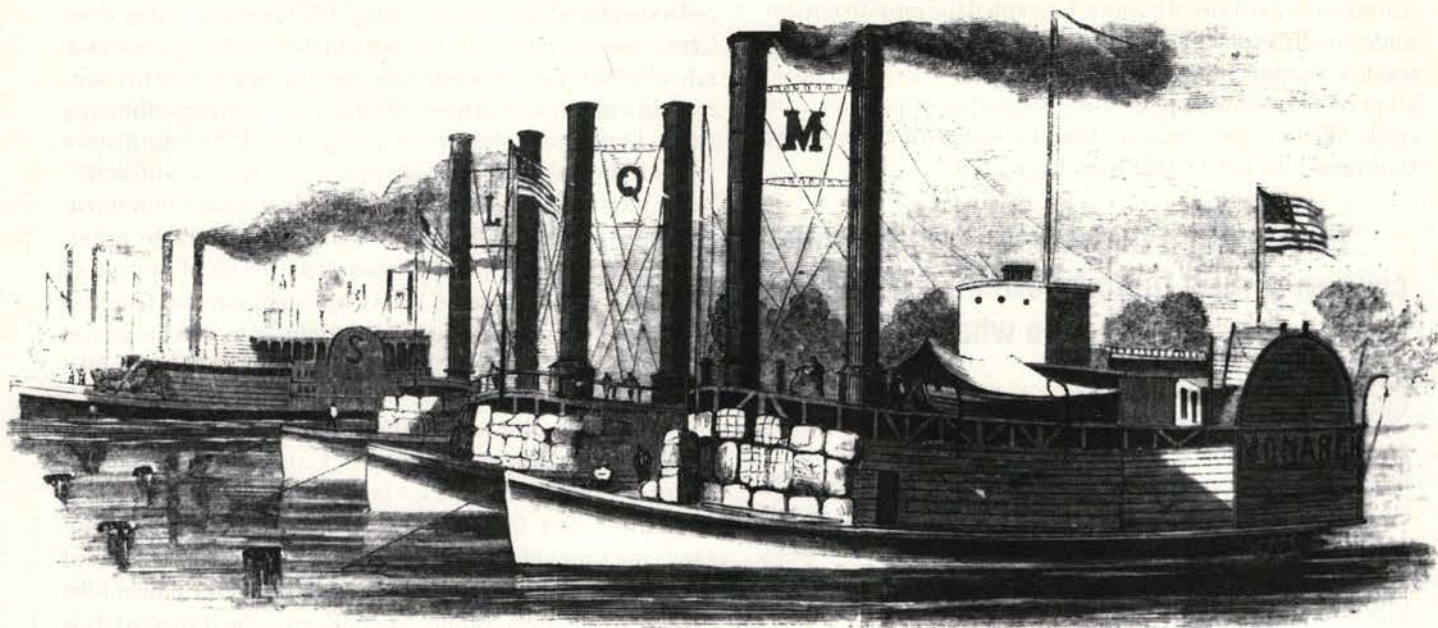
Unknown to Welles, Stanton, or Ellet, Confederate Secretary of War Judah P. Benjamin obtained an appropriation of \$1,000,000 and on January 14, 1862, authorized Major General Mansfield Lovell to purchase fourteen river steamers, fit them with iron prows, arm them with 32-pounders, and man them with civilian volunteers for the protection of New Orleans. Benjamin then obtained another \$300,000 and work began on the River Defense Fleet. In mid-January, when Ellet began pressing Welles and Stanton for authority to build rams, the Confederates had already selected their vessels and two of their captains, James E. Montgomery and J. H. Townsend.

In the crowded shipyards of New Orleans, work progressed slowly, but in Washington neither Welles nor Stanton showed interest in Ellet's proposal until March 8, when the CSS *Virginia* came out of Norfolk, sank two of the Union's proud, old sailing vessels, and put such a scare into Stanton that he solicited Ellet for suggestions. The slender, thin-faced man with long grayish hair—whom one observer described as a "character out of a fairy story [wearing] elf's clothes"—responded to the summons. Stanton dispatched Ellet to Hampton Roads with orders to build whatever rams he needed to dispose of the *Virginia*. By then the situation had been stabilized by the *Monitor*, and Ellet returned to Washington.

In the meantime, Major General Henry W. Halleck, commanding the western army, complained to Stanton of "rebels building more river boats, clad in railroad iron." He warned that if those boats ascended the river, they would destroy Flag Officer Andrew Hull Foote's Mississippi flotilla. Ellet assured Stanton that the only way to destroy an ironclad was to run it down, using fast vessels as battering rams. Stanton finally agreed. On March 27, acting on his own authority, he sent Ellet to Pittsburgh with instructions to build a fleet of rams for ser-

MEMPHIS

Chester G. Hearn



vice "on the Western waters." Ellet, though still a civilian, informed Stanton that as soon as iron could be fitted to the boats' bows, he would drop down to Island No. 10 and smash-up every enemy vessel on the river. Stanton offered to have "two or three good naval officers detailed," but Ellet declined, writing, "I prefer daring and skillful river men, if they can be got."

Ellet launched his program at light speed, authorizing Stanton's agent to purchase five stern-wheelers at Pittsburgh—*Lioness*, *Sampson*, and *Mingo* to be fitted as rams, and *Dick Fulton* and *Horner* to be placed in service as tenders and dispatch boats. With work underway, Ellet departed during the first week of April for Cincinnati. During the trip he located four sturdy sidewheelers, *Queen of the West*, *Switzerland*, *Monarch*, and *Lancaster*, all capable of steaming at twenty knots when running with the current. Stanton approved the purchases, and to expedite the fitting Ellet sent the vessels into different yards.

Meanwhile, President Jefferson Davis became convinced that the threat to New Orleans came from Foote's flotilla above Island No. 10 and not from Flag Officer David G. Farragut's squadron at the mouth of the Mississippi. At Davis' request, Mallory detached five gunboats from the New Orleans squadron and sent them upriver to defend Island No. 10. Later, Lovell placed eight rams of the River Defense Fleet under Captain James E. Montgomery and sent the boats to Memphis to refit, clad their bows, and join the gunboats of Commodore George Hollins at Island No. 10. Montgomery's riverboat captains showed little resourcefulness in getting to their destination. They departed one at a time and arrived at Memphis during mid-April. By then, Major General John Pope had captured the island, and Foote, who had been wounded in an earlier fight at Fort Donelson, moved his flotilla down to Plum Point, a bend above Fort Pillow.

While Foote waited for Captain Charles H. Davis to come west to relieve him, Ellet raced ahead with his project, anxious to get into the fighting before the war ended. Where Montgomery had done little more than fit his boats with iron bows and mount a few guns, Ellet concentrated on the structure of his rams. To serve as bulwarks, workmen bolted to the hull three layers of 12- to 16-inch square timber. The planks extended from stem to stern with one heavy beam secured to the keelson. They then cut down the upper works and reinforced the prows by adding heavy timbers that reached midway into the boat. Iron stays strapped the machinery and boilers into position to prevent them from shifting during impact. After receiving its iron, each ram received a coat of shiny, black paint and a large alphabetical letter to identify the boat. Ellet could have sheathed the boilers with iron, but he did not want the extra weight. His strategy depended upon speed and surprise, and he promised Stanton that his rams would "either control the Mississippi or be sunk in the attempt."

Through naval informants, Foote learned that several boats had been fitted with iron and naturally expected them to become attached to his naval squadron. On investigation he discovered that the vessels were unarmed and the property of the War Department. Inspectors reported that two of the boats leaked profusely, and Fleet Captain Alexander M. Pennock expressed his disgust by declaring, "I am glad the Navy is not responsible."

Cartoon: *Harper's Weekly*, December 28, 1861. Charles Ellet, Jr., going from one department to another in an effort to promote his ram scheme. Above: *Harper's Weekly*, July 5, 1862. The Ram Fleet, with *Monarch* in the foreground, followed by *Queen of the West*, *Lioness*, and *Switzerland*. From the author's collection.

Ellet began recruiting volunteers from the waterfront and paying them extra allowances for hazardous duty. He then asked Stanton to provide a military guard for each boat and asked that his brother, Captain Alfred W. Ellet, serve as second-in-command and be transferred from the 59th Illinois Infantry with his company. Ellet mentioned nothing to Stanton about a commission for himself because he wanted the rams to remain under civilian control to go where he wished and do what he wanted. Stanton, however, could not afford to have Ellet operating on the Mississippi as a War Department privateer. He made Ellet a colonel, raised Alfred to lieutenant colonel, and transferred the latter to the Ram Fleet.

Ellet wanted the rams to remain under civilian control to go where he wished and do what he wanted.

STANTON HAD AMPLE OPPORTUNITY, along with good reason, to reconsider his personal involvement with Ellet's Ram Fleet and take steps to shed it. On April 25 Farragut's squadron captured New Orleans and compelled the Confederates to destroy two large ironclads. Welles expected Farragut to continue upriver and capture Vicksburg while Foote passed Fort Pillow and captured Memphis, the two squadrons forming a juncture at one place or the other. With the need for the Ram Fleet greatly diminished, Stanton could have turned the boats over to the army for use as transports or offered them to Welles. Certain that Welles would reject them, Stanton retained his little navy, and Ellet, who had a deal with Stanton to collect prize money, redoubled his efforts to get into the war.

On May 9, fifty-five-year-old Captain Charles H. Davis replaced Foote and took command of the Western Flotilla. Foote mentioned nothing to Davis about Ellet's Ram Fleet because he had no specific information to give. Davis, having a brilliant scientific mind, had moved rapidly through the ranks of the navy. Being a cautious man though a good administrator, Davis did not think strategically. Never in his lifetime had he been given so large and important a command as the squadron he inherited from Foote. The second day on the job jolted his confidence. On May 10, Captain Montgomery brought his eight gunboat-rams up from Fort Pillow and made a dawn attack on the Union squadron at Plum Point. Davis had neglected to post a picket boat, and the surprise was complete. The River Defense Fleet rammed the ironclads *Cincinnati* and *Mound City*, forcing both vessels to work ashore to keep from sinking. After thirty minutes of fighting, Montgomery victoriously returned to Fort Pillow with only two killed and one wounded. Later, Alfred Ellet arrived at Plum Point with six rams and sent word back to his brother to hurry down with the others.

Colonel Ellet had not bothered to buy a uniform until mid-May, nor had he thought to wear it until May 25, the day he reached Plum Point and sought a conference with Davis. The flag officer greeted the colonel cordially but refused to divulge his plans. Ellet suspected Davis had none and returned two days later to the *USS Benton*, Davis' flagship, to urge an immediate attack on Fort Pillow. Davis promised to reply, but to Ellet's disgust, never did. The strained relationship between the navy

and the Ram Fleet reached new heights on June 2 when Ellet advised first Davis and then Stanton that the rams would move against Fort Pillow with or without the support of the navy.

Davis confronted Ellet, asking, "I would thank you to inform me how far you consider yourself under my authority, and I shall esteem it a favor to receive from you a copy of the orders under which you are acting." Ellet pieced together three letters from Stanton and sent them to Davis, adding a personal salvo, "While regretting sincerely your [in]disposition to cooperate in a movement against the enemy's fleet, lying within easy reach, I take great pleasure in giving you all the information you ask for. I do not consider myself under your authority." Davis then replied that plans were afoot for a joint movement against Fort Pillow with support from the army, and he promised to make Ellet "acquainted with all the details." Prospects of a fight startled the captain, pilots, and engineers on *Queen of the West*. On the night of June 3 they refused to join the attack, packed their baggage, and departed on a barge, leaving Ellet with the problem of replacing officers on his best vessel.

On the morning June 4, Alfred Ellet, commanding the ram *Monarch*, upset Davis' planned attack on Fort Pillow by chasing after Montgomery's picket boat and putting the Confederates on the alert. Distressed by the unauthorized movement, Davis rescheduled the attack for 7:00 a.m., June 5, but decided not to inform the Ellets. In the morning, when Colonel Ellet observed the flotilla coming down the river, he suspected their purpose and ordered the rams underway.

The boats quickly outdistanced Davis' squadron, and as Ellet approached the fort, he heard sounds of gunfire and observed black smoke streaming from the earthwork. Alfred Ellet took a squad of men ashore to investigate. The Confederates had spiked their guns and abandoned the fort during the night, and Montgomery had withdrawn his squadron to Memphis. Ellet raised the Stars and Stripes and signaled his brother to come ashore. Before Davis and Colonel Graham N. Fitch could launch their joint attack, the Ellets had secured the fort. Davis, however, dispatched a report to Welles, writing, "we [meaning Fitch and himself] are now in possession of the works." He made no mention of the Ram Fleet.

While Davis dallied off Fort Pillow and enjoyed the easy victory, the Ellets took three rams downriver to search for Montgomery. Twelve miles below, Alfred went ashore at Fort Randolph under a flag of truce, compelled a small group of civilians to honor the Union colors, and remained there while the colonel steamed back upriver to inform Davis that it would be safe to bring down his ironclads. On returning to Fort Pillow, the colonel found the flotilla already underway. *Benton* passed without so much as a hail from Davis, leaving Ellet in a fog regarding further operations. Davis proceeded down to Island No. 45 and anchored his squadron about two miles above Memphis.

Reaching Fort Pillow, Ellet gathered all of his rams and started back downriver. Before leaving, he detached a courier with a message to Stanton, which read, "I presume there will be no further obstacles unless we encounter one at Memphis." With *Queen of the West* in the lead, *Monarch*, *Lancaster*, *Switzerland*,

Opposite: Action of the Gunboats at Memphis, June 6, 1862
Library of Congress

Dick Fulton, Mingo, Lioness, and Horner followed at half mile intervals. At nightfall, the rams anchored about sixteen river miles above Davis' squadron.

At 5:00 a.m. Colonel Ellet awoke to the thump of heavy guns firing near Wolf's Island, a mile above Memphis. Dressing quickly, he issued orders for *Queen's* engineers to get underway and hailed *Monarch, Switzerland, and Lancaster* to follow. The colonel had intended to communicate with Davis at daylight, but the sound of gunfire induced him to forego the meeting and to press forward as quickly as possible. No signals existed between the two commands, so Ellet decided to act on his own initiative. Then, as *Queen of the West* rounded the bend above Memphis, he could see Montgomery's gunboat-rams roving in plain sight off the city.

The River Defense Fleet had arrived at Memphis around noon on June 5, short of coal but determined to smash-up Davis' ironclads if they appeared off the city. Five riverboats languished at the city wharf. Montgomery seized their coal and sent details into the city to scavenge for more. Memphis, having no fortifications, placed its fate and future in the hands of Montgomery, who publicly proclaimed that he would sink the invaders.

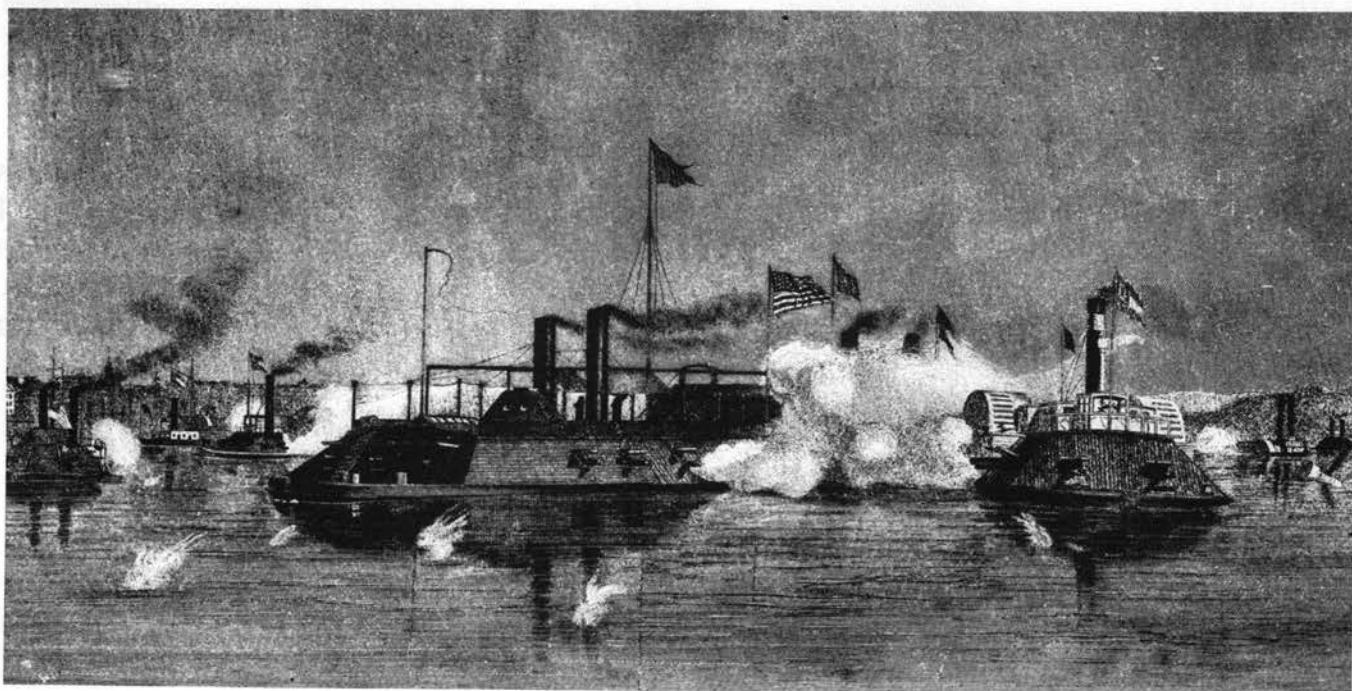
Six of the eight riverboats comprising the River Defense Fleet had been renamed to honor such distinguished men as General Beauregard, General Lovell, General Price, General Bragg, General Jeff. Thompson, and General Van Dorn. Montgomery's flagship, *Little Rebel*, and *Sumter* completed the squadron. Though the unit still operated as a branch of the army, Montgomery had been raised to commodore. Unlike Ellet's unarmed rams, his boats carried as many as five guns. The River Defense Fleet could not match the heavy firepower of the Union squadron, but for inexplicable reasons, Davis remained cautious. He kept his ironclads huddled above the city and seemed content to watch them fire shells at a safe distance from the enemy.

Montgomery's rams had been designed with the assumption that they would never have to retreat. He considered their cladded bows shot-proof, and he believed that as long as the

boats faced the enemy, they could not be seriously damaged. Unlike Ellet's rams, the boilers of the River Defense Fleet had been lowered into the hold for protection, but no thought had been given to protecting the beams. Montgomery's gunboat-rams represented the last assemblage of Confederate warships still worthy of the name "fleet," and after whipping Davis' ironclads at Plum Point, he had great confidence in their durability. Major General Mansfield Lovell, however, for whom one of the boats was named, had once predicted that the undisciplined riverboat captains commanding the rams were "a breed of men" who would "never agree on anything once they got underway."

General Pierre G. T. Beauregard also doubted the dependability of the River Defense Fleet. From Baldwin, Mississippi, on June 5, he wired Brigadier General M. Jeff. Thompson, commanding the Missouri State Guard at Memphis, to cooperate with Montgomery in defending the city. The order reached Thompson at the train station where he waited with his command for transportation to Grenada. That evening Thompson met with Montgomery at the crowded Gayoso House and heard the commodore invite the public to "come down at sunrise and see him sink the Yankee fleet....I have no intention of retreating any farther," he declared. "I have come here, that you may see Lincoln's gunboats sent to the bottom by the fleet which you built and manned." Montgomery had not discovered the presence of Ellet's rams, and the surprise would be fatal.

At the first glimmer of dawn on June 6, Montgomery climbed on board *Little Rebel* and led his gunboat-rams into the current. A filmy mist hung over the river as the boats fell into loose formation. Twin stacks pumped black smoke into the atmosphere as the rams paused to generate a full head of steam. Gunners loaded the rifled 32-pounders in the bows, and pilots waited for the flagship's signal to attack. As daylight brightened the river, the dim outline of Davis' squadron, standing two miles above the city, came into view. Two Union ironclads, lower down, opened with their 8-inch Dahlgrens, blanketing the river with puffs of smoke.



For several minutes Davis attempted to engage the Confederate rams at long range, but Montgomery held his fire. The standoff gave Ellet just enough time to get underway with *Queen of the West*, *Monarch*, *Switzerland*, and *Lancaster*. The colonel did not expect his rams to survive the action, but "when they go down," he had told his brother, they would take "any enemy vessel of greater strength."

Once underway, Ellet never looked back except to assure himself that *Monarch*, Alfred's ram, followed in the wake of *Queen*. He did not know that *Lancaster's* pilot had accidentally run ashore and broken the vessel's rudder. Nor did he learn until later that *Switzerland*, by "some derangement of her machinery," had been held back by her captain. The other rams of the squadron, having instructions from the colonel to follow *Switzerland*, remained behind the two sidelined vessels and took no part in the action.

To observers on the levee, the engagement between Davis' two ironclads and Montgomery's rams resembled a long distance standoff. Rather than attack, Davis moved most of his command upriver a mile and ordered breakfast served. Montgomery observed the movement, believed the Union vessels were withdrawing, and decided to attack. Davis misread the movement and believed that Montgomery intended to present a flag

of truce on behalf of the city. Instead, the Confederate rams opened with their rifled guns and commenced their attack.

Memphis stood on a gradually sloping fifty foot bluff along the left bank of the Mississippi. Only the mist rising from the river, mixed with gunsmoke, prevented the morning from being perfectly clear. Thousands of Memphites crowded the slopes to watch Montgomery's rams sink the ugly Union ironclads. They watched anxiously as the River Defense Fleet began its attack. Then from upriver, above the smoke and mist, they observed two sets of smokestacks winding their way through Davis' fleet at great speed. Tension built as they waited for the two unidentified vessels to come into sight. Montgomery also spotted them, and he had no idea what they were.

As *Queen of the West* and *Monarch* wound through Davis' fleet, the sailors at breakfast waved their hats and gave the rams a cheer. Some of them must have wondered why their flag officer left all the perilous work to Mr. Stanton's unarmed rams. Ellet, flanked by two pilots, peered ahead, urging more speed. Sharpshooters from the 59th Illinois waited behind the bulwarks, bracing their bodies against timbers to absorb the shock of impact. In a twinkle the smoke-drenched mist cleared. Dead ahead, running under full power, appeared three gunboat-rams—*Little Rebel*, *General Price*, and *General Lovell*—each

advancing to greet Ellet's steamers bows on. Montgomery suffered a slight shock when he discovered that *Queen of the West* was not a typical Union gunboat but a swift ram enjoying full advantage of the current.

Little Rebel eased off to enable Montgomery to urge his other rams forward, but *General Lovell* and *General Price* held way, running almost side by side. When *Queen of the West* showed no sign of shifting from her line of



Ellet took *Beauregard* in tow and tried to save her. When the ram sank to her boiler deck, he abandoned the effort and began removing the prisoners.

attack, Captain J. C. Delancey of *Lovell* and First Officer J. E. Hawthorne of *Price* lost their resolve, reversed engines, and began to back, breaking formation directly off Beale Street. Colonel Ellet, alone and facing two enemy rams of equal size, could not decide which to attack, but Delancey of *Lovell* made a fatal error. He underestimated *Queen's* speed, attempted to turn and run, and exposed *Lovell's* vulnerable beam. Ellet capitalized on the mistake. He signaled his brother in the trailing *Monarch* to go after *General Price*, and ordered *Queen's* pilots to strike *Lovell* abeam. Using the river's five knot current to fine advantage, he drove *Queen of the West* into *Lovell's* forward quarter just ahead of the wheelhouse, snapping timbers and cutting the vessel nearly in two. Had the two rams met head to head, they probably would have sunk each other.

"The crash was terrific," Ellet reported, with "everything loose about the *Queen*, tables, pantryware, and a half-eaten breakfast were overthrown and broken by the shock." "The hull of the rebel steamer was crushed in," he added, "[and] her chimneys surged over."

As *Lovell* began to sink, her crew of eighty-six jumped overboard, and all but eighteen drowned. So deeply had *Queen* cut into *Lovell* that Ellet could not extract his boat. Captain J. H. Hunt of *General Beauregard* seized the opportunity to end the short career of Ellet's flagship. He drove his ram into *Queen's* larboard wheelhouse, crushed in the wheel, cut into the hull, and smashed the tiller ropes. He also did Ellet a favor by knocking *Queen* loose from the sinking *Lovell*.

Ellet's crew had barely recovered from the impact when Captain W. W. Lamb's *Sumter* appeared off the other beam. But Lamb observed *Monarch* steaming into the action and decided to get out of harm's way. *Beauregard*, however, ranged a few yards off *Queen*, and sharpshooters on both vessels kept up an active exchange of fire. Ellet made the mistake of going on deck to inspect damage, and a shot from *Beauregard* struck him just above the knee. He refused to go below until the crippled *Queen* grounded safely in the shallows across from Memphis. As he lay bleeding on deck, he turned his attention to his brother's ram, but *Queen* was not quite out of the fight.

Moments after *Queen* had rammed *Lovell*, *Monarch* struck *General Price* obliquely on the beam, sheered off her starboard wheel, and disabled the vessel. Sinking slowly, Hawthorne used the port wheel to paddle toward the Arkansas shore. Unable

to steer, he errantly drove *Price* into the grounded *Queen*. Having guns, Hawthorne could easily have demanded *Queen's* surrender, but Ellet acted first. He sent his sharpshooters on board the stricken vessel and collected all eight-one prisoners.

With *Price* out of the way, Alfred Ellet ordered *Monarch* to attack *General Beauregard*, which had just recovered from striking *Queen* and looked to escape. David Dryden, *Monarch's* captain, conned the vessel to bear on *Beauregard's* beam and struck it at full speed. Planks buckled and snapped like matchsticks, and the blow catapulted all the furniture and fixtures from *Beauregard's* deck to the forecastle of *Monarch*. Confederate boatmen tumbled to the deck waving white articles when a shot from one of Davis' ironclads struck the stricken vessel's boiler and engulfed the vessel in steam. Captain Hunt surrendered to *Monarch*, but Alfred Ellet let her drift and went after *Little Rebel*, Montgomery's flagship.

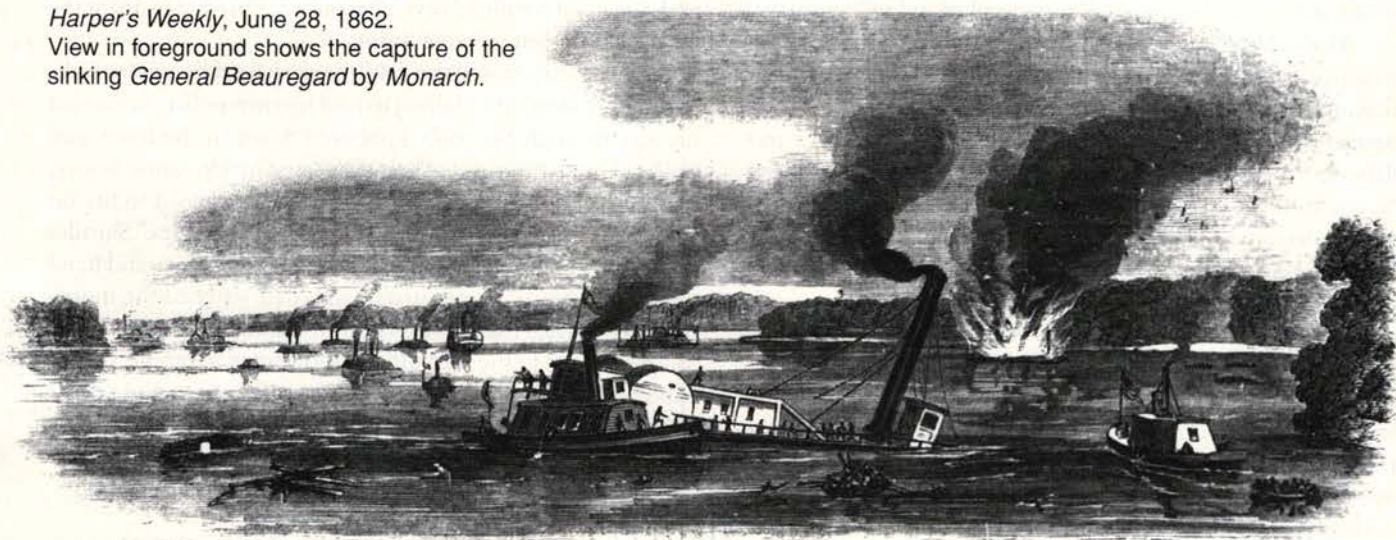
Davis finally got his gunboats into action, and several shots struck *Little Rebel*. Alfred Ellet sighted the ram limping toward the Arkansas shore and steamed to intercept her. On the shallows off Hopewell, *Monarch* came abeam *Little Rebel* and pushed her hard aground. With no guns to force the ram's surrender, Ellet watched with disgust as Montgomery and his crew skedaddled ashore and vanished into the woods.

The balance of the River Defense Fleet fled downriver with Flag Officer Davis' squadron in pursuit. Alfred Ellet did not follow, but by then he must have wondered what had happened to *Switzerland* and *Lancaster*. Had they followed as ordered, Montgomery's whole squadron could have been bagged in less than an hour. He took *Beauregard* in tow and tried to save her. When the ram sank to her boiler deck, he abandoned the effort and began removing the prisoners. All about him lay the wreckage of the River Defense Fleet, when the colonel's dispatch boat came alongside with orders for *Monarch* to "continue the pursuit as long as there is any hope of overtaking the enemy." Alfred Ellet departed, leaving the last survivors of *Beauregard* clinging to the boat's texas and calling for help from the dispatch boat.

Davis' participation in the engagement began several minutes after *Queen of the West* sank *General Lovell* and *Monarch* rammed *General Price*. His gunboats depended upon firepower and not speed, and though they came down with the current, the heavy ironclads made little more than eleven knots. By

Harper's Weekly, June 28, 1862.

View in foreground shows the capture of the sinking *General Beauregard* by *Monarch*.

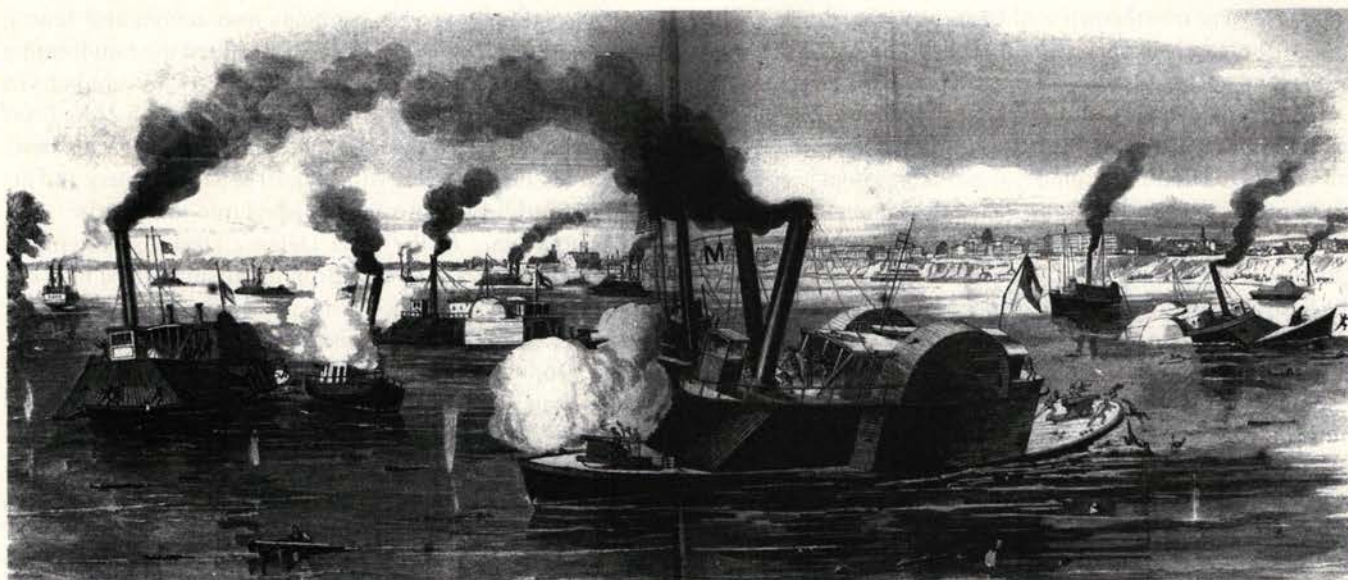


then the River Defense Fleet had already begun to scatter. Shells from the gunboats disabled *General Jeff. Thompson*, and her captain, J. H. Burke, ran her ashore. The crew escaped, but a fire entered the magazine and blew the vessel to pieces. Farther downriver Davis' faster vessels overhauled *Sumter* and *General Bragg*, whose badly demoralized captains seemed eager to quit the fight and surrender. *Monarch* steamed by in chase of *General Van Dorn*, but after thirty-five miles of pursuit, Alfred Ellet gave it up. He came about and started back upriver to look in on his wounded brother.

WHEN DAVIS PASSED with his squadron downriver, he left unfinished business behind—the city of Memphis. Colonel Ellet spotted white flags fluttering above the levee and acted with

colors, and he intended to do it. Park protested, but finding his appeals ineffectual, finally agreed to conduct the four men to the post office. The mayor weighed about 300 pounds and, followed by the flag-bearers, pushed his way through a hostile mob. On the trek to the post office, a man darted from the crowd and snatched one of two flags from the arms of the carrier and tore it to shreds.

The mayor waited below while several volunteers led Crandall and Ellet up four stories to an unfinished floor where a crude ladder led to a hatchway on the roof. Two marines remained on guard on a lower level to keep civilians away during the flag-raising exercise. On reaching the roof and finding no flagstaff, Crandall returned to the third floor and located a board about six feet long. He carried it to the roof, and with help from Ellet, split it into two lengths. Using bandages car-



speed. For an envoy he chose his son, Charles Rivers Ellet, who on June 1—the day of his nineteenth birthday—had surprised his father and joined the fleet. The elder Ellet, though not enthused by his son's eagerness to get into the war, nonetheless sent him to Memphis with three men to accept the city's surrender. He asked Charlie to hurry because he could hear locomotives whistling behind the town and suspected that the rebels were removing their military supplies and rolling stock.

Medical Cadet Ellet went on board *Lioness*, and with Lieutenant Warren D. Crandall and two marines from the 59th Illinois, crossed the river and landed in a rowboat at the city wharf. Armed with only revolvers, the four men walked into town and delivered the colonel's order to Mayor John Park. Ellet knew he could not hold Memphis, and merely demanded that his son be permitted to raise the Stars and Stripes over the post office and customhouse as "emblems of the return of your city to the care and protection of the Constitution."

Park pointed to the absence of any military authority and argued that as a civil magistrate he had no authority to surrender. If, however, the four marines from the Ram Fleet wished to raise flags and occupy the town, he had no power to stop them. He advised them, however, to return to their rowboat, warning that he could not guarantee their safety. Medical Cadet Ellet insisted his orders required that he raise the Union

in his pocket, Ellet spliced the sections together and secured the flag to the board. They jammed the assembly into a flue near the edge of the roof, enabling the flag to dangle over the building. Having accomplished their mission, the pair returned to the hatchway and discovered that some prankster had closed it and locked them on the roof. From the street below, the sight of the hated U.S. flag attracted stone-throwers and, Crandall recalled, "several shots were fired at us from the opposite side, but we were untouched."

Mayor Park feared the disturbance would cause reprisals, and sought help. After failing to find his own police, he shoved his way through the mob, lumbered down to the levee, and hollered out to *Lioness* for help. Captain Shrodes came ashore, and though his ram carried no guns, he threatened to fire on the city "if those men are not released in ten minutes." Shrodes sent a squad of marines ashore armed with carbines and hand grenades. Thousands of citizens who had watched the morning naval engagement converged on the marines and angrily followed them to the post office. Below town a warehouse unexpectedly exploded, jarring the nerves of the mob and divert-

Monarch (center) rams *Beauregard*, *Queen of the West* (on left) in disabled condition. Confederate rams *General Price* and *Little Rebel* in background.

ing their attention. They dispersed to investigate the new disturbance, leaving the marines free to rescue their comrades from the post office roof.

For all of the morning and most of the afternoon Charlie Ellet and the marines from *Lioness* occupied Memphis. They removed every Rebel banner from the city except one that remained nailed to the top of a tall pole situated on the bluff in front of the city. At 3:00 P.M. the steamer *Van Phul* brought the first of Colonel Fitch's infantry to the levee. They marched to the pole, formed a hollow square, and brought out the axes. As *Lioness* pulled away from shore, the pole fell with a crash. Moments after it struck the ground, Davis' squadron rounded the

lower bend, making its way back to Memphis to join in the surrender.

Earlier, Colonel Ellet had dispatched a boat to inform Davis that the Ram fleet had taken possession of Memphis and to ask for assistance. Davis immediately started back to the city, sending ahead a note to the mayor demanding the surrender of the city—a formality already discharged by Ellet. Davis naturally wanted his name associated with the achievement, but the mayor, amused by another demand, simply replied that he had no means of defense and no authority to comply. Davis ignored the facts in his report to Welles. In claiming the victory, he made no mention of Ellet's occupation of Memphis and

Charles Henry Davis

Flag Officer Davis' unassertiveness at Fort Pillow and Memphis characterized his lackluster leadership of the Mississippi flotilla until he was replaced in October, 1862, by Acting Rear Admiral David D. Porter. What action Davis would have taken had Ellet not attacked the River Defense Fleet will never be known, but he had good officers and the best gunboats in service on the Mississippi. Men like



Commander Henry Walke of *Carondelet*, and Lieutenant S. Ledyard Phelps, captain of the flagship *Benton*, had been tested under fire—along with many other officers who later distinguished themselves and manifested no fear of the enemy. The only officer who seemed to lack nerve was Davis himself.

Davis' battle reports contained many inconsistencies and errors—and some were not his fault. When the Ellets picked their targets, smoke and mist still covered the scene, and Davis could not tell one vessel from another once they became entangled. When it became apparent that Ellet's two-ram attack had disarranged Montgomery's plans, Davis finally got his squadron underway.

Those historians who praise the navy's performance at Memphis have read only the battle reports written by naval officers. Davis acknowledged Ellet's "conspicuous gallantry" but used words implying that the whole affair had been a cooperative effort when in reality there had been no communication between himself and Ellet. Commander Walke minced no words, writing, "*Queen of the West* and *Monarch* steamed boldly down the river past us, and ran into the enemy's rams and gunboats, several of which they sunk and disabled during the fight." One

of *Carondelet's* pilots, writing immediately after the fight, observed that by the time Davis got his squadron in motion, Ellet's much maligned "rotten and worthless steamboat rams...left us far behind," sinking two of the enemy rams and throwing the others into such confusion that by the time the navy entered the fray, "the rebels started off on a grand skedaddle."

In the end, Stanton credited Ellet with the capture of Memphis, and Gideon Welles gave the credit to his flag officer, mainly because Davis claimed it. But during the next four months, Welles learned much more about Davis. When Farragut came up the river and failed to capture Vicksburg with wooden ships fitted for sea, he depended heavily on Davis' river squadron. Davis did not like to take risks, and when the heavily armed ironclad CSS *Arkansas* came down the Yazoo River and embarrassed both fleets, he hesitated to engage the Confederate ram with his squadron of ironclads, preferring to leave the work of destruction to Farragut's vulnerable wooden gunboats. In perhaps the strangest of all turnabouts, it was not the navy that accelerated the destruction of *Arkansas*, but Colonel Ellet's son, nineteen-year-old Charles Rivers Ellet. He butted *Arkansas* with *Queen of the West* and so disarranged its engines that the connecting rods subsequently broke near Baton Rouge, and forced the crew to destroy her.

Despite his claims, Davis never experienced a moment of glory on the Mississippi River. □

Captain Charles H. Davis (above) and Colonel Charles Ellet Jr. (below). Ellet proved the value of unarmed rams, but it cost him his life.

little mention of the Ram Fleet's attack on the enemy, though few Union triumphs were ever more decisive or one-sided as the battle for Memphis.

Colonel Ellet proved the usefulness of unarmed battering rams, but he paid for it with his life. At first his wound did not seem dangerous, and though he suffered pain and fever, he had good medical attention. From his bed on *Switzerland* he continued to correspond with the War Department and issue orders to his squadron. On June 8, infection attacked his wound, and he advised Stanton that the rams had been sent downriver and command temporarily transferred to Alfred Ellet. Then, as he fought for his life, he also fought Flag Officer Davis, whom he suspected of gobbling-up the prizes taken by the Ram Fleet. On June 10, in a letter written but never finished, he admitted that "ram fighting and prizes are scarcely compatible" because the objective of the ram was to destroy the enemy, not capture him. He seemed to be making a pitch to arm his rams with guns, but he laid down the report, expecting to finish it later.

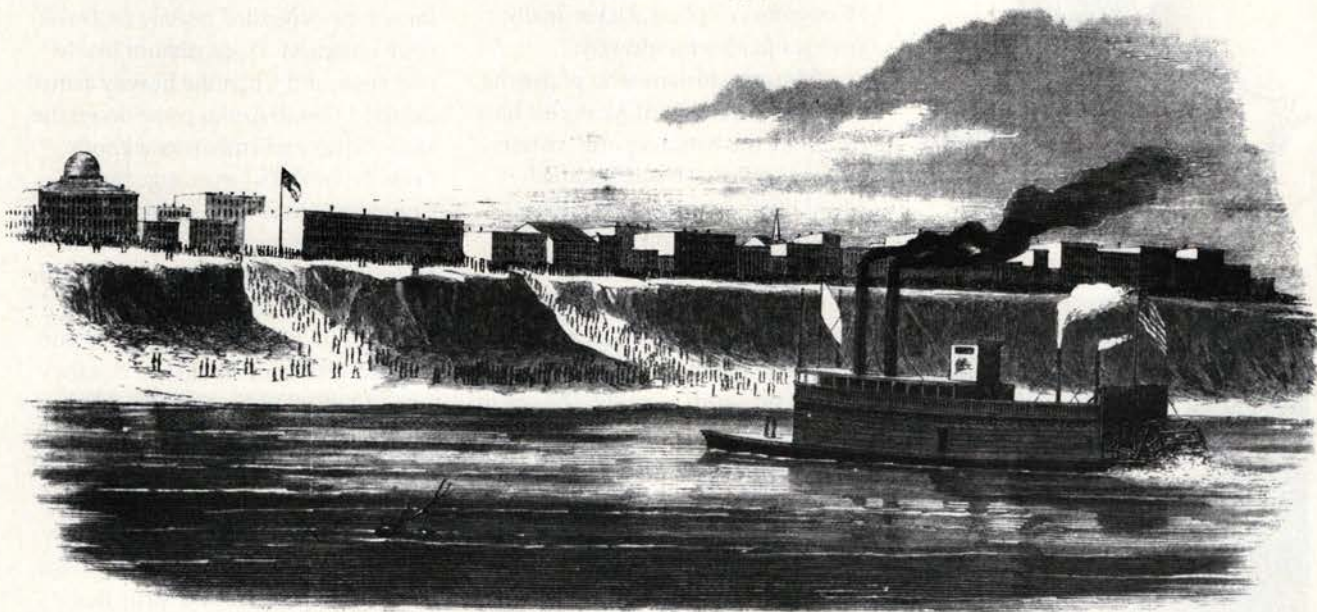
Secretary Stanton felt fully vindicated for financing the Ram Fleet when, on June 8, Ellet's report reached Washington. "The news of your glorious achievement at Memphis reached here last evening," he wrote, "and our joy was only dampened by your personal injury." He promised to send Mrs. Ellet to Memphis as soon as arrangements could be made, but the colonel continued to decline. He knew he was dying, and in his last letter to Stanton, wrote, "I can do nothing here but lie in my bed and suffer." In closing, he urged the secretary to transfer full command of the fleet to Alfred.

Mrs. Ellet reached Memphis June 17 and on the following day started for home with her husband. As the steamer approached Cairo, blood poisoning took the life of Colonel Charles Ellet, Jr. A few days later his grief-stricken wife died suddenly. On June 25, both were buried at Laurel Hill Cemetery in the city of Philadelphia, and the colonel, who never wanted to wear a uniform, lapsed into history as the "brilliant genius" who captured Memphis with his unarmed rams. □



Left: *Harper's Weekly*, July 5, 1862. Medical Cadet Charles Rivers Ellet raises the Stars and Stripes on the roof of the Memphis Post Office.

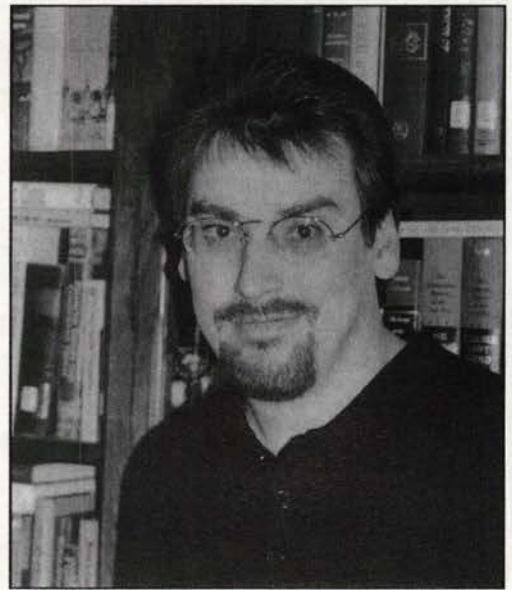
Below: *Harper's Weekly*, June 28, 1862. Colonel Ellet sends the ram *Lioness* with his son on board to demand the surrender of Memphis. From the author's collection.



Mr. Hearn is currently working on the history of the Ram Fleet and the Mississippi Marine Brigade. Little has been written on these units since 1907.

FINDING THE CIVIL WAR IN BOOKS

Building a basic Civil War library from an explosively growing volume of literature requires careful analysis.



David J. Eicher

NEARLY 133 YEARS AGO Robert E. Lee surrendered to U.S. Grant at Appomattox Court House, crushing the hope for the young Confederacy and setting up the conclusion of the Civil War. From that day onward, it must be remembered, soldiers in both armies foresaw that the momentous struggle was at an end, that fighting on without the tattered Army of Northern Virginia would be hopeless for other Confederate units. The war did end, the Confederacy dissolving, the U.S. volunteer army disbanding, and Reconstruction accelerating.

As the years passed, however, another war began, one that reverberates yet today. It is a war on paper, to refight the myriad events and the ideological basis of the Civil War era in print. This second Civil War actually started during the war itself and blossomed during the final three decades of the nineteenth century as numerous participants set out to record their version of events or to justify their actions in them. Historians and popularizers took over the art early in this century and carry it on today.

Indeed, the volume of Civil War material now being published is astonishing, amounting to nearly one book per day. The aggregate number of book-length works on the war since 1861 is approximately 55,000, making it one of the larger individual subject categories in the Library of Congress classification system. Unfortunately, a relatively small percentage of this is really valuable for forging a meaningful understanding of the war—in other words, much of what has been produced is not worth the paper it's printed on. And even many of the so-called classic works on the war, those enlightened by the firsthand knowledge of participants or more modern, scholarly works bearing the imprints of university presses, often leave much to be desired when it comes to factual precision.

This leaves Civil War readers in a difficult position, because most of the basis of enjoying and learning about the

war—virtually everything aside from visiting battlefields or holding rusty relics in hand—comes from the written record. So how does one know where to start when looking for a book on a particular Civil War subject? How does one go about collecting books and assembling a library containing worthwhile works? The issue becomes even murkier because many of the book reviews published in the Civil War field, even many in the refereed journals covering the war, are uncritical. They are often produced by a network of friends, many seemingly designed to produce enthusiastic blurbs for dust jackets rather than critically and systematically examining the faults and errors within books as well as their strong points.

THE CIVIL WAR IN BOOKS

An Analytical Bibliography



DAVID J. EICHER
Foreword by Gary W. Gallagher

I spent a couple of years refining the list of books that ought to be included—something that obviously no two historians will completely agree on...

About a decade ago I struggled with this question about how to evaluate the Civil War literature. Where would I turn if I wanted the absolute best work on North Carolina regiments, or the best career data on George Meade, or the

best summary of the operations surrounding Pickett's Charge?

My *The Civil War in Books: An Analytical Bibliography*, published by the University of Illinois Press in 1997, answers these and other questions. It is the first comprehensive, fully annotated bibliography of Civil War history in 30 years. Its nearly 300,000 words analyze the 1,100 "most important books" on the war, a list that originated as the (continued on page 68)



FREEDOM

Although early September, there was a biting chill to the early morning air. A light fog had settled into the low lying depressions of the countryside, hampering visibility. Dawn was less than an hour away as the men made their way along the dirt lane. The darkness and fog had made it difficult to move with any assurance. The men had come upon a small creek which passed within a hundred feet of the stone house which was their ultimate destination. At the head of the line a man acting as a guide stopped and turned back toward the men following him. In a low voice he told them they would pause by the edge of the creek until first light. Darkness had been their ally, hiding them from early rising neighbors, but to proceed further without benefit of some light could prove dangerous, causing confusion should a confrontation break out.

DRIVING NORTH ALONG Pennsylvania Highway 41, one can easily slip past the small village of Christiana located sixteen miles north of the Maryland border. Situated just off of the main road between Lancaster and Philadelphia, it is another of the countless places in our Nation's history that has been bypassed by the modern network of highways designed to take us somewhere else. Like those highways which carry us past once important places, history has bypassed the ominous Christiana Riot of 1851, leaving it in the dust of forgotten times.

To the unfamiliar visitor, it usually takes at least two or three attempts to discover the back road leading back into the village of Christiana. After one or two miles, the road runs past several neat little houses before it crosses a meandering creek that flows along the southern bound-

ary of the village. It was along this creek that a group of Marylanders made their way north early on the morning of September 11, 1851, to the village of Christiana, to make a life or death stand in defense of their culture, and where their neighbors made an equal stand in defense of their belief that "All men are created equal."

Situated in a grassy corner of a tiny residential yard stands a tall marble obelisk. On the southern face of the monument is an inscription which reads, "He died for law." On the northern face are the names of several men who refused to accept that law. Suspended from a telephone pole leaning precariously to one side, flies a red and white banner which proclaims, "Freedom Began Here." It was here, during a brief but violent clash between two cultures, that the first shot of the civil war was fired.

BEGAN HERE

Edward Steers, Jr.

The band of eight squatted in a tight circle by the creek bank. The leader reached into a sack slung over his shoulder and withdrew a block of cheese wrapped in heavy paper. Unfolding the paper, he cut a slice from the block and passed it to the man next to him. Each man took his turn cutting a wedge from the block, then passing it to the next in line until there was none left. The men sat silent, their chewing muffled by the water as it ran over the stones lining the shallow creek bed. For one of the men, it would prove to be his last meal. To understand how the "posse" of raiders had come to this point, we have to go back almost two years.

Edward Gorsuch, the leader of the group, owned a large farm twenty miles to the north of Baltimore where he grew corn and wheat. The farm required considerable labor to guarantee its ongoing success. The labor was supplied by slaves, most of whom had been left to Gorsuch by his grandfather before him. The plantation, known as "Retreat Farm", was situated among the gently rolling hillside of northern Baltimore County. It was among the more picturesque parts of the state.

Gorsuch was known by his neighbors as a "benevolent master" who cared well for his "property." In return, he expected loyalty and hard work from his slaves. He had gone so far as to declare that certain of his slaves would be set free on reaching their twenty-eighth birthday. He had kept his word at least twice, hiring back his manumitted slaves and, paying them a fair wage.

All seemed well on the Gorsuch farm, where peace and harmony was rewarded by an ongoing prosperity. The tension which pervaded the nation as it struggled with the question of extending slavery was now uppermost on the agenda of the country's leaders, and all indications were that a compromise would be worked out guaranteeing another round of uneasy peace. A new calm had settled over the region bringing harmony to the surrounding farmland.

That is until one day in September of 1849 when Gorsuch was paid a visit by a local Quaker miller named Matthews. Matthews had disturbing news. News that would ultimately end in tragedy for the master of "Retreat Farm."

His inventory of wheat unaccountably depleted by several bushels, Gorsuch had been informed by the Quaker miller that a free black named Abraham Johnson had brought in several bushels for milling. The miller had become suspicious of Johnson, knowing that he neither owned land nor had access to any of the wheat grown in the area. When pressed by Matthews, Johnson admitted that he had gotten the wheat from some of the Gorsuch slaves. Matthews had come to Gorsuch with Johnson's confession. Saying nothing to his own blacks, Gorsuch had a warrant sworn out for Johnson's arrest. Armed with the warrant, Gorsuch set out for Johnson, only to find that he and four of Gorsuch's slaves had disappeared the night before, heading

over the border into nearby Pennsylvania. The lower counties of this non-slave state provided a convenient haven for runaways who, once over its border, received support from the Quaker people who inhabited the region.

Two years passed before Gorsuch heard anything more of his runaway slaves. In August of 1851, he received a letter from a man named William Padgett who lived in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Padgett, a sometimes clock mender, supplemented his income by informing owners of the whereabouts of their runaway slaves. Padgett had made



The men sat silent by the water as it ran over the stones lining the shallow creek bed.

Enscribed on the marble obelisk: "Killed: Edward Gorsuch. He died for law. Wounded: Dickinson Gorsuch. Father and son of Baltimore Co, MD. Joshua Gorsuch."



a modest living informing Marylanders of their runaways whenever he came across such souls in the surrounding neighborhood.

Padgett had written Gorsuch that he, "...had the required information of four men that lived within two miles of each other." The four men were Gorsuch's runaways. Padgett then advised Gorsuch as to the best course of action to follow if he wanted to recover his lost property. For a fee, Padgett would be happy to help Gorsuch in gaining their capture. Gorsuch accepted Padgett's offer and set out for Pennsylvania. He was accompanied by his son, Dickinson Gorsuch; his cousin, Joshua Gorsuch; his nephew, Dr. Thomas Pearce; and two of his neighbors, Nathan Nelson and Nicholas Hutchings.

Following Padgett's directions, Gorsuch first traveled to Philadelphia ahead of the party, where he secured a warrant from the Fugitive Slave Commissioner in that city, Edward D. Ingraham, and enlisted the help of the Deputy United States Marshal Henry J. Kline. Under the Fugitive Slave Law, a master was entitled to the full force of the United States government in securing the return of his "property." There was no statute of limitations and Gorsuch wasted no time in enlisting Kline's help. With the marshal in tow, Gorsuch rejoined his neighbors and the posse continued on to Lancaster County. Their destination was a tavern located in the small village of Gap, not far from the town of Christiana. It was near Christiana that Padgett claimed the slaves were living. Joining the party in Gap, Padgett secured his payment and agreed to lead the posse to where the slaves were currently living. But that was all Padgett would do. If he was to continue his role as informant, he had to remain anonymous.

The men, all Marylanders with the exception of Kline, were not the least concerned that they were now in the neighboring state of Pennsylvania. The law was on their side. The marshal carried a warrant for the arrest of the four runaway slaves, and had the power to enlist any citizen he called upon to aid him in enforcing the warrant. Under the recently enacted fugitive slave law, Kline could demand the help of any citizen who happened to be present. To refuse such help could subject the parties to criminal prosecution.

Edward Gorsuch may have assumed that force would be unnecessary in the belief that his "boys" really wanted to return to their former master and the peaceful life on the Gorsuch farm. Gorsuch and his posse were in for a major surprise.

To the community of Quakers and free blacks who lived in the surrounding area, the marshal and his band were nothing more than "kidnappers" gathering up runaways and other blacks and carrying them back across the border into slavery. While nonviolent by religious canon, the Quakers had a history of resisting attempts to "expatriate" runaway slaves in their area, often resorting to more than the force of prayer. There were some Quakers who even went so far as to resist violence with a measure of their own violence. This led many pundits to claim that their Quaker brethren were occasionally heard to warn kidnappers by first telling them, "Thee are standing where I am about to shoot."

As Gorsuch and his posse sat by the creek waiting for the first glimpse of dawn, Padgett pulled his employer aside and pointed down the narrow lane to a dark shape rising on the horizon. Gorsuch could make out the silhouette of a small two-story house which stood at the top of a gentle rise leading up from the creek bed. The house, which looked to be about a hundred yards away, was the home of a man named William Parker, a runaway who had proven to be a nemesis for slave catchers.

Parker, an escaped slave, had come to the area several years back. Also a Marylander, he had organized the local blacks into an effective force by teaching them to fight violence with violence. Parker had provided safety for two of Gorsuch's men and was not about to let white kidnappers carry out their violence against the former slaves.

After leading the posse as far as the creek, Padgett shook hands with Gorsuch and started back toward Gap. He had no stomach for violence, especially if it meant that he might be on the receiving end. More importantly, he did not want anyone in the area to know that he made a living informing slave masters about their runaways. The posse of seven gathered themselves up and prepared to go the last hundred yards of their long journey. Gorsuch and Kline agreed that they would approach the

house alone while the remaining members of the posse hung back ready to come to their aid in case of trouble.

As Marshal Kline and Edward Gorsuch made their way up the lane leading to Parker's front door they were suddenly startled by a man walking toward them. The dark veil of night was lifting as Gorsuch and Kline bumped into the man coming from Parker's house. Both parties were taken by surprise. Gorsuch thought he recognized one of the men as his runaway "boy." The man seeing Gorsuch turned and ran back into the house shouting "kidnappers."



Parker's wife huddled on the floor beneath the sill and continued to blow her horn.

"Christiana Riot House." Home of William Parker. 1895. At right (the front view), the small end window is where tradition claims that Parker's wife blew the horn signaling blacks in the area of trouble. Courtesy of LaVerne D. Rettew, Christiana. From the William B. Moore Collection.

KLINE AND GORSUCH ran after the man yelling for him to stop. The man moved too fast and disappeared back inside the house. Stumbling through the open door, Gorsuch and Kline found the downstairs empty. Not sure of the situation Kline spoke first in a loud voice, "I am a United States Marshal and have a warrant for the arrest of Nelson Ford and Noah Buley." Gorsuch naively assumed that the two runaways would surrender once they learned that Kline was a United States marshal. An unfamiliar voice yelled back that no such persons lived in the house.

Considerable bantering back and forth began. There was an air of anxiety within the house as the two parties stood out of each other's sight and conversed.

Despite the tension, the confrontation took on an almost comic tone at times. Both antagonists carried deadly force which neither side wanted to use but would if forced to. The two sides continued their bantering trying to talk down the other side.

Parker, his wife, and five blacks, which included Gorsuch's two runaways, huddled on the second floor while Gorsuch and Kline stood at the foot of the stairs leading up to where the blacks hid. The inside of the house was still engulfed in shadows as the dawn only now was beginning to break. Edward Gorsuch spoke, "If you come down and go home with me without any trouble I will look over the past."

One of the blacks, probably Parker, responded, "If you take one of us, you must take us over our dead bodies."

all of a sudden, they heard guns being loaded in the room above. A voice, again Parker's, yelled down, "Who are you?"

"I am the United States Marshal," Kline yelled back as he moved toward the bottom of the steps.

Parker snapped back sharply, "Take another step and I will break your neck."

"I am a United States Marshal," Kline repeated.

"I do not care for you or the United States," Parker shouted.

At this point Gorsuch was losing all patience. He admonished Kline to do his duty and go up the stairs and bring his slaves down. Kline began a slow climb up the steps only to find a fish gig protruding from the darkness above. The marshal hesitated a moment and then jerked to one side as a small hatchet flew past his shoulder, landing on the floor below. Showing restraint, Kline tried to talk the resisters down.

The bantering continued, "You have my property," Gorsuch yelled.

"Men cannot be property." Parker yelled.

"I will hear none of your abolitionist lectures," Gorsuch snarled.

Kline suddenly switched tactics. He yelled back to one of the posse, "Go to the barn and fetch some straw. I will set the house on fire and burn them up."

The bluff failed. Parker countered, "You can burn us, but you can't take us; before I give up, you will see my ashes scattered on the earth."

Suddenly the tense atmosphere was broken by the loud wail of a horn coming from the upstairs window. The horn was used to signal the blacks to come at once. Parker's wife had decided it was time to alert the people in the surrounding community. When they heard the horn's wail it was a call for immediate help no matter the hour. It signaled dire. Parker had taught the runaways living in the area that their only hope was by banding together and acting in unity. Violence could only be met with violence.

Kline and Gorsuch were startled by the horn's blowing. "What do you mean by blowing that horn?" Kline asked. The horn sounded again. Kline then yelled to the men waiting outside to shoot at the window where the sound was coming from. Parker's wife huddled on the floor beneath the sill and continued to blow her horn. The thick stone walls shielded her and the people inside from the posse's bullets.

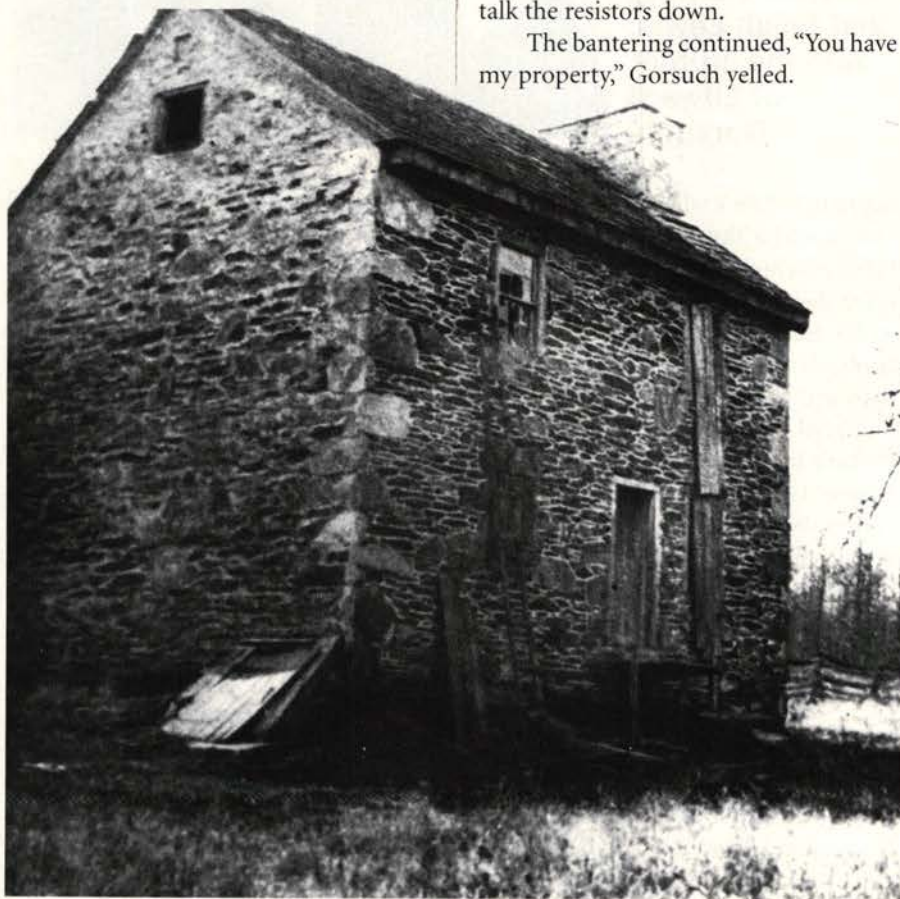
Kline and Gorsuch now went back outside the house where the other posse members were waiting. Parker had moved to a window at the front of his house to continue his bantering with the two men. The confrontation was like two boxers cautiously circling each other, afraid to lunge out for fear of what might follow.

Gorsuch continued his pleadings by turning to scripture. "Does not the Bible say, 'Servants, obey your masters?'"

Parker retorted, "Give unto your servants that which is just and equal."

Soon the two men were carrying on a "mutual scripture inquiry" which added to the incredible incongruity of the situation. Both Parker and Gorsuch were lay preachers and strove to outdo each other in proving that God was in favor of slavery on the one side, and for freedom and equality on the other.

A few of the blacks under siege grew frightened and talked of surrendering.



Suddenly an object flew from the second story window striking Thomas Pearce, who was standing outside, in the face. It caught Pearce in the eye knocking him backwards. Joshua Gorsuch, who was standing next to Pearce, was hit in the shoulder by a small board. Still nothing happened. Inside, Kline and Gorsuch stood at the bottom of the stairs. Then,

The savvy Parker shouted back, "Go in the room down there, and see if there is anything there belonging to you.... Then go out to the barn; there you will find a cow and some hogs. See if any of them are yours."

"They are not mine." Gorsuch answered angrily. "I want my men.... and I am bound to have them."

This only heightened Parker's resolve to resist. There would be no slave kidnapping this day. Parker was determined to stand against the posse or give up his brothers and sisters as dead corpses which would do the kidnappers no good.

Incredibly, Parker began to sing, and was soon joined by the other blacks in the house:

Leader what do you say
About the judgment day?
I will die on the field of battle,
Die on the field of battle,
With glory in my soul.

THIS SEEMED TO CALM the few who were showing signs of weakening. Suddenly a small company of armed black men began to converge on the house from the surrounding countryside. Clubs, rifles, pitchforks, scythes and corn-cutters could be clearly seen silhouetted against the sky. The blacks who were holed up in the stone house were now joined by a half dozen others who snuck in through the unguarded rear door. The remaining dozen or so blacks stood outside forming a line opposite the posse.

Along with the blacks that showed up were two white men, identified as Quakers, who lived nearby. Kline, seeing the two white men, went over to the them. They were sitting astride their horses watching the scene unfold. He showed them his warrant, and asked that they assist him in arresting the "fugitives." The two men refused, telling Kline that, "...colored people have a right to defend themselves." They warned Kline to leave before there was any bloodshed. They were nonviolent men who, nevertheless, could be provoked.

Emboldened by their new numbers, the blacks began to challenge the posse of whites—hurling insults at them. The scene became even more tense. Parker came to the front of his house and engaged Gorsuch face to face. Soon there were a half dozen pockets of confrontation scattered about. Dickinson Gorsuch came to his father's side. He now began to have a change of heart, urging his father to leave before things became violent. The elder Gorsuch clenched his teeth and said, "I will have my property, or go to hell."

The words had barely fallen from his lips when violence erupted. Someone

struck the elder Gorsuch with a club. He fell to his knees stunned. Seeing his father fall, Dickson Gorsuch raised his revolver to shoot toward the attackers, only to be struck across the arm, knocking his revolver to the ground. All hell broke loose. Several of the posse turned and retreated toward a wooded area amid gunshots. Kline ran over to the two "Quakers" yelling for them to help. Shots rang out from several different directions. Smoke from the black powder filled the air with a white cloud that soon obscured visibility. Dickinson Gorsuch

A warrant charged fifteen blacks along with the two white "Quaker" men, Castner Hanway and Elijah Lewis, with the murder of Edward Gorsuch.



began to fall back when one of the black men raised a shotgun and fired point blank into his body. The young Gorsuch fell to the ground. Stunned, he staggered to his feet and clutching his bleeding stomach stumbled backwards into a cornfield to escape his attackers. Lying in a pool of his own blood in front of Parker's house was the lifeless body of Edward Gorsuch, badly hacked by corn cutters. What was left of the posse was now fleeing in the direction from which they had come only two hours before. Parker had won, but only the first round in the battle.

The following day, Friday, September 12, Henry Kline rode into the village of Christiana and swore out a warrant charging fifteen blacks along with the two white Quaker men, Castner Hanway and Elijah Lewis, with the murder of Edward Gorsuch. Passions ran high as Kline, angered at the events of the previous day, confronted Hanway and Lewis for their failure to come to his aid when ordered. Word of the battle quickly spread, and sides rapidly formed. Those who stood with the Constitution and the law squared off against those who believed there was a "higher law" when dealing with slavery. The *New York Daily Times* summed up the feel-

ings of the antislavery forces in an editorial which said, "Our chief regret, in this matter, grows out of the fact that men who believe in the 'higher law, ... are not more numerous than they are.' They were not, however, backed by the existing law.

Soon armed vigilante posses began making their way to the area around Christiana searching for blacks. It mattered little whether they had taken part in the confrontation or not. Any black would do. Being black was enough to warrant arrest.

The editor of the *Quarryville* (Pennsylvania) *Sun* wrote, "...there never went unhung a gang of more depraved and wretched scoundrels than some of the men employed as 'officers of the law' to ravage this country and ransack private houses..." One such "deputized marshal" was quoted as stating that he would shoot the first black thing he saw, even if it was a cow.

In the days following the fight at William Parker's house, the national press began to refer to the episode as the "Christiana Riot." Each side characterized the confrontation according to its own political views. Northern editorials wrote of how the unfortunate occurrence had opened old wounds thought healed by the Compromise of 1850. Most blamed the incitement on "abolitionists" intent on destroying the country. Many characterized the blacks as "innocents" serving only as pawns in the hands of the abolitionists. Even Horace Greeley, an avowed abolitionist, took an apologetic stance in a *New York Tribune* editorial. While denying that abolitionists had any role in the fight, Greeley editorialized that the Quakers who were present had urged the blacks to flee, and that, "...it was good counsel and it is deplored that the Negroes did not follow

it." Acknowledging that, "...white men perished (only Edward Gorsuch died) attempting to execute a law of the United States", Greeley went on to write, "Had two of the resisting Negroes fallen instead, comparatively little would have been thought of it..." Greeley finally came around to express his view and that of many others in the North, "...a divine law of nature was on their side", and, "... no act of Congress can make it right for one man to convert another into his personal property... slavery is a matter of violence."

William Lloyd Garrison, in his paper "The Liberator," wrote that slavery was so violent itself that it naturally begat violence. The two went hand in hand.

But not all Northerners and anti-slavery advocates were so pacifist in their views. Abolitionists Joshua Giddings, Gerrit Smith, and Wendell Phillips applauded the resistance. Giddings summed it up for all abolitionists when he said, "... I could not but rejoice that the despised and hunted fugitives, whom this unconstitutional enactment put beyond the protection of the laws, had stood up manfully in defense of their God given rights and shot down the miscreants who had come with the desperate purpose of taking them again to the land of slavery."

Perhaps the strongest reaction of all was seen in the city of Baltimore and its

surrounding environs. After all, the "victims" were Marylanders. The Reverend John S. Gorsuch, eldest son of Edward Gorsuch and brother of the badly wounded Dickinson Gorsuch, wrote a searing letter to the *Baltimore Sun* which became the basis for the events that followed. The letter was reprinted in its entirety in the *New York Daily Times* for September 19. In his letter, the Reverend Gorsuch attacked the governor of Pennsylvania, William F. Johnston, for failing to act both before and after the confrontation. Upon learning that his four slaves had escaped to Pennsylvania along with Abraham Johnson, Edward Gorsuch had sought remedy for his stolen grain by requesting extradition of Abraham Johnson from Governor Johnston.

The governor ignored the extradition request, which the Reverend Gorsuch pointed to as Johnston's first failure. According to the reverend, by not reacting quickly to the incident and seeing to the arrest of the killers of Edward Gorsuch, the governor failed a second time. Adding much color to the whole affair was the fact that Pennsylvania was in the midst of a gubernatorial campaign that would see voters go to the polls in less than four weeks. Johnston, the Whig candidate, was opposed by the Democrat, William Biggler. To add to an already bizarre situation, Johnston was aboard a campaign train which had

made a stop in Christiana the very day after the battle took place. He was resting aboard the train which stood next to the hotel where Edward Gorsuch's body was laid out. Most of the passengers accompanying Johnston hurried off of the train to view the remains of the only victim of the battle, while Johnston, seemingly indifferent, remained on board. It was an unexpected opportunity for his opponents.

The anti-Johnston forces swelled with self-righteous indignation. Philadelphia's prominent Democrats sent an "open" letter to Johnston summarizing the widely held pro-slavery and anti-abolitionist sentiment both North and South: "That citizens of a neighboring state have been cruelly assassinated by a band of armed outlaws at a place not more than three hours journey distant from the seat of government and from the Commercial metropolis of the State is outrageous" (Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, is situated approximately fifty miles northwest of Christiana).

Johnston's reply seems less inflammatory and more in tune with reality, "Permit me ... to suggest that the idea of rebellion or insurrectionary movement in the county of Lancaster or anywhere else in this Commonwealth, has no real foundation,... There is no insurrectionary movement in Lancaster County, and there would be no occasion to march military force there, as you seem to desire, and inflame the public mind by such strange exaggeration."

The Reverend Gorsuch went even further than the Philadelphia Democrats when he accused the governor of complicity in the "riot." Gorsuch wrote that Johnson, "... showed an indifference that almost amounted to connivance."

Now Maryland's governor got into the act by beating the secession drum so feared by most Americans. Governor Louis E. Lowe, in a letter to President of the United States Millard Fillmore, wrote, "It would be terrible indeed should Maryland be drawn to place herself at the head of a column of secession. Her declaration of disunion would be fatal. I tremble for the Union." Secession! The very mention of the word stirred old fears into new ones. The *New York Daily Times* editorialist showed a change of heart only one day after writing his September 19 editorial: "We trust

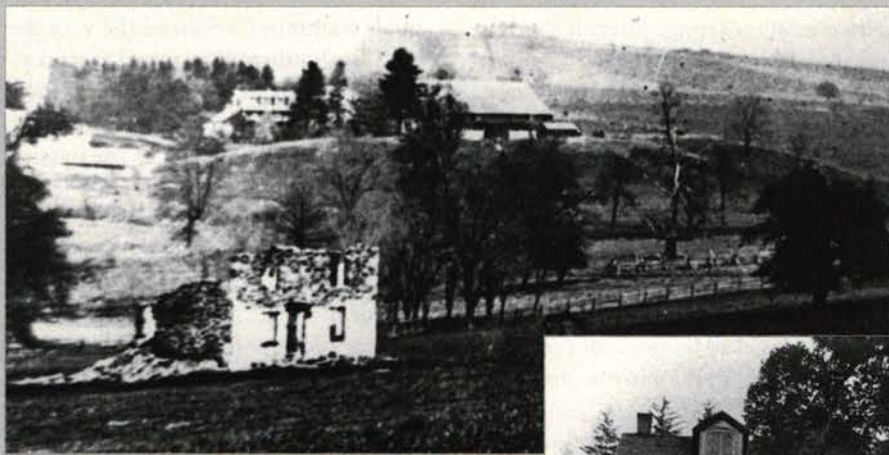


Dickinson Gorsuch began to have a change of heart, urging his father to leave before things became violent.

Zercher's Hotel (above) where the body of Edward Gorsuch was taken for viewing and inquest before it was shipped home to Maryland. Presently the offices of the Christiana Machine Company. Photograph taken November 15, 1997.

Opposite left: Castner Hanway in later life. c.1885, and Dickson Gorsuch.

Courtesy of LaVerne D. Rettew, Christiana. From the William B. Moore Collection



"It Almost Seems Wrong for the Sun to Shine on Such Misery"

Young Dickinson Gorsuch, badly wounded and apparently dying, was taken to the farmhouse of a Quaker named Levi Pownall who lived a short distance from the Parker house which was located on the Pownall farm. Gorsuch was eventually nursed back to health under the care of Mrs. Pownall and became close friends with the Pownall family in later years. Lizzie Pownall, one of Mrs. Pownall's daughters, writes her aunt about the events that occurred in Christiana, and the young man who had invaded her peaceful homeland



My Dear Aunt

Second-day morn.

I hardly know how to begin to write to thee. I've passed through so much since I last sent my note to thee over the mountains. I expect thee has read in the papers of the sorrowful tragedy that has happened at Parker's. it took place 5th day morn before day

I never experienced such feelings. we were almost frantic – I feared much for mother thinking it was enough to kill her & after the fighting was over Levi went over but soon returned bringing us word of the death of the old man & that his son was badly if not mortally wounded & proposed bringing him to our house which we consented to. We dispatched [sic] a person for the Dr & had him brought over in a carriage – his life was despaired [sic] of until yesterday. the Drs think now he may recover with careful nursing. It has caused much distress in this neighborhood as there are many of our white neighbors arrested [sic] & sent to jail on account of their thoughtlessly running to the scene of battle. fortunately not one of our family left the house but remained at home – The country is one scene of confusion. The marshals & police are here from Lancaster & Philadelphia & 50 marines of the United States troops are stationed in Christiana. I expect there was a hundred police with commissioners & officers around our house 7th day making search [sic] & our house seems more like a public one than anything else. we can count 8 & ten carriages hitched in front of our house at a time beside horseback company – last evening our house was completely filled partly with Southerners. There never has been such an excitement in our country – they being one of the first families of Maryland.

We do feel deeply interested in the young gentleman who is here. he seems as mild & gentle as our Levi. we all feel much attached to him. Oh but I wish thee was here – indeed we feel so sad we can hardly keep up. it almost seems wrong for the sun to shine on such misery as there is in this neighborhood. Ella and I went out on the balcony last night – it was one of the most beautiful moonlight nights I ever gazed on. we felt better we trusted one who caused the moon to shine so peacefully would in his time cause light to shine on our path.

This is a sad letter dear aunt but I cannot write different – give my love to John & Martha Joseph & Jane & accept a large portion for thyself

Thy sincerely attached
Lizzie

these Negroes, and the whites who aided or abetted them in any way, in this outrage, will be made to feel the utmost penalty of the law."

The threats coming from Maryland and elsewhere throughout the South caused the administration in Washington major concern. President Millard Fillmore summoned the United States attorney in Philadelphia,

John W. Ashmead, to come to Washington for counsel. The leaders were in agreement: trying the accused for treason would surely result in acquittal, but, "...while an acquittal of the defendants would be the only outcome of the trial possible, the authorities of Maryland

were clamorous for some action on the part of the National Government, and the trouble and expense that such a proceeding would entail on the defendants would have the effect to deter others..."

President Fillmore and the Attorney General of the United States, John J. Crittenden of Kentucky, decided that the government would try the accused for treason. Ashmead, waiting for instructions in Philadelphia, was ordered to hurry to Christiana (Sadsbury Township) to put down the "insurrection" against the Federal government. Ashmead put together a contingent of forty-five marines, fifty deputized civilians, and a detachment from the Philadelphia police force.

Back in Christiana, John Thompson, the district attorney for the township, had deputized nearly every local "tough" in the county, including members of the notorious "Gap" gang, infamous for their kidnapping activities. Rounding out Thompson's "posse" were several dozen members of an Irish railroad crew already fearful of the threat free blacks posed to their tenuous jobs.

When Ashmead arrived in Christiana he found Thompson and his "posse" already rounding up suspects. The fugitive slave commissioner in Philadelphia had ruled that the events at Christiana were now a federal crime

Above left: The Riot House in 1898.
The Pownall farm in background. Left: Levi Pownall's house.

in which the accused were charged with conspiracy to create an insurrection against the United States Government (represented by Marshal Henry J. Kline). Such insurrection was treason. Again, the New York *Daily Times* wrote an editorial, this time stating "Their offense may technically be considered treason; ... but we doubt whether they designed to overthrow the government of the United States."



FOLLOWING the commissioner's decision that an insurrection against the government of the United States had occurred, it was agreed that the two forces would join together in a common effort. The fugitives now faced a formidable force of two hundred "law officers" entrusted with putting down a slave insurrection. The absurdity of the situation was overshadowed only by the paranoia that whites felt as a result of blacks attempting to defend their freedom by force. There were even a few abolitionists, however, who thought it a greater crime for a black man to kill a white than for a white man to kill a black.

Most of the abolitionist papers of the day accepted the position that the blacks were not responsible for the battle that occurred, having been incited to riot by certain white persons, and the whites were responsible for the crimes against the government, not the blacks. After all was said, it was argued that the

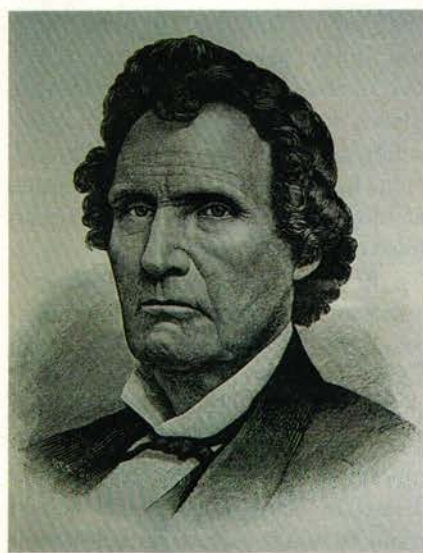
blacks weren't capable of such insurrection without white instigation.

Following Thompson and Ashmead's sweep of the area, thirty-eight men were arrested and indicted for treason on October 6, 1851. A trial was scheduled to begin on November 24th in the Federal Court in Philadelphia. Ironically, the court room where the trial was scheduled to take place was located on the second floor of the old Pennsyl-

vania State House in Philadelphia, now known as Independence Hall. For a second time in their history, citizens of the United States would test the principles, originally conceived in this building, that all men were created equal and entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The prosecution consisted of a team of seven prominent lawyers including the attorney general of Maryland, the district attorney for Baltimore and the United States attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. Most prominent among the defense team of lawyers was United States Congressman Thaddeus Stevens, who in 1868, as a leader of the Radical Republicans, would attempt to bring down President Andrew Johnson by impeachment.

The prosecution strategy was to test the treason charge against only one of the white defendants. If successful, the government would then proceed to try the remaining prisoners. Along with the



Left: Samuel Hopkins (standing), Peter Woods (sitting). 1898. Hopkins and Woods were two of the twenty-seven black defendants arrested and tried following the confrontation on September 11, 1851. Above: Quaker defendants (top), John Ashmead (center), and Thaddeus Stevens (bottom).

Courtesy of LaVerne D. Rettew, Christiana. From the William B. Moore Collection.

two white men known to be at the scene of the conflict, a third white man, Joseph Scarlett, known to be a strong abolitionist, was also charged. Of the three white men, Castner Hanway, Elijah Lewis and Joseph Scarlett, Hanway was selected as the target. It was Hanway who arrived on the scene first at William Parker's house, and it was Hanway that Marshal Kline accused of refusing to help in arresting the fugitive slaves, and it was Hanway who Kline claimed instructed the blacks to attack.

The prosecution, and the press, referred to the three defendants as "Quakers" and "abolitionists." Ironically, Hanway was neither a Quaker nor an abolitionist although he clearly had no quarrel with either. Of the three accused, only Lewis and Scarlett were Quakers, and both belonged to abolition organizations.

The trial was punctuated by a number of episodes that added a certain color and drama to the intensity of the event. The jury was sworn on Wednesday, November 23 and, the next day being Thanksgiving, the court adjourned until Friday. Thomas Kane, a son of one of the two judges presiding over the trial, delivered six turkeys and a fifteen pound cake to the prison for thanksgiving dinner for the defendants. The prosecution and the southern press screamed foul. The prosecution wanted to read into the trial record a local newspaper article detailing the gift and dinner that followed. Judge Robert Grier, presiding alongside of Judge Kane, the gift-giver's father, ruled the article inadmissible.

In a second incident, the defense insisted that Marshal Kline actually identify each of the black prisoners whom he had arrested and claimed were present at Parker's house. When the twenty-seven blacks marched into the court room they were all neatly barbered and dressed in identical new clothes. To add insult to injury, each defendant wore a brightly colored neckerchief of red, white and blue. Quaker activist Lucretia Mott had convinced the local Friends Society to provide the black prisoners with new clothing and scarves. Again the prosecution and southern press cried foul, asserting that the look-alike appearance of the defendants was a ruse on the part of the abolitionists to make positive identification difficult. After all, many asked, didn't most blacks look alike anyway

without the added subterfuge conceived by Mott? Marshal Kline, however, overcame the ploy when he "positively identified" all twenty-seven men!

The prosecution presented a weak case. It not only failed to prove Hanway's participation in any way, but actually presented witnesses that could not positively place him at the scene at the moment the battle erupted. It seemed as if the prosecution was less than vigorous in its efforts to convict.

After three months of testimony, the jury was charged by Judge Grier and ordered to deliberate. Reminiscent of more modern times, the jury took only fifteen minutes of deliberation to return a verdict of "not guilty." To many in the South, it became apparent that the Fugitive Slave Law would not be enforced in the North. An "irrepressible conflict" would grow throughout the land.

Hanway and the other prisoners were released, only to be returned to Lancaster County to face local charges of mayhem and murder. Arriving back home in Lancaster County however, District Attorney James Thompson released the prisoners on grounds of insufficient evidence. The whites went home, while the blacks decided to leave while they could, and fled to Canada to escape the grasp of kidnappers and the Fugitive Slave Law. They no longer trusted the law.

One incident illustrates the continuing risk that the black defendants had to fear. One defendant, George Williams, was arrested by Marshal Kline the same night that Thompson released him. Williams was a runaway from Maryland and the man who had tipped off the Christiana blacks that a posse was headed for Christiana to capture Gorsuch's runaways. Kline decided to take him into custody as long as his former master was still present to claim him. Moving quickly, Kline and Williams' master took the fugitive into custody and hurried him out of the county back toward Maryland. Stopping at a tavern for the night, Kline and his partner drank heavily and soon fell asleep. According to Williams' later story, he saw

his opportunity to escape while the two inebriated men slept. Just as Williams was making his way toward the door of the tavern, the innkeeper awoke. The two men stared at each other for what seemed an eternity before the tavern keeper pointed to the door and nodded. Williams quickly made his escape to freedom thanks to the benevolence of the tavern keeper.



Gorsuch would be buried on the family farm, ironically named "Retreat Farm."

Some fifty miles to the southwest a wooden box arrived in the small community of Monkton, Maryland. Wrapped in a shroud inside the box lay the ashen body of Edward Gorsuch. He would be buried on the family farm, ironically named "Retreat Farm." Of the small posse of Marylanders that came to William Parker's house on that cold September morning, Edward Gorsuch was the only one who did not "retreat." In every fiber of his being, Edward Gorsuch epitomized the region of his birth, defiant to the last, unwavering in the face of mortal danger, determined to carry on his way of life, even to his death. To his fellow countrymen, "He died for law."

Several hundred miles to the north of Gorsuch's home, William Parker ar-

rived in the small Canadian community of Buxton, an exile from his own country, which he claimed to both despise and love. He was later joined by his wife, and by George Williams, and several others from Lancaster County who had fled after their release. Never again would kidnappers move about the lower counties of Pennsylvania without a certain fear for their own freedom, and all because of the defiance of William Parker, a former slave who met violence with violence.



Opposite: The location of Riot House (left). Foundation found July, 1997, and the William Parker House shortly before it was dismantled. 1898. *Courtesy of LaVerne D. Rettew, Christiana. From the William B. Moore Collection.* Above: The Retreat Farm.

Southerners everywhere took their readings from the treason trial in Philadelphia, comforting one another in their mutual hatred and distrust of their northern cousins. Treacherous always, disloyal and despicable, no Northerner could be expected to obey the laws of the land and respect another man's property. The Baltimore papers were filled with commentary about the failure of the people of Pennsylvania to uphold the law.

A few miles to the south from where Edward Gorsuch's moldering body lay freshly planted beneath his plantation sod, a handsome, thirteen-year-old boy sat on the tailgate of his father's vegetable wagon listening intently to the heated discussions of the Baltimore market people. Every Saturday during the growing season, his father would hitch up the family wagon and carry his produce into the city of Baltimore, where they would sell it to help run their home in the town of Bel Air, located to the north of the city. Although the boy's father was wealthy as a result of being America's greatest tragedian actor, farming was still a passion with him.

The young boy was sadly disheartened, having learned that the father of his best school chum, Tommy Gorsuch, had been murdered at the hands of northern abolitionists. Listening intently to his elders gathered about the farm wagon, young Johnny was struck by the vehemence of the men as they bitterly denounced the government in Washington and the skulking abolitionist dogs in the North. The passionate discourse of treason and treachery, of disloyalty and disunion at the hands of a degenerate race of Northerners deeply impressed the young boy. The anger he saw in the faces of his elders as they roared against the mockery in Philadelphia impressed him most.

As with Julius Caesar, despotism must be struck down with swift and certain force. This he learned at a young age. If these men felt that their honor had been so wronged why did they not act to avenge the murder of one of their own? In the young boy's mind he swore never to allow such injustice to succeed. To such despots he would one day shout, "Sic Semper Tyrannis!" □

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4. John. S. Gorsuch, letter, "History of the Christiana Tragedy, by one of Mr. Gorsuch's Sons." *New York Daily Times*, September 19, 1851, p. 3.
5. W. U. Hensel. *The Christiana Riot and the Treason Trials of 1851*. (Lancaster: The New Era Printing Company, 1911).
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7. William Parker. "The Freedman's Story." *The Atlantic Monthly*: Vol. 17, Pt. II (March, 1866), pp. 276-295.
8. "The Christiana Outrage." editorial, *New York Daily Times*, September 19, 1851, p. 2.
9. "The Christiana Outrage Again," editorial, *New York Daily Times*, September 20, 1851, p. 2.
10. Lizzie (Elizabeth Pownall) letter to "My Dear Aunt," "Second-day morn." Christiana Riot File, Christiana Public Library, Christiana, Pennsylvania.

THE GORSUCH PLANTATION

known as "Retreat Farm" was located to the west of the Booth family home in Bel Air, Maryland. John Wilkes Booth and his brother Joseph attended the Milton Boarding School in Baltimore County along with four Gorsuch boys including Thomas Gorsuch, the youngest son of Edward Gorsuch and brother of Dickinson Gorsuch, and the schoolboy friend of Booth. Booth would write in an unpublished speech in 1860 of his "...bosom friend" Thomas Gorsuch and the Christiana Riot. Clearly the death of Edward Gorsuch was impressed upon young Booth's mind, and made more indelible because it was the father of his close boyhood friend. See John Rhodehamel and Louis Taper, "Right or Wrong, God Judge Me" (Urbana and Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1997), pp. 55-69.

THE STORY OF A POEM

"Lines on the Back of a Confederate Note"

After the surrender of the Army of Tennessee by Confederate General Joseph E. Johnston at Durham Station, North Carolina on April 26, 1865, several days were spent turning over arms and issuing paroles to the Confederate soldiers. Among those to receive his discharge and parole was Major Samuel A. Jonas, late commissary of subsistence for corps commander Lt. General Stephen D. Lee. Major Jonas was at High Point, North Carolina, when he received his papers, then made his way to Richmond, Virginia. There in early May of 1865 he took accommodations at the Powhatan Hotel and wrote this poem on the back of a Confederate Note. It was shortly thereafter reproduced and printed on the back of the then worthless Confederate script. The citizens of the "Lost Cause" collected these bills and kept them as cherished mementos of a by-gone era. Jonas was to have his poem partially quoted in the most honored and revered book on the South.

Who Was Major S. A. Jonas?

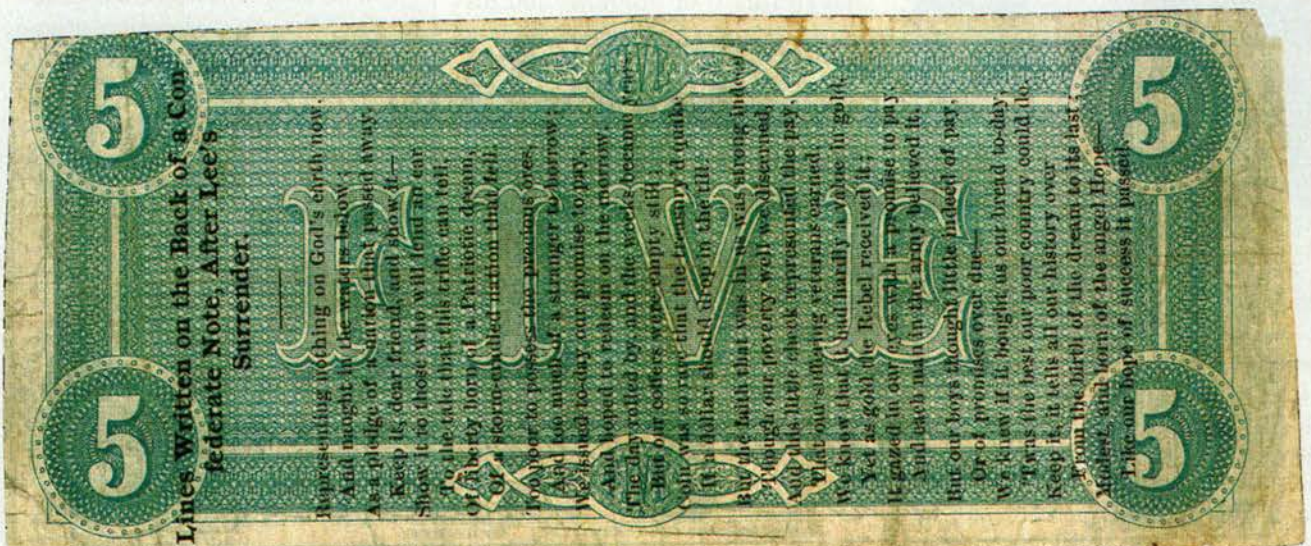
His military references in the *Official Records* are incorrectly listed under S. A. Jones in the index of the O.R. He is referred to several times in the original *Confederate Veteran* magazines; a copy of the poem and later in

life picture appear in Vol. XIII, 1915. His name also appears in General John Bell Hood's book *Advance And Retreat*, in the Gettysburg campaign. His life, and that of his family, is an interesting story of the tragic circumstances faced by many divided families of the Civil War.

In the early part of the 19th century three brothers, members of a prominent English Jewish family left their home in Exeter to emigrate to America. The Jonas family roots in England dated back to the eighteenth century. The oldest brother, Joseph, eventually settled in Cincinnati about 1823, where he became a prominent citizen. He was soon followed by brothers George and Abraham. George moved on to New Orleans where he became successful. Well thought of, he became a friend of Judah Touro, and 1854 was elected as first president of the Touro Infirmary. Abraham Jonas moved initially to Kentucky, then to Illinois. He was a friend and strong political supporter of an attorney who also had moved from Kentucky to Illinois, by the name of Abraham Lincoln; a friendship which was to play an important part in the Jonas family story. (See *Parole of Honor*, to be featured in a future issue of *North & South*.) Six sons were born to Abraham and Louisa Bloch Jonas. During the 1850s five of the sons moved to New Orleans, including Samuel. All

five enlisted in the Confederate army. Only Edward, the youngest entered the Union army. He was to remain in the army until late 1866, including duty in the early Indian campaigns. He was honorably discharged brevet lieutenant colonel of volunteers. In the Civil War, as fate would have it, he would be in battles opposing his brothers, particularly Samuel, in 1864.

Samuel Jonas enlisted in the 11th Mississippi Infantry in the spring of 1861. He was soon selected to serve on the staff of Brigadier General W. H. C. Whiting. At the Battle of Seven Pines General Whiting sent Jonas across an open, bullet-swept field to notify Major General G. W. Smith that General Johnston had been wounded and that Smith, as senior general on the field was to take command of the army. Jonas was in the combat areas during the Seven Days Battles, and was soon to become commissary of subsistence on the staff of General John Bell Hood, with whom he served at the Battle of Gettysburg and then accompanied him to the battlefield at Chickamauga, Georgia, in September of 1863. He was in the field opposing the armies of General Sherman, and hence his brother Edward, with Sherman's campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta in the spring and summer of 1864. When Hood took command of the Army of Tennessee,



Mel Young

Major Jonas joined the staff of Lt. General Stephen D. Lee, who succeeded to command of Hood's corps. He remained on the staff of General S. D. Lee through the disastrous battles of Franklin and Nashville in December of 1864 and then was with him in the campaigns of the Army of Tennessee in the Carolina's in early 1865. After the war's end he remained in Richmond and in 1866 settled in Aberdeen, Mississippi, where he published the *Aberdeen Examiner*, and was active in post war Confederate affairs.

Samuel Alroy Jonas died on September 15, 1915. Some twenty years after his death this unknown and unheralded former Confederate Army officer was to receive a posthumous, but unidentified recognition. Most all readers of this article have probably seen the epic movie classic at least once, or several times: *Gone With the Wind*. Recall the heartrending scenes at "Tara" in the months following the end of the Civil War that depict the hungry, ill clad, some barefoot, some wounded Confederate soldiers walking home. One wounded soldier coming down the road that passes Tara nearly faints. Melanie clutches her throat and runs to the path to greet her husband, Major Ashley Wilkes, home from a long confinement in a Northern prisoner of war camp. Who can forget that poignant scene? However, if one were to go to the pages of that scene in Margaret Mitchell's remarkable classic, they would read of another incident. Will, the wounded Confederate soldier, reaches into his pocket and pulls out a tattered Confederate note and calls to Scarlett and Melanie and tells them he wants to read something to them from the back of his bill. He begins with these words; "The name is *Lines On The Back Of A Confederate Note*," and follows with the first eight lines of the poem:

Representing nothing on God's earth now
And naught in the waters below it,
As the pledge of a nation that's passed away
Keep it dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale this trifle will tell
Of Liberty, born of patriots' dreams
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Reach for the copy on your bookshelf; or go to the library or your bookstore and read those few pages. It's in the unabridged edition. q.e.d. □

Lines on the Back of a Confederate Note.



[Written at the Powhatan Hotel, Richmond, Va., a few days after having been parolled as member of the staff of Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, with Johnson's army at High Point, near Greensborough, N. C., and first published, shortly after the war, over the author's signature, in the New York Metropolitan Record, headed "Something Too Good to be Lost."]

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the waters below it,
As the pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear,
To the tale that this trifle can tell,
Of a liberty born of the patriot's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issued today our promise to pay
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.

The days rolled by and the weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so rare that the treasury'd quake
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
And our poverty well we discerned
And this little check represented the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold each soldier received it.
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay
And each Southern patriot believed it,

But our boys thought little of price or of pay,
Or of bills that were overdue;
We knew if it bought us our bread today
'Twas the best our poor country could do.

Keep it, it tells all our history o'er
From the birth of the dream to its last;
Modest and born of the angel Hope,
Like our hope of success, it passed.

With Compliments of the Author

S. A. Jonas

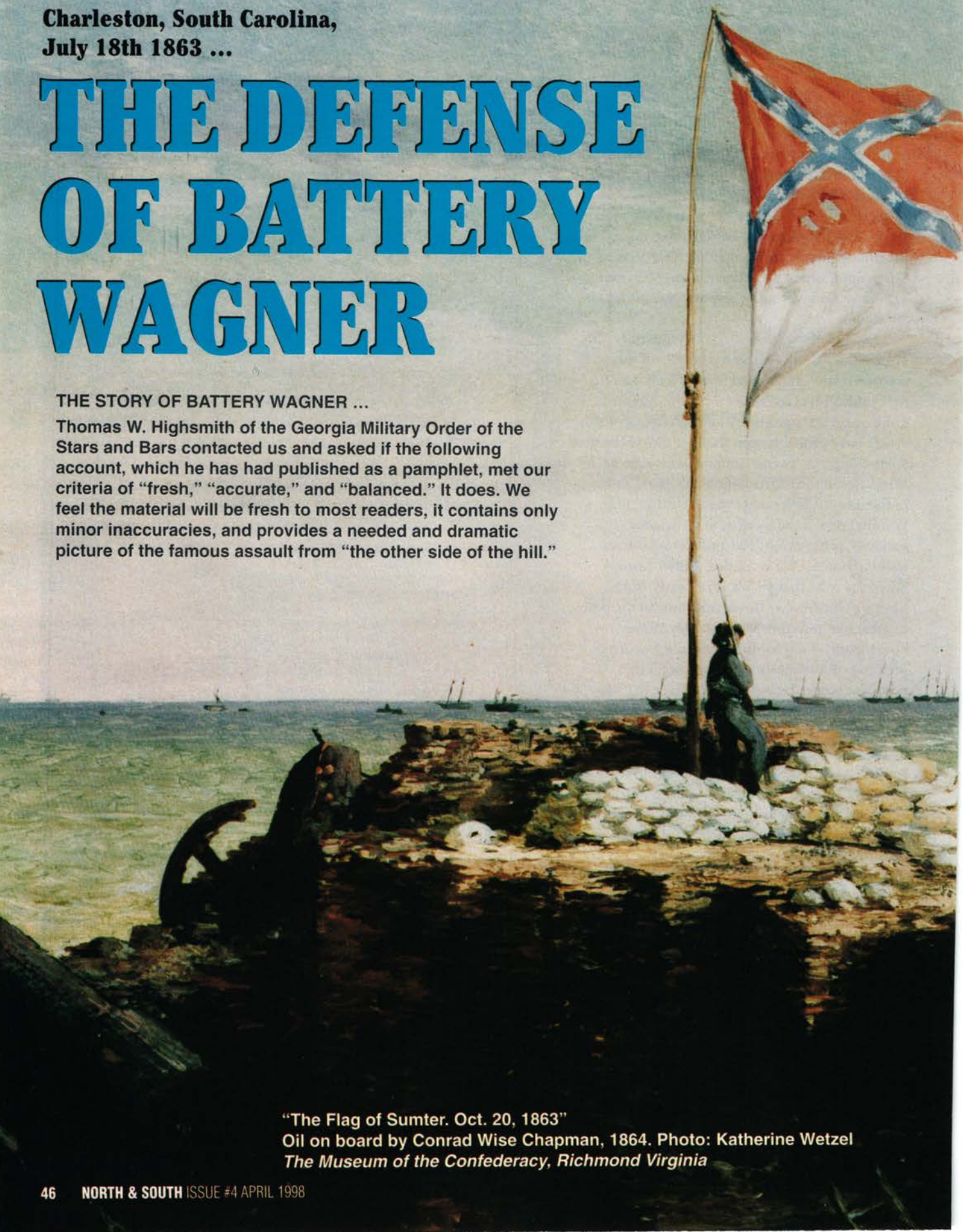
Aberdeen
Miss

Charleston, South Carolina,
July 18th 1863 ...

THE DEFENSE OF BATTERY WAGNER

THE STORY OF BATTERY WAGNER ...

Thomas W. Highsmith of the Georgia Military Order of the Stars and Bars contacted us and asked if the following account, which he has had published as a pamphlet, met our criteria of "fresh," "accurate," and "balanced." It does. We feel the material will be fresh to most readers, it contains only minor inaccuracies, and provides a needed and dramatic picture of the famous assault from "the other side of the hill."



"The Flag of Sumter. Oct. 20, 1863"

Oil on board by Conrad Wise Chapman, 1864. Photo: Katherine Wetzel
The Museum of the Confederacy, Richmond Virginia

Memorial Day, April 26th, 1892

Address of Hon. Lieut. Col. H. D. D. Twiggs

Mr. President and Comrades:

My theme for this occasion is the defence of Battery Wagner in Charleston harbor, South Carolina, against the combined attack of the land and naval forces of the United States, which occurred on the 18th of July, 1863. The defence of Charleston harbor and of Fort Sumter, which commanded the channel approach to that city, is familiar to the civilized world. The memories of that heroic struggle have been preserved by history, and embalmed in story and in song; and while incidental reference will be made to these defences during a long and memorable siege, my remarks will be confined chiefly to the military operations against Wagner on the 18th July. The almost unexampled magnitude of the war, involving during its [sic] four years of incessant strife an enormous sacrifice of men and material on both sides, tended to obscure and obliterate the details and incidents of any particular military event—yet the heroic defence of this outpost battery located

upon an isolated island, against the powerful military and naval forces which assailed it, "is worthy in itself of the dignity of a great epic" even in the drama which in its gigantic proportions required a continent for its theatre of action. History fails to furnish example more heroic, conflict more sanguinary, tenacity and endurance more determined and courageous than were displayed in the defence of this historic little stronghold. From the time of its construction to the 18th July, 1863, it was known and designated as "Battery Wagner"; after that memorable day the enemy called it "Fort Wagner." A brave and appreciative foe thus christened it in a baptism of blood, but that earlier name was known only to the heroic dead who fell defending it upon its ramparts, and my unhallowed hand shall not disturb it. Twenty years and more have elapsed since that bloody day, but the lesson then enforced is as important as ever, and no richer inheritance of emprise and valor will ever be transmitted to poster-

"... while everyone should be impressed with the bravery of the Federal troops that died in the failed attempt to take Wagner, we also have a duty to our Confederate ancestors to present the entire truth. Too many times we see untruths or partial truths presented as an accurate account of the War Between the States..."

—T.W. Highsmith
Georgia Society
General, M.O.S. & B



ity. In speaking of the defence of Charleston a prominent writer in the "French Journal of Military Science" states, that prodigies of talent, audacity, intrepidity and perserverance [sic] are exhibited in the attack as in the defence of this city which will assign to the siege of Charleston an exceptional place in military annals. Viscount Wolseley, Adjutant-General of the British Army, in reviewing some of the military records of the war in the "North American Review" of Nov.

is constructed upon its own little island of artificial rock, and is situated within the entrance to the harbor. It is nearly equidistant between James and Sullivan's islands, and is three and a half miles from East Bay battery of the city. Fort Johnson on James Island is situated to the right of Sumter as you look from the battery towards the sea, and is one mile and a quarter from the Fort. Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, is to the left of Sumter and about one mile distant from it. Mor-

Sumter, which disputed the passage of the enemy's fleet to the city. "Battery Wagner" was one and a half miles from Sumter and five miles from Charleston. Between Sumter and the shores of Morris and James islands is only shallow water, unfit for navigation. The main channel which is very deep between Sumpter and Sullivan's island, takes an abrupt turn to the South about one thousand yards East of Sumter, and flows in a Southerly direction along the shores

Brigadier General Taliaferro was ordered by General Beauregard to take command of "Battery Wagner."

"Charleston Bay and City"

Oil on Board by John G. Chapman, 1864. Photo: Katherine Wetzel

The Museum of the Confederacy, Richmond, Virginia



1889, uses the following language: "Were I bound to select out of all four volumes the set of papers which appears of most importance at the present moment not only from an American, but also from an European point of view, I should certainly name those which describe the operations around Charleston." For the instruction of those who are unfamiliar with the topography of Charleston and its surroundings, I shall give a short introductory description of the harbor defences of this city in order to convey a better appreciation of the location and relative importance of "Battery Wagner." Charleston, as you know, is situated on a narrow peninsula at the confluence of the Ashley and Cooper rivers. These rivers in flowing together form a broad, picturesque, and beautiful bay, lying to the South-east of the city, which has for its Northern boundary the mainland, and for its South James Island. Fort Sumter

is situated upon its own little island of artificial rock, and is situated within the entrance to the harbor. It is nearly equidistant between James and Sullivan's islands, and is three and a half miles from East Bay battery of the city. Fort Johnson on James Island is situated to the right of Sumter as you look from the battery towards the sea, and is one mile and a quarter from the Fort. Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, is to the left of Sumter and about one mile distant from it. Morris Island, upon which "Battery Wagner" was built, is a long, low, sandy sea island, denuded of growth, save here and there a solitary palmetto, and was considered practically the key to Charleston. Its Northern end nearest the city, known as Cumming's Point, is the seaward limit of the harbor on the South, as Sullivan's Island is the seaward limit on the North, and these two points determine the entrance to the harbor and are about twenty-seven hundred yards apart. Morris Island is separated from James Island by wide and impenetrable marshes. On "Cumming's Point" was "Battery Gregg," named in honor of Brig. General Maxey Gregg, of South Carolina killed at Fredericksburg, Va. Nearly a mile South of Gregg, on the island was located "Battery Wagner." This famous work was erected to prevent the Federal occupation of the island, and the erection of batteries for the destruction of Fort

of Morris Island, so that a fleet before entering the harbor would be compelled to run the gauntlet of "Battery Wagner" and Gregg before reaching Sumter and the city. The importance therefore of these auxilliary [sic] defences against naval attack will be readily appreciated, and the necessity for their reduction by the Federals is equally manifest. Situated to the South of "Morris Island" is "Folly Island," separated from it by "Light House Inlet," about five hundred yards wide. After the memorable repulse of the Iron Clad Fleet, under Rear Admiral DuPont, by Fort Sumter on the 7th of April, 1863, the enemy changed his plan of attack, and the Union Commander, Genl. Q. A. Gilmore, who had relieved Maj. Genl. Hunter, concentrated upon "Folly Island," 10,000 Infantry, 350 Artillery, and 600 Engineer Troops. In the meantime, Rear Admiral DuPont had been relieved and Rear Admiral

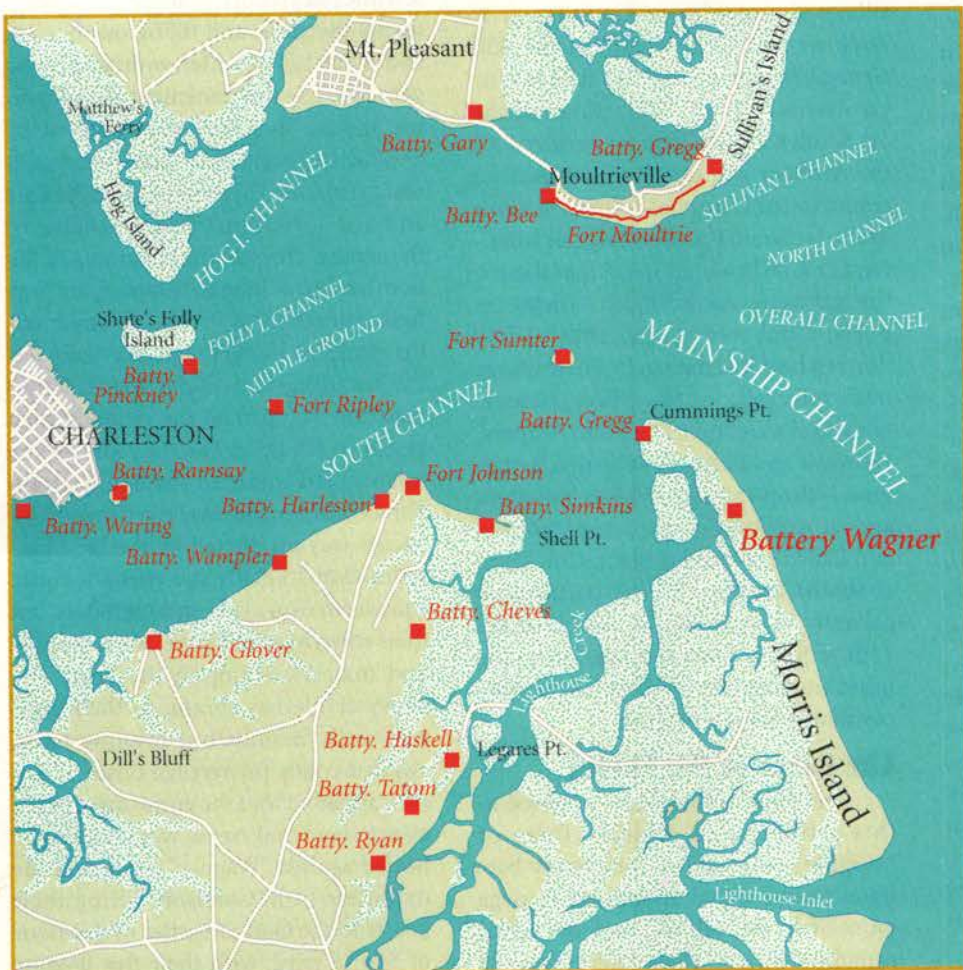
Dahlgren placed in command of the naval squadron. Concealed from the view of the Confederates by dense brushwood, the Federal Commander with remarkable skill and celerity had erected formidable batteries within easy range of the weak and imperfect works of the Confederates on the Southern end of the island. The presence of these works, armed with guns of heavy calibre, was unknown to the Confederates and was a complete surprise to them. On the

rapidly this success, and anticipating an easy capture of the latter, which now alone seriously disputed their full occupation of the island, on July the 11th they made their first assault upon it. During the night, however, "Wagner" had been reinforced by 550 Georgia troops under Colonel Charles H. Olmstead, (the distinguished and heroic defender of Fort Pulaski) and Nelson's South Carolina Battalion. This assault lasted less than half an hour and resulted in a complete

tillery, who was killed by the bursting of a gun at Fort Moultrie in July, 1863. It was a large bastioned earth work enclosed on all sides, and was situated at a very narrow neck of the island extending across its full width at that point from the sea on one side to Vincent Creek on the other, so that its flanks were protected by these natural barriers from assault. Its sea line, which faced the ship channel, was 300 feet long and its land faces extended about 250 yards across the island.

Its magazine was protected by a roofing of heavy timbers which were compactly covered over with ten feet of sodded earth. It was also provided with a bomb-proof, similarly constructed for the protection of the troops, thirty feet wide by one hundred feet long. There was also a gallery of a similar character about twelve feet wide by thirty feet long through which the bomb proof was entered from the parade of the Fort. The work was constructed with heavy traverses, and its gorge on the North face provided with a parapet for Infantry fire. The embrasures were revetted with palmetto logs and turf, and around the work was a wide, deep, but dry ditch. In the parade of the Fort on its West side was a row of wooden tenements, roughly built for officers' quarters and medical stores. Brigadier General Taliaferro, who had been stationed with his command on James Island, was ordered by General Beauregard to take command of "Battery Wagner" and, on the morning of the 14th July, he relieved Col. Robert Graham of that charge. This gallant officer, who was a native of Virginia

and who is still living and practicing law in that State, had served with the immortal Stonewall Jackson in many of his brilliant campaigns in the valley. While at home in Georgia convalescing from a wound received while serving with my Regiment in Virginia, I was ordered to report to Gen. Beauregard at Charleston, and was assigned to duty, with Gen. Taliaferro, who placed me temporarily on his personal staff as Assistant Inspector General. I trust that you will pardon this reference to myself. I make it, because I claim for this narrative some degree of accuracy acquired largely from personal observation in the drama after-



morning of the 10th of July these batteries were unmasked and a furious cannonade, supplemented by the guns of the fleet in Lighthouse Inlet, was opened upon the Confederate batteries, and under cover of this bombardment the Federal troops succeeded in effecting a landing and lodgment on Morris Island. They were gallantly met by the Confederate troops under Col. Robert Graham of the First South Carolina Regiment; but, after a sharp and severe engagement, they were forced to yield to the superior numbers of the enemy, and being rapidly driven back sought shelter and refuge in "Battery Wagner." Following up

repulse of the assailants who retired to the Sand hills of the island, out of the range of the Confederate battery. General Gilmore then commenced the erection of heavy batteries on the island varying in distance from about 1300 to 1900 yards in front of "Wagner," and thus were commenced the formidable preparations for the great attack upon it by land and sea on the 18th July, 1863, which is the subject of this address.

"Battery Wagner"

Battery Wagner was named after Lieut. Col. Thomas M. Wagner of the 1st Regiment of South Carolina Regular Ar-

wards enacted. Between the 12th and 18th of July the enemy was steadily and rapidly constructing and equipping his batteries designed to co-operate with the fleet in the bombardment which followed.

The Monitors

While this work was in progress, the monitors of the fleet would daily leave their anchorage and engage in a desultory shelling of the fort. The huge projectiles, fired from their 15 inch guns, weighing 440 pounds and visible at every point of their trajectories, made it very uncomfortable for the garrison. They practiced firing ricochet shots which would skip and bound upon the water, each impingement making sounds similar to the discharge of the gun itself. Indeed, until this curious phenomenon was noted, the multiplication of detonations was regarded as separate discharges of different guns. Some of these enormous shells would roll into the fort, bury themselves in the earth, and, with deafening explosion, would make huge craters in the sand, lifting it in great columns, which falling in showers like the scoriæ and ashes from a volcanic eruption, would fill the eyes, ears, and clothing, mingling the dirt of the fort with the original dust from which we sprung. Some would burst in the air; others passing over the fort with a rush and roar which has aptly been likened to the noise of an express train, would explode in the marsh beyond. Of course our guns replied, but they were so inferior in calibre compared to those of the monitors, that they did little harm at such long range to the iron armor of their turrets eleven inches in thickness.

The Armament of Wagner

The Armament of Wagner consisted of one 10 inch Columbiad, one 32 pound rifle, one 42 pound Carronade, two 32 pound Carronade, two naval shell guns, one 8 inch sea coast howitzer, four smooth bore 32 pounders, and one 10 inch sea coast mortar; in all thirteen guns, besides one light battery. Of these only the 10 inch Columbiad, which carried a projectile weighing 128 pounds, was of much effect against the monitors.

The Staff

The staff of Gen. Taliaferro consisted of W. T. Taliaferro, Assistant Adjutant General, Lieutenants Henry C.

Cunningham and Mazzyck, ordnance officers, Captain Burke, Quartermaster, Lieutenants Meade and Stoney, aides, Dr. J. C. Habersham, Surgeon in Chief, and Captain H. D. D. Twiggs, Inspector General.

The Garrison

The garrison was composed of the 51st North Carolina, Col. H. McKethan; the 31st North Carolina, Lieut. Col. Charles W. Knight; the Charleston Battalion, Lieut. Col. P. C. Gaillard; the Artillery Companies of Captains J. T. Buckner and W. J. Dixon, of the 63d Georgia Regiment, and two field howitzer details of Lieut. T. D. Waties of the 1st South Carolina Regular Artillery. All the Artillery was under the immediate command of Lieut. Col. John C. Simkins of the 1st South Carolina Regular Infantry. Let it be borne in mind that the entire garrison, according to official reports, numbered on the 18th of July thirteen hundred men only. These troops had relieved, a few days before, Olmstead's Georgia Regiment. Capers', Hanvey's and Basinger's Georgia Battalions, Nelson's South Carolina Battalion, and the Artillery Companies of Mathews' and Chichester under Lieut. Col. Yates, of South Carolina. They had participated gallantly in repelling the assault of the 11th of July and needed relief from the heavy work and details to which they had constantly been subjected.

The Force of the Enemy

The force of the enemy opposed to this artillery and infantry force of "Wagner" consisted of four heavy batteries on the island, mounting 42 siege guns of heavy calibre, and the naval squadron of iron clads and gun-boats carrying an armament of 23 of the most formidable guns ever before used in the reduction of a fortification, making an aggregate of 64 guns. In addition there were 6000 veteran infantry within the batteries on the island, ready for the assault. To say that the outlook to the garrison of "Wagner" was appalling, but feebly expresses the situation.

The Bombardment Begins

On the morning of the 18th I was invited to breakfast with Dr. Harford Cumming, of Augusta, Ga., an Assistant Surgeon in the Fort. Our repast consisted of some hard crackers and a tin bucket of fresh butter, sent the Doctor from

home; a most tempting meal in those times of gastronomic privation. We were sitting in the little Medical Dispensary over which the Doctor presided, by the side of an open window which looked out upon the parade, with a small table between us upon which our breakfast was laid. Just as we had begun our meal, a 200 pounder Parrott shell was heard screaming through the air above us, and descending it buried itself in the earth just outside the window. It exploded with terrific [sic] report, shattering into fragments the glass, and filling our bucket, about half full of butter, with sand to the very top. The frail tenement reeled with the shock. This shell was followed by another and another in rapid succession, which exploded in the parade of the Fort and were fired from the land batteries of the enemy. This was the beginning of the bombardment long anticipated, and our first intimation of it. We no longer felt the pangs of hunger, and hurriedly left the building for a safer place. Upon reaching the open air the shot and shell began to fall by scores, and we saw the infantry streaming to the bomb-proof. For a considerable time the firing of the enemy was conducted by the land batteries alone. Finally the enemy's entire squadron, iron clads and gunboats, left their moorings and bore down steadily and majestically upon the Fort. The heavy artillerists sprang to their guns and, with anxious but resolute faces, awaited coolly the terrible onset. It was now apparent that the entire force of the enemy, land and naval, was about to be hurled against "Wagner" alone, but the dauntless little Garrison, lifting their hearts to the God of battles in this hour of fearful peril, with their flag floating defiantly above them, resolved to die if need be for their altars, their firesides and their homes. The day broke bright and beautiful. A gentle breeze toyed with the folds of the garrison flag as it streamed forth with undulating grace, or lazily curved about the tall staff. The God of day rising in the splendor of his midsummer glory, flung his red flame upon the swelling sea, and again performed the miracle of turning the water into wine. Rising still higher he bathed the earth and sea in his own radiant and voluptuous light, and burnished with purple and gold the tall spires of the beleaguered and devoted old city. What a strange contrast between the profound calm of na-

ture and the gathering tempest of war, whose consuming lightnings and thunders were so soon to burst forth with a fury unsurpassed! On came the fleet, straight for the Fort; Admiral Dahlgren's flag ship, the Monitor *Montauk*, Commander Fairfax, in the lead. It was followed by the *New Ironsides*, Captain Rowan; the Monitors, *Catskill*, Commander Rogers; *Patapsco*, Lieut. Com-

As the flagship *Montauk* wheeled into action at close quarters, a long puff of white smoke rolled from the mouth of the 10 inch Columbiad on the sea face of the Fort, and the iron plated turret of the Monitor reeled and quivered beneath the crashing blow. Then the pent up thunders of the brewing storm of death burst forth in all their fury, and poured upon the undaunted "Wagner" a remorseless

eddyed in every direction; then as the fire was delivered with greater precision, the scene was appalling and awe inspiring beyond expression, and the spectacle to the lookers on was one of surpassing sublimity and grandeur. In the language of Gen. Gilmore, "the whole island smoked like a furnace and shook as from an earthquake." For eleven long hours the air was filled with every description

What a strange contrast between the profound calm of nature and the gathering tempest of war.

"Battery Simkins Feb 25, 1864"

Oil on board by Conrad Wise Chapman. Photo Katherine Wetzel
Courtesy The Museum of the Confederacy, Richmond Virginia



mander Badger; *Nantucket*, Commander Beaumont, and *Weehawken*, Commander Calhoun. There were, besides five gunboats, the *Paul Jones*, Commander Rhind; *Ottawa*, Commander Whiting; the *Seneca*, Commander Gibson; the *Chippewa*, Commander Harris, and the *Wissahickon*, Commander Davis. Swiftly and noiselessly the Monitors approached, the white spray breaking from their sharp prows, their long dark hull lines scarcely showing above the water, and their coal black drum-like turrets glistening in the morning's sun. Approaching still nearer they formed the arc of a circle around "Wagner," the nearest being about three hundred yards distant from it. With deliberate precision they halted and waited the word of command to sweep the embrasures of the Fort where our intrepid cannoniers stood coolly by their guns.

stream of nine, eleven, and fifteen inch shells Monitor after monitor, ship after ship, battery after battery, and then altogether hurled a tempest of iron hail upon the Fort. About seventy guns were now concentrating a terrific fire upon it, while the guns of "Wagner," aided at long range by the batteries of Sumter and Gregg, and those on Sullivan's and James islands, replied. Words fail to convey an adequate idea of the fury of this bombardment. "It transcended all exhibitions of like character encountered during the war." It seemed impossible that anything could withstand it. More than one hundred guns of the heaviest calibre were roaring, flashing and thundering together. Before the Federal batteries had gotten the exact range of the work, the smoke of the bursting shells, brightened by the sun, was converted into smoke wreathes and spirals which curved and

of shot and shell that the magazines of war could supply. The light of day was almost obscured by the now darkening and sulphurous smoke which hung over the island like a funeral pall. Still later in the afternoon as the darkness gathered and deepened did the lightnings of war increase in the vividness of their lurid and intolerable crimson which flashed through the rolling clouds of smoke and illumined the Fort from bastion to bastion with a scorching glare; clouds of sand were constantly blown into the air from bursting shells; the waters of the sea were lashed into white foam and thrown upwards in glistening columns by exploding bombs, while wide sheets of spray inundated the parapet, and "Wagner," dripping with salt water, shook like a ship in the grasp of the storm. By this time all the heavy guns were dismounted, disabled, or silenced,

and only a few gun detachments were at their posts. Passive endurance now only remained for the garrison while the storm lasted. The troops generally sheltered themselves, as best they could, in the bomb proofs and behind the traverses. But for such protection as was thus afforded, the loss of life would have been appalling, and the garrison practically annihilated. There was one command only which preferred the open air to the almost insufferable heat of the bomb proof, and sheltered itself only under the parapet and traverses on the



which Wagner showed no colors to the enemy. Supposing that the Fort had struck its flag in token of surrender, exultant cheers burst forth from the crew of the Ironsides. At that moment Captain Robert Barnwell of the Engineers, seized a Regimental battle flag, and recklessly leaping upon the exposed ramparts, he drove its staff into the sand, and held it there until the garrison flag had been hoisted in its place. There was one Jasper at Moultrie. There were a score of them at Wagner. In the meantime the City of Charleston was aflame with excitement; the battery, house-tops and steeples were crowded with anxious

**“the ominous pause
was understood ...
the supreme moment
of that awful day had
come.”**

General W.B. Taliaferro

spectators. Hundreds of fair women were there with hands clasped in silent prayer for the success of their gallant defenders; strong men looked on with throbbing hearts and broke forth into exclamations which expressed their hopes and fears. How can the Fort hold out much longer? It has ceased firing altogether! Its battery has been silenced! Yes but see the colors streaming still amid the battle smoke! Suddenly the flag is seen to droop, then rapidly descend. Oh God! was the agonized cry, Wagner has at last struck her colors, and surrendered. Oh! the unspeakable suspense of that moment. Then tumultuous cheers arose from an hundred throats, amid the waving of snowy handkerchiefs No! no! they shouted, look! look! it has gone up again, and its crimson cross flashes once more amid shot and shell and battle smoke. What a wonderful power there is in the flag of one's country. How mysterious the influence by which it sways and moves the hearts of men. A distinguished general in the Confederate army, who had been an officer in the old army, was so strongly imbued with the power of this influence over the will of men that he expressed the belief that if the Confederate Government had adhered to the stars and stripes thousands in the North, who, early in the war were southern sympathizers, would have rallied around it,

and thousands, who were actually arrayed against us, would have refused to fire upon it. The colors of an army have carried more strongholds than the bayonet, and battered down more fortresses than artillery. Even in Holy Writ we find the expression “As terrible as an army with banners.” ’Twas the flag that floated again over Wagner which restored confidence in Charleston, and the exultant cry which broke from the lips of these lookers on, was the echo of that hoarser shout in the battle scarred Fort in the midst of the roar of cannon. The banner of the stars and stripes is again the flag of our united country, and long may it wave over the land and the sea, for it is the symbol and the emblem of a union never again to be sundered. The Southern heart is true and loyal to that flag, but base is the soul and craven is the heart of him who marched and fought beneath the starry cross of Dixie which will cease to love and honor it. It waved its conquering folds in the smoke of battle at Manassas and Shiloh. It stirred the souls of men with thrilling power in the wild assault upon Cemetery Hill. It floated triumphant amid the roar of cannon at Spottsylvania's bloody salient, and was borne resistless at the head of conquering hosts upon an hundred bloody fields. Though furled forever and no longer existing as the emblem of a brave and heroic people, still we salute thee with love and reverence oh! phantom banner of that great army underground, which died beneath thy crimson cross.

“For though conquered, we adore it,
Love the cold dead hands that bore it.”

But I return to the raging battle at Wagner. All day did the furious bombardment continue without intermission. The long midsummer day seemed endless, and the fierce July sun seemed commanded by another Joshua to stand still—would it never set? The wooden tenements in the fort were literally torn into splinters, and the ground bore little trace of where they stood. The fort itself was pounded into an almost shapeless mass; the parapet, traverses, scarp, and counter scarp, were well nigh obliterated, and the ditch was filled with sand. The covering of the bomb-proof had, to a large extent, been torn away, and now the magazine containing a large quantity of powder was in imminent danger of being breached by the heavy projectiles

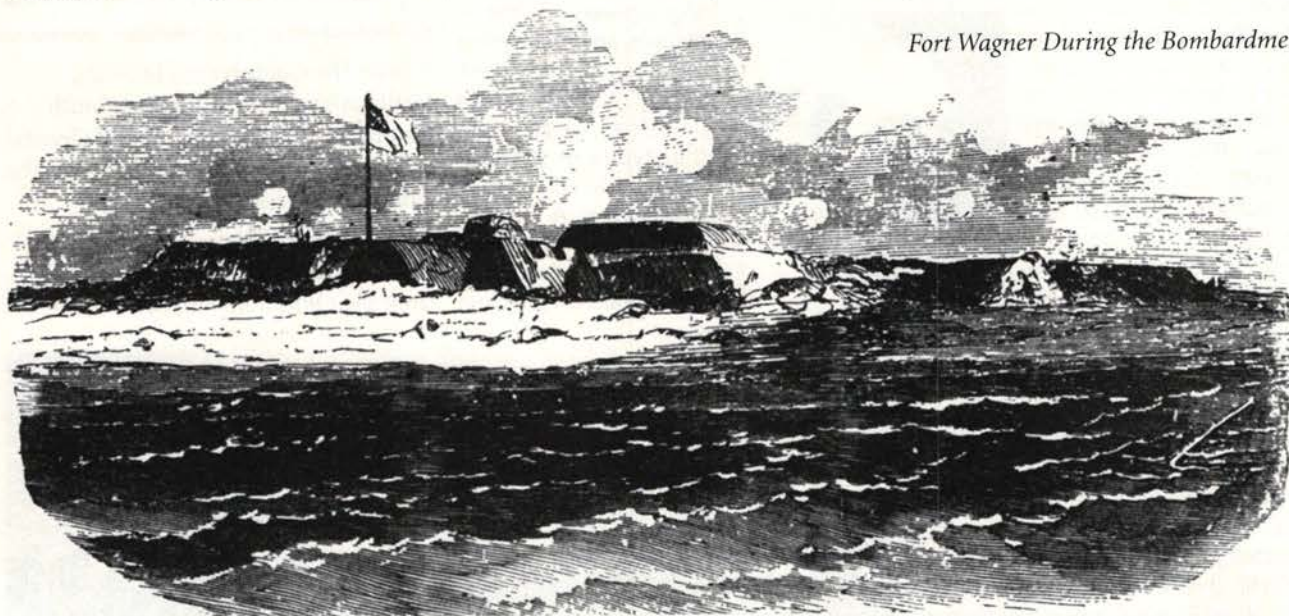
land face of the Fort during that frightful day. Not one member of that heroic band, officer or man, sought other shelter. In all the flight of time and the records of valor no example ever transcended their splendid heroism. All honor to the glorious name and deathless fame of “Gaillard's Charleston Batalion [sic].” A little after two o'clock, two deeds of heroism were enacted which will never be forgotten [sic] by the lookers on. The halliards were cut by a shot or shell, and the large garrison flag released from the lofty staff fell into the parade. Instantly, and without hesitation, there were a score of men racing for the prostrate colors. Out into the open area they rushed, regardless of the storm of death falling around them. Maj. Ramsay, Sergeant Shelton, and Private Flynn of the Charleston Batalion, and Lieutenant Reddick of the 63rd Georgia Regiment, bore it back in triumph to the staff, and deliberately adjusted it. Up it went again, and amid the cheers of the garrison the Confederate banner again floated defiantly in the smoke of battle. Some little delay occurred in adjusting the flag, and some few moments elapsed during

hurled incessantly against it, and the immense shells from the Cohorn [sic] mortars which, thrown to an incredible altitude, would descend with terrific force now almost upon the yielding and dislocated timbers. The magazine once pierced, Wagner would have been blown to atoms, with not a man surviving to tell the story of its demolition. The reports constantly made to the commanding officer by the ordnance sergeant in charge justified the gravest fears of such

parapet had been assigned to the respective commands so that they could assemble there, without first forming in the parade of the fort, and thus ensure prompt resistance to the rush upon it which was expected. The enemy believing Wagner to be practically demolished, and its garrison too crippled and demoralized to make other than a feeble resistance, were rapidly forming to make their grand assault. As soon as the firing had ceased, the buried guns were hastily

fiantly rending the air with enthusiastic cheers, sprang to their places on the parapet. 'The Roncevalle's Pass, where fell before the opposing lance the harnessed chivalry of Spain, looked not upon a braver, a better, or a truer band. It was a sight once seen never forgotten. Dropping on their knees, crouching low, their keen eyes glancing along the barrels of their levelled rifles, the whole face of the fort was suddenly transformed into a line of bristling steel, upon which the sinis-

Fort Wagner During the Bombardment



a catastrophe. Once, after a report of its condition had been made, this stern old veteran, addressing a member of his staff sitting beside him, quietly asked him if he was a married man. Upon being answered in the affirmative, he shrugged his shoulders and said with a grim smile, "I'm sorry, sir, for we shall soon be blown into the marsh." Indeed this result was but the question of a little time, when suddenly, to the infinite relief of the harassed and weary garrison, the blazing circle of the enemy's fleet and batteries ceased to glow with flame. In the language of Gen. Taliaferro, "the ominous pause was understood—the supreme moment of that awful day had come." Wagner, which could not be conquered by shot and shell, must now be carried by assault. Anticipating that the smaller guns and the light battery would be destroyed or disabled by the bombardment, General Taliaferro had directed them to be dismounted from their carriages and covered with sand-bags, and the sequel proved the wisdom and foresight which suggested it. Again, in order to avoid delay, particular sections of the

exhumed and remounted. The Charleston Battalion, which had all day nestled under the parapet, were already in their places, and when the order was given to man the ramparts, one regiment alone failed to respond. The bombardment of eleven hours had served to utterly demoralize the 31st North Carolina Regiment, and all the efforts of General Taliaferro and his staff to persuade or drive this command from the shelter of the bomb-proofs was unavailing; therefore the south-east bastion and sea front to which it had been assigned was left unguarded. While a faithful narration of facts requires me to note this incident, it gives me pleasure to state that this regiment fully redeemed itself the following year by gallant conduct on the field of battle in Virginia. When the order to man the ramparts rang like a bugle from the stern lips of Gen. Taliaferro, all the other commands, officers and men leapt to their feet and rushed out into the parade of the fort. Seeing the dark masses of the Federal infantry rapidly advancing, these veteran Confederates, still undaunted by the experience of that dreadful day, de-

ter red glow of the setting sun was falling. The Federal columns, 6,000 strong, under the immediate command of Brigadier-General Truman Seymour, were steadily approaching the fort manned by a little more than 1,300 troops. This division of the enemy consisted of three fine brigades: The first, commanded by Brigadier General Strong, was composed of the 48th New York, the 66th Pennsylvania, the 3d New Hampshire, the 6th Connecticut, the 9th Maine, and the 54th Massachusetts. The second brigade, commanded by Col. Putnam, consisted of the 7th New Hampshire, the 100th New York, and the 62nd and 67th Ohio. The third brigade, led by Brigadier General Stevenson, consisted of four excellent regiments. These troops were from the 10th and 13th Army Corps, and were the very flower of the Federal army. The first brigade, commanded by Gen. Strong, led the assault in column of regiments, the 54th Massachusetts, Negro regiment recruited in that state, leading the brigade. On they came with a steady tramp until within easy rifle shot of the fort; they had been

A FORT OR A BATTERY?

WHEN THE CONFEDERATES shelled Fort Sumter in April, 1861, there were a number of other mutually-supporting coastal fortifications in Charleston Harbor, including Forts Moultrie and Johnson and Castle Pinckney. Fort Sumter remained the focal point of Union operations in the Charleston area and, for its protection, the Confederates erected various additional fortifications. These new outworks of Fort Sumter figured prominently in subsequent operations and are largely responsible for enabling the fort to remain in Confederate hands until February, 1865.

In 1862, Confederate Engineer Captain Francis D. Lee, under orders from Major General John C. Pemberton, the department commander, designed a fortification for Morris Island. Assistant Engineer Langdon Cheves oversaw its construction, which began in the summer. Pemberton's replacement, General P.G.T. Beauregard, visited this fortification, then called the Neck Battery, on September 16, 1862, and reported that it was still under construction, requiring "about two weeks longer to finish it." Its official name became "Morris Island Battery" but, in November, Beauregard renamed it Battery Wagner.

Battery Wagner, one of Fort Sumter's main outworks, defended the approach to that fort and prevented the placement of breaching batteries across from it, approximately 2400 yards away. Originally an ordinary open field-battery, Battery Wagner was an earthwork with palmetto log revetments. Placed astride the narrowest section of Morris Island on the northern end, Battery Wagner's guns swept the landfront, facing south, as well as the seafront that protected the ship channel. A bastion, on the landfront near where the battery met the sea, provided enfilade fire against any enemy land assault.

Beauregard, a former engineer officer, continued strengthening Battery Wagner. New traverses and merlons protected the guns and gunners, a large bombproof sheltered the garrison during shelling, a flanking battery bolstered the defense of the ship channel, and an infantry parapet enclosed the gorge (*i.e.* the rear). By July, 1863, Battery Wagner's 13-gun armament consisted of a columbiad, four carronades, two naval shell guns, four howitzers, a mortar, and a smooth-bore. Battery Wagner withstood two determined Union assaults on July 11 and 18, 1863, suffering few casualties. The

Union army commander, Brigadier General Quincy A. Gillmore, then decided to undertake lengthy siege operations, and, on September 7, 1863, occupied the battery, which he immediately renamed Fort Strong.

Was it a battery or a fort? Beauregard wrote that "Battery Wagner, as it should be called, for it never was a fort," and authors from John Johnson to Stephen Wise have agreed. Gillmore, however, and many other "Yankees," called it a fort. Battery Wagner was a gun-battery, which, unlike other types of fortifications, does not have a specific form. A *fort* is a defensive work enclosed on all sides. Once the Confederates erected the

infantry parapet across the gorge, Wagner technically became a fort. Irrespective of whether referred to as a "fort" or a "battery," the fact remains that it was a powerful defense work, which aptly fulfilled its military mission and forced the enemy to pay dearly in both manpower and time to finally reduce it.

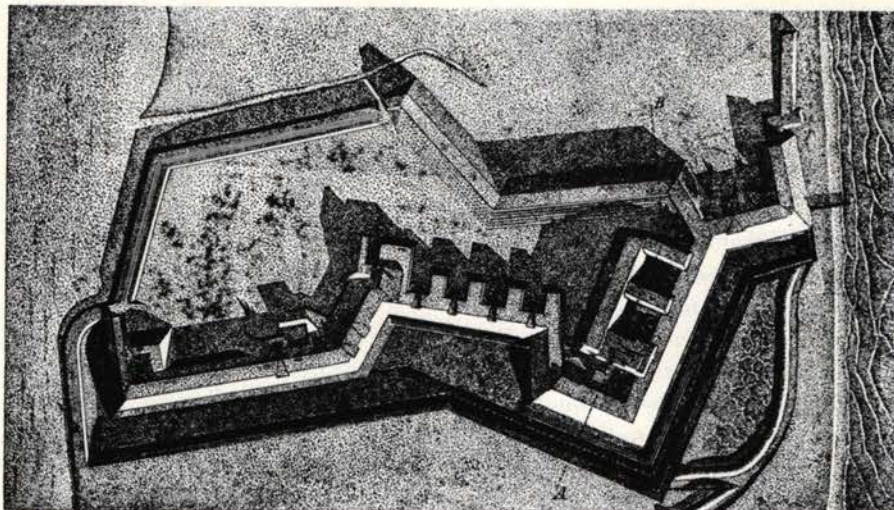
—Dale E. Floyd, President
Civil War Fortifications Study Group



Below: The Confederates building fortifications on James Island, South Carolina, under the direction of General Beauregard (pictured at left) to repel the land attack of Federal troops.

Library of Congress.

The diagram of the fort is reproduced from the *Official Records Series I, Vol. 28.*



THE APPROXIMATE RESULTANT OF FIRE FROM THE SEVERAL BATTERIES SEPT. 5TH & 6TH SCALE 30 FT. = 1 IN. PLATE V.

instructed to use the bayonet only. Not a single shot had yet been fired from the parapet of Wagner, and only the mournful cadence of the waves was heard breaking upon the beach. The stillness was ominous and oppressive. Then came a few stirring words, addressed by the Federal officers to the troops; they responded with loud and prolonged huzzas, and breaking into a full run they rushed gallantly upon the fort. Wagner, which up to that moment seemed to the Federals to be almost without life, was suddenly lit up with a sheet of flame from bastion to bastion. The deepening twilight was illumined by the irruptive flashes of the small arms, and the dark parapet of Wagner was decorated by a glowing fringe of fire. The rattle and crash of thirteen hundred rifles was deafening, and the guns of the gallant Simkins, the light battery of De Pass on the left, and a howitzer outside and on the right flank of the fort added to the roar and clamor. These guns, heavily charged with cannister and grape, poured at short range a withering and destructive fire upon the crowded masses of the enemy. The carnage was frightful; yet with unsurpassed gallantry, splendid to behold, the intrepid assailants, breasting the storm, rushed on to the glacis of the fort like the waves of the sea which broke upon the shore. Oh! the sickening harvest of death then reaped. Like the ripe grain that falls beneath the sickle, the Federal infantry reeled and sank to the earth by hundreds; yet the survivors pressed on over the dead and dying. Many crossed the ditch, and some leaping upon the parapet met death at the very muzzles of the Confederate rifles. The Federal commander either did not remember the existence of the creek upon the right flank of the fort, or did not estimate the short distance between it and the sea at this point; therefore, as the assaulting columns pressed forward, they became crowded into masses which created confusion and greatly augmented the loss of life. Human courage could no longer withstand the frightful blasts of the artillery, which, handled by Simkins with consummate skill and rapidity, well nigh blew them to pieces. The 54th Massachusetts, leaving half their number killed and wounded on the field, broke and fled in confusion, and falling upon and forcing their way through the ranks of the advancing column threw it

into confusion and the entire brigade rushed to the rear completely routed. The loss of life was terrible; the brigade commander Gen. Strong, and Col. Chatfield, of the 6th Connecticut, were mortally wounded; Col. Shaw, of the 54th Massachusetts, was killed outright, besides large numbers of other officers killed and wounded. In the meantime the Confederate fire was incessant and destructive and a general repulse seemed so imminent that General Seymour saw the necessity of immediate support, and he accordingly dispatched Maj. Plympton of his staff to order up Putnam with his supporting brigade. To his amazement Putnam positively refused to advance, claiming that he had been directed by Gen. Gilmore to remain where he was. Finally, after a disastrous delay, and without orders, says Gen. Seymour, this gallant young officer, who could not stand idly by and see his class mates and intimate friends cut to pieces, led forward his brigade and fiercely assaulted the southeast angle of the Fort. He was received with a galling fire, for the first brigade having been repulsed, his approach was enfiladed by the centre and both flanks of the Fort, which swept the glacis and ditch in front of that angle with terrible effect. It will be remembered that this southeast bastion had been left unguarded by the failure of the 31st North Carolina to man the ramparts there. Notwithstanding the withering fire with which he was received, this intrepid officer crossed the ditch, which had become filled with sand, and several hundred of his brigade poured into the southeast bastion. Heavily traversed on three sides this salient secured to these troops a safe lodgement for a time. Seeing the advantage gained by Putnam, Gen. Seymour had just sent an order to Gen. Stevenson to advance with his brigade to his support, when he also was shot down. While being carried from the field he repeated the order to Gen. Stevenson, but for some reason it was not obeyed. Mean-

while Col. Putnam had leapt upon the parapet, and, surrounded by his chief officers, Col. Dandy, of the 100th New York, Capt. Klein of the 6th Connecticut and others, was waving his sword and urging his men to hold their ground, as they would soon be reinforced, when he was shot dead upon the parapet. In the language of his division commander, "There fell as brave a soldier, as courteous a gentleman, as true a man as ever walked beneath the Stars and Stripes." An officer of his staff, Lieut. Cate, of the 7th New Hampshire, seeing his chief fall, sprang to his side to aid him, when a bullet pierced his heart and he too fell dead across his prostrate body. Putnam's brigade now having also been repulsed with great slaughter, the enemy abandoned all further effort to carry the fort, and thus ended this memorable bombardment and bloody assault. The enemy's columns, shattered and torn, retreated as



The 54th Massachusetts Negro regiment led the brigade. On they came with a steady tramp until within easy rifle shot of the fort ... they had been instructed to use the bayonet only.

"Storming Fort Wagner" Library of Congress

rapidly as possible until they gained the shelter of their works. There was no cessation, however, of the Confederate fire during this rush to the rear, and Sumter and Gregg also threw their shells over Wagner into the crowded masses of the discomfited enemy. In the meantime the Federal troops in the south-east bastion of the Fort were hopelessly cut off from retreat. In the language of Gen. Taliaferro, "it was certain death to pass the line of concentrated fire which still

swept the faces of the work behind them, and they did not attempt it. Still these resolute men would not surrender and poured a concentrated fire into the Confederate ranks. Volunteers were called for to dislodge them, and this summons was responded to by Maj. McDonald, of the 51st North Carolina, Capt. Rion, of the Charleston Battalion, and Capt. Tatem, of the 1st South Carolina, followed by many of their men." Rion and Tatem were shot dead by these desperate refugees, who seemed to invite immolation. Being securely sheltered in the bastion of the Fort by heavy traverses, the effort

who heard them. The federal loss, considering the numbers engaged, was almost unprecedented. Gen. Beauregard, in his official report, estimates it at three thousand, as eight hundred dead bodies were buried by the Confederates in front of Wagner the following morning. If this is a correct estimate, it will be seen that the Federals lost twice as many men as there were troops in the confederate garrison. Among their killed were Col. R. G. Shaw, of the 54th Massachusetts, Col. H. S. Putnam, and Lieut. Colonel Greene, of the 7th New Hampshire. Brigadier General G. C. Strong and

Captains DePass, Twiggs, and Lieutenant Stoney of the Staff. It is said that "the bravest are the gentlest and the loving are the daring." This was eminently true of that accomplished gentleman and splendid soldier, Lieut. Colonel J. C. Simkins, of Edgefield, South Carolina. As Chief of Artillery, he had directed its operations with conspicuous skill and coolness and he frequently mounted the parapet during the assault to encourage the infantry. He fell pierced through the right lung with a Minnie ball, and died by my side with his hand clasped in mine. To me he gave his dying message

No sting is left in the soldier heart of the South for the brave men who fought us.

"White Point Battery, Charleston, Dec. 24th 1863"

Oil on board by Conrad Wise Chapman. Photo: Katherine Wetzel

The Museum of the Confederacy, Richmond, Virginia



to dislodge them failed, and for hours they held their position. Finally, Brigadier General Johnson Hagood, of South Carolina, late Governor of that State, and one of the most heroic soldiers that she ever sent to battle, landed at Cummings's Point at the head of Harrison's splendid regiment, the 32nd. Georgia, for the purpose of reinforcing the garrison. Hurrying to the Fort he found the assault repulsed, but he arrived at an opportune moment to compel the surrender of the obstinate men in the salient, who, seeing themselves outnumbered, and with no hope of escape laid down their arms. The engagement had ended in a bloody and disastrous repulse to the assailants, and the ground in front of Wagner was literally strewn with the dead and dying. The cries of anguish and the piteous calls for water will never be forgotten by those

Colonel J. L. Chatfield, of the 6th Connecticut, were mortally wounded; Brigadier General Seymour, commanding, Cols. W. B. Barton, C. Voris, J. H. Jackson and S. Emory, were among the wounded. Lieut. Colonel Bedell, 3d New Hampshire, and Maj. Filler, 55th Pennsylvania, were among the prisoners. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was only one hundred and seventy-four, but the loss on both sides was unusually heavy in commissioned officers. Among the Confederate officers killed were Lieut. Colonel John C. Simkins, 1st South Carolina Infantry, Capt. W. H. Rion, Charleston Battalion, Capt. W. T. Tatem, 1st South Carolina Infantry, and Lieut. G. W. Thomson 51st North Carolina. The gallant Maj. Ramsey, of the Charleston Battalion, was mortally wounded. Among the wounded were

to his wife, and long afterwards I found an opportunity to discharge this sad duty in person. Mrs. Simkins was the accomplished daughter of Judge Wardlaw, of South Carolina, and not long since she joined her heroic husband in rest eternal beyond the stars. The limit of this address would be far exceeded to give any account of the operations which for forty-eight days were incessantly prosecuted for the reduction of this indomitable Battery. Suffice it to say, that it was never reduced by artillery or captured by assault, and was finally evacuated on the night of the 6th of September, 1863 after the Federals, resorting to the science of engineering, had pushed their sap to its counterscarp and were about to blow up the work with gun-powder. In alluding to the defence of Charleston the Rev. John Johnson, of

that city, who was a gallant officer and the distinguished Chief of Engineers at Fort Sumter, in the conclusion of his admirable work entitled "The Defence of Charleston Harbor," from which I have drawn much valuable data in the preparation of this address, says: "It did not end in triumph, but it has left behind a setting glory as of the western skies, a blazonry of heroism, where gold and purple serve to tell of valor and endurance, and the crimson hue is emblem of self-sacrifice in a cause believed to be just.

No sting is left in the soldier heart of the South for the brave men who fought us. The great Captain and Lord of Hosts, who guides the destiny of men and nations, directed the result of the struggle, and made the Union of the North and South indissoluble. Thus united, this great country which, in its marvelous development of progress, power, and wealth, has startled the world, is yet destined to compass inconceivable possibilities of achievement in its onward march in the race of nations. Let us therefore accept, like a brave and patriotic people, the result of this great war between the States. Let us bow with reverence to that Divinity which shaped it. Let us rejoice in the peace and prosperity which has followed it. Let us give our hand and hearts in cordial friendship and greeting to the gallant boys who once wore the blue. Let us forgive them more freely, because time has made them like ourselves at last—the wearers of *the gray*. But Comrades, let us never cease to honor and revere the martyred heroes who died in a cause they believed to be just. □

"Forgive and forget? Yes, be it so

From the hills to the broad sea waves;
But mournful and low are the winds that blow
By the slopes of a thousand graves.

We may scourge from the spirit all thought of ill
In the midnight of grief held fast
And yet, oh Brothers, be loyal still
To the sacred and stainless Past.

She is glancing now from the vapor and cloud,
From the waving mansion of Mars,
And the pride of her beauty is wanly bowed,
And her eyes are misted stars.

And she speaks in a voice that is sad as death,
There is dudy still to be done,
Tho' the trumpet of onset has spent its breath,
And the battle been lost and won.

And she points with a trembling band below,
To the wasted and worn array
Of the heroes who strove in the morning glow
For the grandeur that crowned 'the Grey.'

Oh God! they come not as once they came
In the magical years of yore;
For the trenchant sword and soul of flame
Shall quiver and flash no more.

Alas! for the broken and battered hosts:
Frail wrecks from a gory sea;
Though pale as a band in the realm of ghosts,
Salute them. They fought with Lee."

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Pickett Before Gettysburg

Lesley J. Gordon



Confederate Major General George Pickett's name is today synonymous with the most famous failed, frontal attack in American history. Poets and historians alike have labeled "Pickett's Charge" the "high-water mark of the Confederacy." Descriptions of him at the battle are often two-dimensional caricatures of a flamboyant, aristocratic Southerner, replete with perfume ringlets and plumed hat, rushing headlong into the history books. A spattering of recent biographers have sought to find the complex man lost beneath the cloud of romance and perfume. We are just beginning to gain a deeper and more nuanced understanding of one of the Civil War's most intriguing characters.

PICKETT'S WARTIME CAREER before Gettysburg merits attention, if only to appreciate further how and why he found himself commanding a division that spearheaded the Confederate attack on July 3, 1863. Much has been written about Pickett at the battle, but little attention is given to the events that brought Pickett to the turning point of his life.

George Pickett was born in 1825 in Henrico County, just outside of Richmond on his family's plantation, Turkey Island. Economic troubles and an early lack of ambition, led George away from the slaveholding and large-scale farming practiced by his father and grandfather. After a failed attempt at studying law, George attended the United States Military Academy. His concerned parents hoped that the academy would instill in their gregarious son the discipline and focus he so sorely lacked. After four years bucking the system at West Point, and nearly facing expulsion for excessive demerits, George did indeed find his life's calling. Earning brevets for meritorious combat in Mexico, George became a professional army officer. He traded the antebellum South's world of planters and slaves for the seclusion and monotony of the frontier army. Widowed twice, the army became his adoptive home, his fellow officers his surrogate family.

His pre-war record was mostly unimpressive. During the *Pig War*, he played a prominent role deciding a boundary dispute between Britain and the United States, but his impetuous



and arrogant behavior brought censure from Winfield Scott. However, he had valuable experience and military training that the Confederacy desperately needed in 1861. Pickett arrived in Richmond in September, 1861, and quickly won commission as colonel.

George Pickett's first assignment gave him responsibility for a section of the lower Rappahannock River in northern Virginia. It proved to be a relatively quiet location, although there were constant rumors of enemy attacks. In his first charge as a Confederate officer, Pickett displayed characteristics common to his command style throughout the war. He complained incessantly and he showed a proclivity to act first and think later.

In December, 1861 he proposed that the Confederate government immediately organize ineffective militia units under his command, send them somewhere else, and replace them with a regiment of well-armed and better disciplined men. It was a prudent and not unreasonable recommendation, if only Richmond authorities could find such a regiment. His report closed with a warning that the disgruntled poor and nonslaveholder posed additional threats, not only to his command, but to the Confederacy as a whole.

Patience was never one of George Pickett's virtues. Unaware that his commander, Theophilus Holmes, had forwarded his report to the War Department with a strong endorsement, he took matters into his own hands. Without authorization, Pickett left his command on the Rappahannock and went di-

rectly to Richmond to see Adjutant and Inspector General Samuel Cooper personally. Pickett was convinced that somebody in the chain of command was not telling him everything he should know.

Rather than improving his control of the situation, Pickett's efforts to protect the Northern Neck cost him his command. Shortly after his visit to Richmond, the secretary of war approved Pickett's original proposal and ordered a Virginia regiment to the district. On December 24, 1862, Colonel John M. Brockenbrough and his Fortieth Virginia Infantry arrived on the river. The two officers quickly discovered that, by date of commission, Brockenbrough outranked Pickett. In fact, Pickett found himself junior to all other colonels stationed up and down the river. Holmes relieved him, and even Pickett admitted that having two colonels commanding a single regiment was inappropriate.

Meanwhile, military and government officials were working to obtain Pickett not only reassignment, but promotion. On January 6, 1862, Major William N. Ward submitted Pickett's name for promotion to brevet brigadier general. Four days later, Adjutant and Inspector General Cooper recommended him for full rank as brigadier general. The same day Secretary of War Judah P. Benjamin formally submitted Pickett's promotion to President Jefferson Davis.

What caused George Pickett to receive such powerful support for promotion this early in the war? Ward's

recommendation may have carried more weight than one would expect. Although only a major, Ward was a noted friend of President Davis and General Robert E. Lee. In addition, Ward was a resident of the Northern Neck, and his family, including twelve children, was caught behind Union lines. Pickett may have also benefited from being at the right place at the right time. He was an unattached colonel with formal military education and real, if limited, combat experience. General Joseph E. Johnston's main Confederate army at Centerville, Virginia, suffered from chronic shortages of general officers to command brigades. In addition, Pickett's visit to Richmond may have brought his name to the forefront and highlighted his availability at the most opportune time. And his tenacity probably helped. Though officers all across the South constantly begged for reinforcements, his personal visit to Richmond may have convinced the Confederate War Office that he was an officer with some initiative and ardor.

In any case, by late February, 1862, Pickett received promotion to brigadier general. He joined Johnston's army in Centerville and took over the brigade in the army corps commanded by his comrade and close friend, James Longstreet, who was now a major general.

Before the Civil War, Pickett's largest command had been a single company of sixty-odd men. Now he had forty times that many; men who had been together and fought a major battle months before Pickett even joined the Confederate Army. His brigade consisted of five units recruited from all over Virginia: four infantry regiments and one battery of artillery.

Fortunately, Pickett inherited a battle-tested group of men, ably led by officers who were, for the most part, trained soldiers. During the Battle of Manassas, the brigade had "seen the elephant" when it participated in the successful defense of Henry House Hill. Unlike other "Manassas Brigades," this one remained relatively intact in the months following the battle.

Less than a week after he assumed command of the Third Brigade, orders arrived to withdraw from winter quarters at Centerville. Johnston feared interruption of his line of communications by amphibious assault and therefore decided to abandon the position his army

had occupied since his victory the previous summer. From March 9-11, 1862, the Confederate Army of the Potomac conducted a tortuously slow march southward to a more defensible line behind the Rappahannock River.



General George E. Pickett
Library of Congress

Pickett inherited a battle-tested group of men, ably led by officers who were, for the most part, trained soldiers.

IT WAS A MISERABLE MARCH. The weather in northern Virginia was abominable that early spring of 1862. Rain fell incessantly and roads were nearly impassable. To make matters worse, the men lacked adequate food and many were sick. After three days of struggling through the mire, Pickett's brigade crossed the Rappahannock River on a plank-covered railroad bridge, reached the vicinity of Culpeper Court House, and halted.

Not quite a week passed before events justified Johnston's caution in ordering the retreat. On March 17, 1862, Union Major General George B. McClellan began sending his Army of the Potomac by water to the tip of the York-James Peninsula. A Union offensive up the Peninsula toward Richmond seemed imminent. Almost immediately after Johnston encamped his army at its new position, Lee, overseeing operations at Richmond, began ordering away brigades and divisions as reinforcements for

Confederate defenses on the Peninsula. During the next month, nearly half of Johnston's army joined Major General John B. Magruder's forces manning entrenchments at Yorktown. Johnston purposely retained under his own control what he considered to be his two best divisions, those of Major Generals Longstreet and G. W. Smith. Pickett and his brigade remained near Culpeper Court House.

While awaiting additional orders, Pickett's men became better acquainted with their new commander. Private R. A. Shotwell's diary offers a rare look at Brigadier General Pickett that early spring of 1862. One day in April, Pickett personally inspected his regiments. Shotwell described him as "an old West-Pointer...[who] conducted himself accordingly." To Shotwell's horror, Pickett singled out the young soldier, took up his gun, and gingerly ran a white-gloved finger along the barrel: "...and lo! a rusty streak on the glove." To add insult to injury, Shotwell's colonel rushed over to introduce the private to Pickett. "General," Colonel Eppa Hunton announced, "this young man left college at the North to come South and fight with us." Pickett took out a handkerchief, blew his nose and turned away without speaking a word. Shotwell recalled, "It was a little mortifying to be pointed out as 'this young man,' and stared at without even a nod of recognition; but alas! all the patriotism in the world wouldn't count in the scale of a West-Pointer with one or two degrees of higher rank; however the great equality in all other respects!"

Meanwhile, in the highest echelons of Confederate command, Johnston and his two divisional generals met personally with Davis, newly appointed Secretary of War George W. Randolph, and Lee. When Longstreet returned to his division, the day after a marathon conference, he brought new orders: his entire division would rejoin the rest of the army at Yorktown.

By April 18, Pickett's brigade was in position at the center of the Confederate line at Yorktown. McClellan's Siege of Yorktown had already commenced; he was slowly bringing up so many cannon in front of the Rebel army that when he opened fire he expected to pound it into submission in a few hours. Pickett and his brigade remained on the Yorktown line for about two weeks.

During the siege of Yorktown, Pickett gave additional evidence of his hot temper. In a nighttime attack, a small group of Yankees successfully seized a Confederate redoubt with little opposi-

55,000 men to death. Determined to find a better position to confront the enemy, Johnston began withdrawing his men up the Peninsula toward the Confederate capital.

counter-attacks. By late afternoon, the ground before Pickett was "literally covered with dead." Nightfall brought an end to the fighting, and Longstreet, determining that he had bought enough



5th U.S. Cavalry Charge at Gaines' Mill, Virginia, June 27, 1862. *Cavalry Journal*, October 19, 1928—Library of Congress

tion. Confederate batteries posted near the redoubt failed to fire on the attackers, allowing the Yankees to escape without harm. Pickett was livid. He, accompanied by artillery Captain James Dearing, confronted the gunners who had stood idly by while their comrades were killed or captured. The battery officers defended themselves by stating that they had had no orders to fire from their colonel. Dearing wrote, "Pickett is not noted for keeping his temper, so he ripped out with a whole handful of pretty strong words & told them that he ranked Col. Brown & was in command down here just then & if they didn't fire they had better leave...." Longstreet also appeared on the scene to support Pickett's angry avowal, and Dearing soon relieved the gunners from their position.

Johnston soon suspected that McClellan was about to open his cannonade, a bombardment that would quickly bleed the Confederate army of

Longstreet consolidated his division just outside the colonial capital of Williamsburg to protect Johnston's rear and confront pursuing Federals. The resulting Battle was small in comparison to later battles, but it was Pickett's first opportunity to lead his brigade in combat. His regiments were not at full strength, having lost over a thousand men to sickness and details before the retreat from Yorktown. With only about 1,500 men left to fight, Pickett's brigade initially waited in reserve. They did not have to wait long. Pickett and his men moved rapidly into the battle to help the heavily pressed South Carolinians commanded by Brigadier General Richard H. Anderson. The Federals brought up more troops and widened their attack. Soon Pickett's Virginians became hotly engaged.

As the day wore on, more reinforcements came up to support each side, and there followed a series of attacks and

time for the main army, withdrew his division to rejoin Johnston's move up the Peninsula. The Battle of Williamsburg was over.

Longstreet was well pleased with his good friend's performance at Williamsburg. In his official report he wrote: "Brig. Gen. George E. Pickett, greatly distinguished in other fields, used his forces with great effect, ability, and his usual gallantry." Williamsburg was Pickett's first test as a brigadier general and he passed with flying colors.

Pickett also felt his brigade had performed well, though he described his losses as quite severe. He counted a total of twenty-six dead and 138 wounded; casualties amounting to slightly more than ten percent of the men he had carried into battle. He believed that "the gallantry and energy exhibited by both officers and men cannot be too much praised. After hard night marches, drenching rains, and but scanty rations,

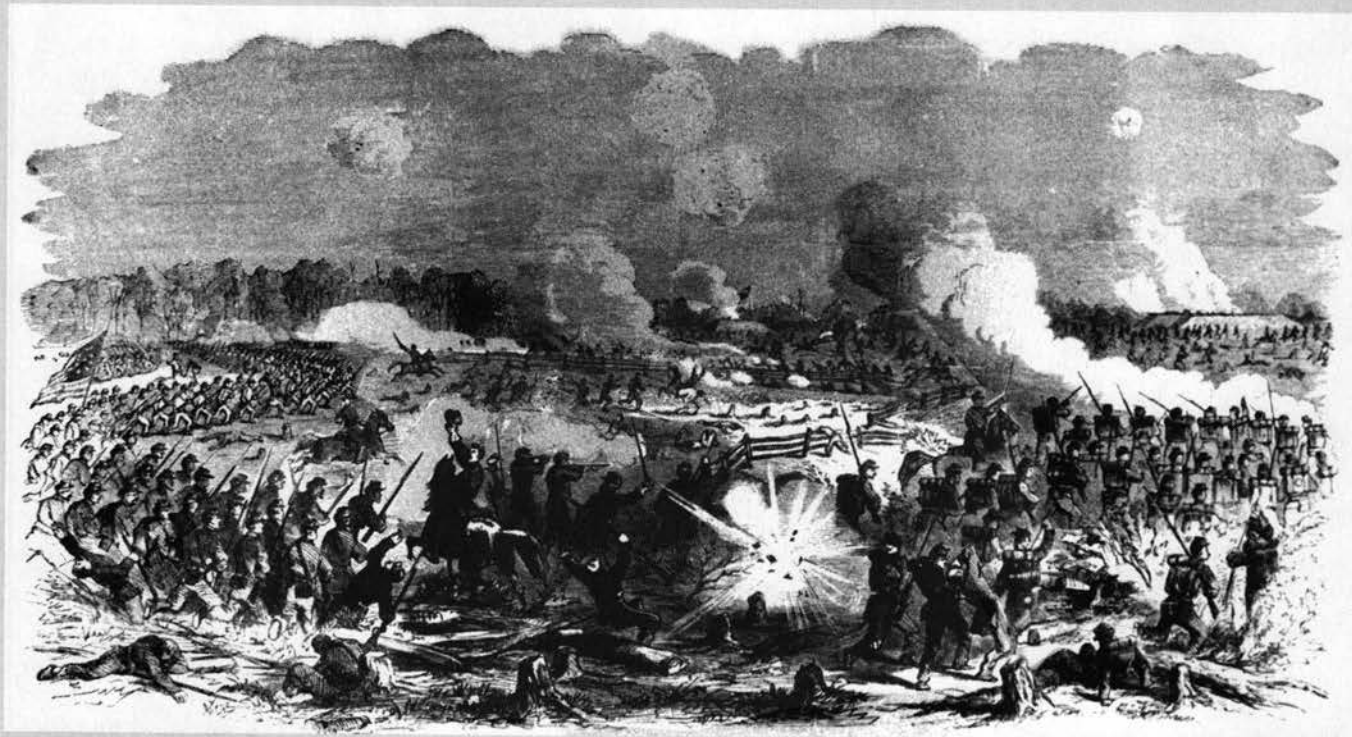
they met an enemy well-fed, superior in numbers, better armed and equipped, and well posted, and drove them a mile during the engagement." He concluded, "It is with pleasure that I state that their confidence in their own ability and cause is redoubled since their action."

Johnston had been seriously wounded, only adding to the battle's chaos.

Johnston's replacement, G. W. Smith, determined to renew a coordinated assault the next morning. On the evening of May 31, Pickett received orders to march toward Seven Pines and

nation for their flight. The terrified Louisianian shouted at Pickett that the Yankees were close by and begged to let him go.

Pickett returned to Hill and hastily reported his findings. "He ordered me to attack," Pickett recalled, "and I sup-



Battle of Williamsburg—Library of Congress

Williamsburg was Pickett's first test as a brigadier general and he passed with flying colors.

After the Battle of Williamsburg, McClellan slowly moved to within ten miles of Richmond. Close as he was to the Confederate capital, the federal commander had not positioned his army at the most favorable location. His 105,000 men awkwardly straddled the swollen Chickahominy River. A lack of serviceable bridges made it doubtful that the two wings of his army could support each other if the Confederates threatened. As the weather turned even more violent, Johnston decided to take advantage of McClellan's vulnerable position.

After the stormy night of May 30, Johnston ordered an early morning, three-pronged attack on the Federal left wing. When Longstreet marched his division down the wrong road, he created so much confusion that several hours passed before any fighting broke out. Pickett and his brigade took no part in the disjointed attacks on May 31. All day, he and his men waited impatiently in reserve as the battle raged before them. They may or may not have known that

report to Major General Daniel H. Hill, located to the right of Fair Oaks Station on the York River Railroad. Hill, unaware of Smith's plans, was hesitant to stage a large advance on the enemy's left. Although Longstreet had essentially turned over tactical command of his brigades to him, Hill worried over the losses suffered by his men the day prior. Besides, no one seemed entirely sure just where the Federals were along the railroad.

Pickett set out with two of his staff members through wild "undergrowth and thickets" to find the enemy. Scanning the dense woods before him, he strained for signs of movement. Visibility was poor, and there had been no reconnaissance of the area by cavalry. "In fact," he recalled, "I had no definite idea, where [the enemy was], as I saw no one and had not had time to examine the nature of [the] ground or position." Suddenly, a stream of brightly-colored Confederate Zouaves rushed out of the woods. Grabbing hold of one Zouave on mule back, Pickett demanded an expla-

posed [the] same order was given to other brigade commanders." He supposed wrongly. Hill apparently only sought a limited, but intense assault by Pickett's brigade, not a large-scale attack. Pickett, however, believed he was part of a massive deployment to turn the tide of battle. As his regiments fell into a line of battle and began advancing, Pickett followed on foot. He later praised his men for "moving on beautifully and carrying everything before them." For a short time the very audacity of the advance paid off, and it seemed to be a success. Abruptly an accompanying brigade broke and fled. Before he knew it, Pickett and his men were alone on the field. In reality, Pickett's men had not pushed back a sizable force of Federals; they had wandered at an inverted angle into an area between two Union brigades. "Instead of driving a defeated foe," as one historian of the battle observes, "Pickett had accidentally stumbled into the clutches of two brigades that had not seen any action." Hurriedly riding to

Hill's headquarters, Pickett pleaded for help. Hill did send two brigades, but Federal attackers easily outnumbered Southerners. Later Pickett attested that if only Hill had sent sufficient reinforcements, "we would [have] drive[n] the enemy across the Chickahominy."

"My men need me... Take the bullet out here and fix me up quick, doctor, I must go back—see they need me."

PICKETT'S FIGHTING blood was up nonetheless, and even when no support came, and Confederate fire slackened due to casualties and lack of ammunition, he refused to withdraw. He reported that "a most perfect apathy seemed to prevail" among his superiors, while enemy fire poured into his lone brigade. After clinging to the abatis for nearly an hour, Pickett returned his men 400 yards to the rear. Two other Confederate brigades moved to cover his flanks, and he and his men stubbornly held their own for the remainder of the day.

On June 2, Confederate forces left the field at Seven Pines and Pickett's men covered the withdrawal. That evening, just after midnight, Pickett and his brigade "leisurely moved off, not a Yankee in sight or even a puff of smoke." His brigade lost over 350 men, killed and wounded.

Historian Douglas Southall Freeman stated that the only tangible results of the Battle of Seven Pines "were more casualties, confusion, recrimination, and a gallant, futile fight in which Brig. Gen. George E. Pickett increased the reputation he had gained at Williamsburg." To his superiors, Pickett was proving an aggressive and zealous brigadier general. Johnston noted: "On the morning of June 1 the enemy attacked the brigade of General Pickett supported by that of General Pryor. The attack was vigorously repelled by these brigades, the brunt of the action falling on General Pickett." Longstreet too made special mention of "Pickett's brigade bearing the brunt of the attack and repulsing it." He declared Pickett's performance at Seven Pines

"that of a true soldier" and praised him for his "usual gallantry and ability." Later in June he would recommend his good friend for promotion. Hill remarked that even after other units received their orders to retreat, Pickett held out, fighting stubbornly until "the Yankees ceased to annoy him." It is no wonder that after Seven Pines, Pickett's men earned the sobriquet "Gamecock Brigade."

On June 26, 1862, Lee tried to crush the Federal Fifth Corps under Major General Fitz-John Porter, encamped in an isolated position north of the Chickahominy River. The new army commander devised a complicated assault on the Union right flank at Beaver Dam Creek, but like Johnston at Seven Pines, his plans went awry. The resulting Battle of Mechanicsville was little more than a fiasco. Pickett's brigade again found itself again waiting and watching this indecisive and bloody engagement.

During the night of June 26, Porter pulled his corps back about a mile and a half where, with reinforcements from the other side of the river, he set up a new position. Lee, undaunted by his setback, followed close behind, determined to renew the attack on the Federal right flank near New Cold Harbor. The impetuous Major General Ambrose P. Hill was the first to encounter Porter's location; the Union general had arranged his troops in a semi-circular entrenchment behind a boggy swamp. Hill's men set out across the marsh in a series of piecemeal, futile attacks. Lee waited and watched, continuing to hope he could pull off a large-scale offensive.

It must have seemed to Pickett and his men that circumstance had again relegated them to the status of spectators. Finally, around 4:00 p.m., Lee called on Longstreet to make a demonstration on the Union left to relieve pressure against Hill's weakening right flank. Pickett's brigade quickly moved onto the field toward the sound of intense firing. Pickett's troops had become separated from the rest of the division in their passage through the woods. He did not yet know that his right flank was dangerously exposed to Union artillery in place atop the hills on the opposite side of the Chickahominy.

Pickett hurriedly deployed his men forward toward the brow of a hill. Almost immediately, the enemy barrage

grew fierce both from Porter's troops in front, and cannon across the river. Soldiers instinctively threw themselves to the ground, loading and firing their rifles while lying on their stomachs.

Existing battle reports from Gaines' Mill make it difficult to reconstruct accurately the movements of Pickett and his brigade. Men guessed distance and time in the heat of battle; units became separated, and friendly forces sometimes fired into each other. Most senior officers had never seen a map of the battlefield; neither Lee nor Longstreet probably ever knew for certain just where Pickett's brigade was. By the time the last Confederate lunge broke the exhausted Federal line, Pickett's brigade had sustained over four hundred casualties. This number included their commander.

Roughly a quarter of a mile from the Union line, while leading his brigade toward the clearing, Pickett abruptly fell from his horse. Some ten paces behind him, a member of his staff recalled, "I did not perceive his fall until he said to me in very expressive terms that—somebody—had hit him. I immediately dismounted, examined his wound and found the hole of a minie ball in his shoulder."

After the war and his death, LaSalle Corbell Pickett painted a more melodramatic portrait of the wounding of her future husband. While Pickett led and cheered his men forward, LaSalle described him being shot suddenly from his horse. He struggled to go on, "waving his cap and cheering his men, his arm hanging limp and helpless at his side...." A doctor rushed to the injured general's side and ordered him carried from the field. According to LaSalle, Pickett refused: "My men need me, replied my Soldier, Take the bullet out here and fix me up quick, doctor, I must go back—see they need me." The doctor obediently attended to the injured shoulder, while Pickett continued to give orders until the loss of blood and pain overcame him and he was carried to a field hospital.

Major John Cheves Haskell related a very different story. Haskell came across the injured brigadier a few moments after the bullet struck him. Haskell recalled passing by Pickett, "who was standing by his horse in a deep small hollow, almost like a well, bewailing himself. He called to me to send a litter as he was mortally wounded. I had none and

was too busy with my men. He was very slightly wounded and perfectly able to take care of himself."

The truth probably lies somewhere among these varying accounts. In any case, Pickett's injury did prove serious enough to keep him out of action for several months and prevented him from participating in the major battles of Second Manassas and Antietam. He remained in Richmond convalescing among family and friends. Despite LaSalle's later allegations to the contrary, it was probably during this time that Pickett's courtship with his future wife took root. Pickett would find himself increasingly distracted by Miss Sallie's charm and beauty.

By late September, 1862, George had recovered enough strength to rejoin his men at Martinsburg, Virginia. Lee's army was falling back to Winchester, bruised and bloodied by hard, summer campaigning in Virginia and Maryland. After the indecisive battle of Antietam, weary troops on both sides licked their wounds. The autumn of 1862 proved militarily uneventful, as the war dragged on into its second winter.

Although the men remained idle through the fall, activity was going on inside Lee's chain of command. On September 18, 1862, the Confederate Congress approved creation of army corps within the South's field armies. Lee divided his forces in two, and labeled them

the First and Second Corps. James Longstreet and Stonewall Jackson each earned promotion to the newly created grade of lieutenant general.

These changes shuffled the army's organization, leaving several vacancies open, including command of Longstreet's old division. Having recovered, Pickett became a viable choice. He was Longstreet's senior brigade commander, and a loyal friend of the lieutenant general. Longstreet may have exerted considerable influence in persuading Lee to submit Pickett's name as major general on October 27, 1862.

A combination of personal connections, good fortune, and circumstance seemed again to push Pickett's military career forward. In reality, he lacked demonstrated experience to warrant such a promotion. At Williamsburg and Seven Pines he took no part in the main action, and his wounding at Gaines' Mill prevented him from participating in major engagements that summer. Existing documents fail to explain Lee's decision, but he apparently had enough faith in Pickett to overlook inexperience. As was the case with so many wartime promotions, there were no real reasons to doubt Pickett's potential as a competent division commander. On November 6, Pickett became a major general.

Pickett had little time to savor his promotion. After four idle months, he

commanded 15,000 battle-worn veterans, present and absent. His division included his former brigade of infantry, three more also composed of Virginians, and one consisting completely of South Carolinians. Attached to this was an artillery battalion of three batteries.

BY EARLY DECEMBER, 1862, Pickett and his division were encamped on the banks of the Rappahannock River. One year earlier, he had been little more than a frustrated colonel, lacking any real troops to command. Now, twelve months later, he led an entire division of men, positioned high above the banks of the river to combat the Union Army of the Potomac.

On the foggy winter morning of December 13, Federals assembled troops for a massed assault on heights located just west of the small town of Fredericksburg. Longstreet's well-entrenched corps easily mowed down a succession of futile charges against his lines. The resulting Battle of Fredericksburg was a Federal debacle.

Pickett's men had no hand in the killings of December 13. Longstreet did detach two of Pickett's brigades to reinforce other divisions, but their casualties were relatively light, and most of his division did little more than watch the enemy's suicidal advances across the open field below.

Sources:

This essay is drawn from the author's forthcoming book, *Days of Darkness and Blood: George and LaSalle Pickett and the American Civil War*, to be published by University of North Carolina Press.

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Pickett was not content simply to watch and wait. Instructions from Longstreet required Pickett's men to "hold their ground, simply in defense, unless an opportunity should occur to pitch into the enemy while he was engaged with A. P. Hill on the right." At one point during the day, Pickett thought he spotted an opening on the enemy's flank.

Willing to enter the battle without consulting Longstreet, he quickly rushed to entreat Major General John B. Hood, whose division also sat in reserve, to join him. Hood hesitated to enter the fray without checking with their corps commander. Losing precious time locating Longstreet, Pickett could only shake his head in angry frustration as the opportunity to attack slipped by.

Longstreet tried to make amends to Pickett and two other generals who remained in reserve during the battle by praising them in his official report.

"Major Generals Anderson, Pickett, and Hood, with their gallant divisions," Longstreet wrote, "were deprived of their opportunity by the unexpected and hasty retreat of the enemy." This was cold comfort to Pickett, who desperately sought a chance to prove himself as a division commander in a large scale battle.

Another chance came in mid-February when Union forces seemed to be readying for another campaign up the Peninsula. Responding to reports of enemy concentration at Fort Monroe and Newport News, Lee chose the divisions of Pickett and Hood to meet the Federal threat. Pickett's instructions were rather vague: "take position on the South Side of the James River in immediate vicinity of Drewry's Bluff and there await further orders." He was to keep himself "advised

and ready to move if necessary to repel advances from Blackwater [River] and to defend the City of Petersburg."

Lee appeared hesitant to give Pickett the freedom and discretionary authority that he had other officers. Major Generals D. H. Hill and G. W. Smith had both received broad discretionary authority when they commanded troops in this region. Pickett, however, was to be "ready to move if necessary," which in the course of his correspondence with Adjutant and Inspector General Cooper and Secretary of War James A. Seddon meant that Confederate authorities in Richmond, not Pickett, would decide when he should move and where. In addition, instead of placing the division in Richmond, which in fact would have made Pickett commander of the Department of Richmond, Lee sent him outside the city and put him under the authority of Seddon. Pickett found himself in a position he most disliked: essentially powerless, with little idea of what was expected of him.

Fortunately, this situation did not last long. On February 18, Lee sent Longstreet to take charge of his detached divisions. Three days later Pickett received orders to rejoin to his trusted friend and corps commander. Pickett's men broke camp in mid-February for their fifty mile march south from the Rappahannock, through Richmond, to Petersburg. These soldiers had not been through the Confederate capital in several months, and as they passed through the city, crowds lined the streets to greet the veterans. Despite the soldiers' good cheer, the winter march was a difficult one, and many of Pickett's men lacked shoes, blankets or heavy coats. Some recalled the trek through "half frozen slushy roads" as the hardest of the war.

In March, 1863, the Southern high command, fearing Union troops on the Peninsula, and desperately needing food, dispatched Longstreet on a foraging expedition into southeastern Virginia and eastern North Carolina. As commander of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, Longstreet also sought to attack the Federals who held Suffolk. By April, Pickett's men held the Confederate right, along the Dismal Swamp.

The resulting siege of Suffolk placed Pickett in close proximity to LaSalle Corbell's Nansemond County home and family. "Here when all was quiet along the lines," LaSalle later attested, "my Soldier



George Pickett and LaSalle.
Miniature on ivory. Courtesy
The Museum of the Confederacy,
Richmond, Virginia

Boatner, III, *Civil War Dictionary* (New York, 1959), p. 651; Walter Harrison, *Pickett's Men* (New York: D. Van Nostrand, 1870), 29-30; Clarence C. Buel and Robert U. Johns, eds., *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, 4 vols., (New York, 1884-1888), 2, pp. 347-52; Clifford Dowdey, *The Seven Days* (New York: Fairfax, 1978), pp. 228, 231; Jeffrey Wert, *General James Longstreet* (New York, 1993), p. 138.

LaSalle Corbell Pickett, *Pickett and His Men* (Atlanta, 1899), pp. 181-82; *ibid.*, *What Happened To Me* (New York, 1917), pp. 110, 121; John Cheves Haskell, *The Haskell Memoirs*, ed. by Gilbert E. Govan and James W. Livingood, (New York, 1960), p. 32. Harrison, *Pickett's Men*, 71-73; Freeman, *Lee's Lieutenants*, 2, pp. 257, 264, 269, 284-86, 468, 483, 494; Faust, *Encyclopedia*, 167; OR 21, pp. 570-71, 573, 1082; Samuel Cooper to George E. Pickett, February 18, 1863, Compiled Service Record of George E. Pickett, RG 109, NA; Compiled Service Records of D. H. Hill, G. W. Smith, and Pickett, in *ibid.*; OR 18, pp. 876-77, 880, 883, 889, 933, 937, 1029, 1045,

1090-91; *ibid.*, 25, pt. 2, pp. 709, 713-14, 720, 726, 790, 848, 852-53; *ibid.*, 27, pt. 3, pp. 859, 861-62, 869, 888, 890, 904, 910, 925-26, 944-45; William A. Young, Jr., and Patricia C. Young, *56th Virginia Infantry* (Lynchburg, VA, 1990), p. 74; G. Moxley Sorrel, *Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer* (Dayton, OH, 1978), p. 153; Steven A. Cormier, *The Siege of Suffolk* (Lynchburg, 1989), pp. 4, 12-16, 61, 64, 249-52; Wallace, *17th Virginia*, 45; John H. Lewis, *Recollections from 1860 to 1865* (Washington, DC, 1895), pp. 60-61; T. G. Barnham typescript, Fredericksburg and Spotsylvania National Military Park, VA; James Thomas Petty Diary, entry for March 29, 1863, Museum of the Confederacy, Richmond, VA; Eppa Hunton, *Autobiography of Eppa Hunton* (Richmond: William Byrd Press, 1933), pp. 85, 81, 127; Glenn Tucker, *Lee and Longstreet at Gettysburg* (Indianapolis, 1968), p. 336; OR 18, pp.; Richard M. McMurry, *John Bell Hood* (Lexington, KY, 1982), p. 71; Douglas Southall Freeman, *R. E. Lee*, 4 vols. (New York, 1935), 3, pp. 18-27.

would ride in from his headquarters almost every night between the hours of sunset and sunrise to see me—a ride of about thirty miles.” Two officers corroborated LaSalle’s assertions. Colonel William Dabney Stuart of the 56th Virginia complained to his wife that his division commander was “continually riding off to pay court to his young love, leaving the division details to his staff.” Major G. Moxley Sorrel criticized Pickett’s “frequent applications to be absent” to see his lover. These nightly rides were long, and the major general did not return to his command until early the next morning. Sorrel sensed Longstreet’s growing irritation with Pickett’s constant requests to leave camp, and recounted that once Pickett asked Sorrel for permission instead. Sorrel declined, feeling he could not justifiably take responsibility for the major general’s absence should the division be moved or attacked. “Pickett went all the same,” Sorrel wrote, “nothing could hold him back from that pursuit.” He concluded, “I don’t think his division benefited from such carpet-knight doings on the field.”

A lieutenant in the 9th Virginia Infantry noted that many soldiers in his unit came from that same area of Nansemond County. John H. Lewis recalled that the temptation to visit friends and family “seriously tested the manhood of our boys.” But he insisted that there were no desertions, and when the unit withdrew in May, “the honor of each man had been tested, and each had proved his manhood.” Pickett openly defied regulations his own men had to follow to satisfy his desire to be with Sallie.

Other military contemporaries offered additional, unflattering glimpses of the general in the spring of 1863. Colonel T. G. Barham of the 24th Virginia Cavalry described his first meeting Pickett during the Suffolk campaign. One day while resting on a fence, a rail broke and Barham fell upon a sleeping Pickett covered by an oil cloth. Barham wrote: “His waking was unceremonious and cuss words filled the air.” The officer added, “Pickett was then about 35 or 36 years old, short and fat, with a red face, mustache and imperial. He was a free liver but never drank to excess when on duty.” When Pickett and his staff visited Ivor Station one day in March, a soldier observed, “Whiskey market buoyant with a decided upward tendency of course.”

Colonel Eppa Hunton’s postwar autobiography included an account of Pickett at Suffolk that more directly censored the general’s personal conduct and character. Hunton remembered: “In riding with Pickett along his lines with his staff, we came to an exposed position, and to my surprise General Pickett and his staff laid flat down on their horses necks.” Hunton was shocked and angry and felt this was a poor example for the men in the ranks. The disgusted colonel “rode with him [Pickett] bolt upright in my saddle.”

Hunton sensed that Pickett’s focus was no longer on his military responsibilities as a commander. He claimed that Pickett was a “gallant man,” but his courtship and eventual marriage to LaSalle Corbell somehow changed him. “Up to the time he was married,” Hunton maintained, “I had the utmost confidence in his gallantry, but I believe that no man who married during the war was as good a soldier after, as before marriage.” Hunton believed that marriage during war seemed to demoralize men.

Hunton was right: Pickett was losing his stomach for war. His all-consuming love affair with his new bride had changed him and his relationship with the army. Before the Civil War, the regular army had served as a surrogate family for George. But by the spring of 1863, Sallie was replacing the army, reassuring her “Soldier” that he was a strong, heroic man, even when others said he was not.

In early April, a transfer nearly interrupted George and LaSalle’s arduous courtship, and at least according to Hunton, would have “saved” Pickett as a gallant general. Secretary of War Seddon proposed sending Pickett’s division to join General Braxton Bragg’s Army of Tennessee. Lee protested, maintaining that if Longstreet lost this division while engaged at Suffolk he would fail in his mission to draw severely needed supplies. One month later, after the Suffolk campaign ended, Seddon had another possible destination in mind for Pickett. The secretary suggested transporting Pickett and his division to aid Lieutenant General John C. Pemberton’s defense of Vicksburg, Mississippi. Lee again argued strongly and successfully against such a plan.

Pickett probably knew nothing of this correspondence, but he was already

annoyed with the War Department for detaching two of his five brigades to D. H. Hill’s operations in North Carolina. In Pickett’s mind, Richmond was purposefully undercutting his command and again overlooking his military talent.

Before the Civil War the regular army had served as a surrogate family for George. But by the spring of 1863, Sallie was replacing the army...

BY LATE APRIL, 1863, the Federal army’s crossing of the Rappahannock River brought an end to the siege of Suffolk. On April 29, Lee sent orders to reconsolidate his army. On May 1, Longstreet’s corps began their withdrawal, arriving too late to take part in the Confederate victory at the Battle of Chancellorsville.

But Pickett and his men did not immediately rejoin Lee’s army on the Rappahannock. His division spent more than a month shifting from place to place, protecting critical lines of communication into Richmond. By June 2, Pickett and his troops waited at Hanover Junction, with orders “to move at a moment’s notice with three day’s rations; no route indicated.”

During this final month before Gettysburg Pickett’s relationship with Lee began to show signs of strain. On June 2, Lee instructed Pickett to send wagons to a town he identified as Newton. When Pickett could not find such a place on his maps, he twice telegraphed back for clarification. Pickett revealed just how sensitive he had become to his treatment by Lee when he wrote to Brigadier General Arnold Elzey that he had “telegraphed immediately to find out what place was meant. As usual from those headquarters, received no reply.”

Pickett also protested against a special restriction prohibiting soldiers and officers from riding trains into Richmond. Pickett took the order personally, perhaps realizing that his romantic midnight journeys to see LaSalle had caught up with him. He angrily complained that “this circumstance and its great detriment to the facilities of expediting military movements of importance I have

reported three times to General Lee's headquarters (first communication two weeks since) but cannot obtain even the scratch of a pen in reply." Pickett asked that he might take a train into the city and meet personally with Elzey to discuss his grievances. Elzey was ill and it is not clear if the meeting did occur, but Pickett resented his movement being restricted by seemingly arbitrary orders.

As portions of his army moved northward, Lee was careful to leave troops on the Rappahannock should the Federals resume an offensive across the river. A. P. Hill's Third Corps guarded Fredericksburg, while Pickett's and Brigadier General James Johnston Pettigrew's divisions were at Hanover Junction, safeguarding Richmond. On June 3, Pickett received word of a "marauding expedition" close to his position. Lee instructed him: "If you learn that the enemy has retired and is beyond your grasp, I desire you to return to your position. If they come within your reach, and you can do so with advantage, strike at them." Two days later, Lee advised Hill to call on Pickett and Pettigrew should a large scale Federal attack materialize on the river. Lee urged Hill to "deceive the enemy and keep him in ignorance of any change in the disposition of the army." If the enemy evacuated, Hill was to pursue, "inflicting all the damage you can upon his rear." Lee preferred his commanders to

act aggressively against any movement on the river, especially as he readied his army for an invasion of the North.

Also on June 5, President Davis ordered Pettigrew to send a courier to Pickett notifying him of the raiders in King William County, with instructions to "move or send a force rapidly" and "do the business" of capturing or destroying the enemy outright. The next day Pettigrew assured Lee that he reiterated these directions to Pickett, but admitted: "He [Pickett] was here an hour ago, but I believe has gone to Richmond." Lee could well have wondered if Pickett had slipped away again, perhaps to see his lover, ignoring specific restriction against riding the trains.

Pickett was on the scene in time to attack the Federals, but left to his own discretion, he faltered. Lee felt disgusted enough to criticize openly the major general's conduct to Lieutenant General A. P. Hill. Lee wrote: "I feel Pickett did not go far enough....I have telegraphed him that he must drive them back." The initiative lost, the Union raiding party withdrew unmolested.

Lee soon determined that the Federals were not planning an attack on the Rappahannock, and sought to unite his entire army for a campaign into Pennsylvania. In the midst of this bold movement northward, Pickett continued to believe that the Confederate high com-

mand discriminated unfairly against him. He received orders to leave behind two of his five brigades, making his the smallest division in the army. Describing the condition of his troops as "very much weakened," Pickett complained to Lee's assistant adjutant general on June 21: "I beg that another brigade be sent to this division ere we commence the campaign ...I ask this in no spirit of complaint," he hastened to add, "but merely as an act of justice to my division and myself, for it is well known that a small division will be expected to do the same amount of hard service as a larger one, and as the army is now divided, my division, I think, decidedly the weakest." His efforts produced no results and he had to make do with only three brigades.

There were a lot of things on Pickett's mind as he crossed the Potomac: his passionate feelings toward LaSalle, the weakened state of his division, and his deteriorating relationship with Lee. He must have sensed the scorn officers and men felt toward his behavior in Suffolk. Still, he probably looked forward to battle: in his experience, most battles were simple, the large-scale violence somehow reassuring and gratifying, especially if given the chance to lead a charge or direct a successful offense. Distracted and troubled, impulsive, and grumbling, Pickett had no idea what fate had in store for him.

The Pig War

CAPTAIN IN THE 9TH US Infantry, George Pickett was ordered to take his company and secure San Juan Island in the channel between Vancouver Island and what was then Washington Territory. The island was becoming the focus of strained relations between the United States and Great Britain.

The framers of the Oregon Treaty of 1846 had drawn the boundary "to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island, and thence southerly through the middle of the said channel of Fuca's straits to the Pacific Ocean." Unfortunately, the boundary went through San Juan Island, which the locals claimed for both the United States and Great Brit-

ain. Squabbles continued to be local until June 15, 1859, when Lyman Cutlar shot a "British pig" as it rooted in his "American garden." The howls from both sides brought action.

Captain Pickett, secured the high ground with his company, but a British naval squadron of three warships commanded by Captain Geoffrey Hornby arrived to secure his withdrawal. Pickett refused to leave, thus insuring the confrontation would no longer be local. Reinforcements arrived on both sides. Eventually 461 US troops backed by 14 cannons in an earthen fieldwork opposed 2,140 British troops and 167 cannon of the British naval squadron now reinforced by Rear Admiral Robert L. Baynes.

Cooler heads prevailed. As Admiral Baynes pressed for action, British Columbia Governor James Douglas, responded

that he would not "involve two great nations in a war over a squabble about a pig." President James Buchanan, shocked by the volatile situation, sent General Winfield Scott to investigate and contain the affair. An agreement was reached that allowed a limited garrison by both sides on the island until the issue could be resolved. On March 21, 1860, just one year before Ft. Sumter, a company of Royal Marines landed on the island to face a company of US troops. This confrontation continued until November 25,

1872, when Kaiser Wilhelm I of Germany awarded the island to the United States by arbitration.



(continued from page 33) best 1,000 and grew by ten percent when it became clear that all the necessary books would not fit into the original list. I spent a couple of years refining the list of books that ought to be included—something that obviously no two historians will completely agree on—and received substantial input from my father John, a talented Civil War historian and retired chemistry professor living in Ohio, and Jim McPherson of Princeton University, Gary Gallagher of Penn State, Bud Robertson of Virginia Tech, Ralph Newman of Chicago, and Mark Neely of St. Louis University.

Why produce a new bibliography?

Let me briefly describe the general Civil War bibliographies that preceded mine. Nineteenth century bibliographies on the war were really catalogs of collections, most notably the outstanding *Catalogue of the Library of Brevet Lieutenant Colonel John Page Nicholson Relating to the War of the Rebellion, 1861-1866*, published in 1914. This work describes an outstanding early collection assembled by a young soldier who in his later years became an activist in the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States. But it does little to describe the relative worth of the books listed.

The most useful bibliographies of this century are *A Military Bibliography of the Civil War* by Charles E. Dornbusch, published in four volumes by the New York Public Library and Morningside Press (1971-82) and *Civil War Books, A Critical Bibliography*, edited by Allan Nevins, James I. Robertson, Jr., and Bell I. Wiley and published in two volumes by Louisiana State University Press (1967-1969). Dornbusch is a catalog, offering no evaluative descriptions, and is limited to books pertaining to military operations. Nevins, Robertson, and Wiley offer a brief sentence of comment on each book—not enough analysis.

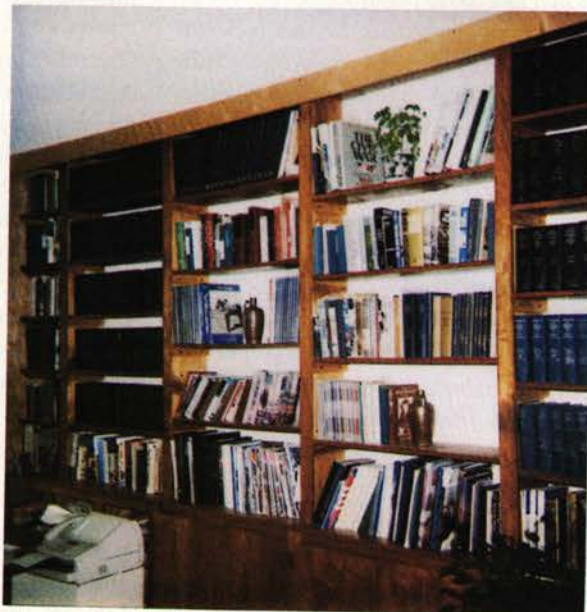
Of course many important works have been published or republished in the last 30 years, and, most importantly, *The Civil War in Books* offers 250 words or more of commentary on each title. Some complex works or sets receive far lengthier analyses, such as the *O.R.*, which I will describe further.

I suppose the driving reason for the project was a sustained quest for the truth. Reading a magazine's glowing review of some work in which I found numerous errors ignited a spark by which I determined to tell the truth wherever I knew it. Thus, the idea is to assess each book in the list objectively and dispassionately, and to "tell it like it is" come what may. That policy, no doubt, will make me many friends in the coming weeks and months.

I organized my eleven hundred books into the most logical groups I could think of that allowed me to avoid duplicating entries. Five large sections contain numerous subgroups. The first, battles and campaigns, contains works on naval warfare, the Civil War in the West, and an "all others" category that includes principally army and navy actions in the East and Midwest. The books are organized chronologically by the date of action. The second, Confederate biographies, memoirs, and letters, contains sections on politicians, soldiers, sailors, and others. Within these divisions works are organized alphabetically by name. The third, Union biographies, memoirs, and letters, contains analogous divisions. The fourth, general works, has twenty subgroups, including African Americans, battlefields, fiction, prisons, and women. The fifth group consists of unit histories.

So where to begin our tour of Civil War literature? The most indispensable source of material clearly remains *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*—known in shorthand as the *O.R.*—published by the War Department in 128 volumes between 1880 and 1901, and comprising nearly 140,000 pages of text and supplemented with an atlas of maps, engravings, and drawings. The mammoth undertaking employed a staff that sifted through the voluminous official papers of the conflict and set aside for use the most important documents of the period.

The work contains endless Union and Confederate reports, orders, correspondence, tabulations, as well as maps, charts, and diagrams. The *O.R.*'s contents, however, represent only a small fraction of the contemporary Civil War literature. Many records were misplaced, deliberately destroyed, discarded as worthless, or withheld. The existence of the *O.R.* is even more astonishing considering that many documents were issued in multiple copies as sent, received, and distributed to various individuals. All documents located for the series had to be examined to avoid omissions and duplications and to verify authenticity. Records available for the project buried the War Department in paper.



A section of the editor's 1,500 volume Civil War library—Note the shelf space taken up by the *Official Records* at left and right.

In 1994, Broadfoot Publishing Company initiated an ambitious project to extend the coverage and availability of official reports. The *Supplement to the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* has already resulted in more than 50 volumes. The work contains a wealth of data that missed inclusion in the *O.R.* itself. The material varies somewhat in quality and differs significantly from the *O.R.* in that it includes postwar materials. The publisher suggests the *O.R. Supplement* may comprise as many as one hundred volumes.

In addition to the army *O.R.* coverage, the Navy Department published *Of-*

ficial Records of the Union and Confederate Navies in the War of the Rebellion in 31 volumes between 1894 and 1927. The O.R.N. contains the indispensable record of naval warfare during the war. As with many army records, the O.R.N. is not perfect and must be used cautiously.

The records of the U.S. Navy are fairly complete, while many Confederate Navy records are missing from the compilation. Reports, letters, returns, and orders are sometimes contradictory and reflect the fallibility of individual commanders attempting to justify actions after they occurred. The set is best used by comparing all available reports on a given subject or action. As with any Civil War history, one must read widely and act as a detective, assigning differing credibilities to a wide range of sources and checking versions of "fact" against other versions. Only then can one make a clear estimate of what probably occurred.

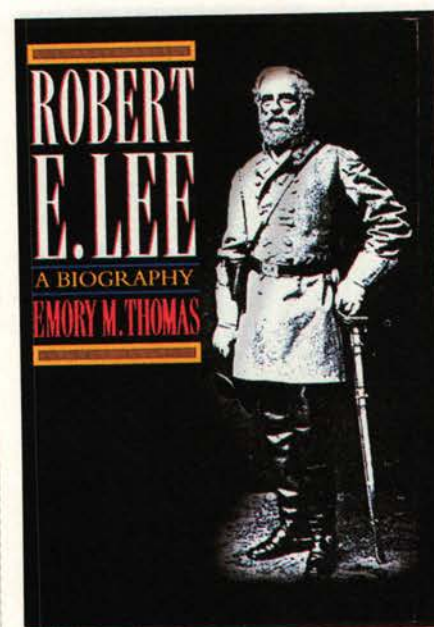
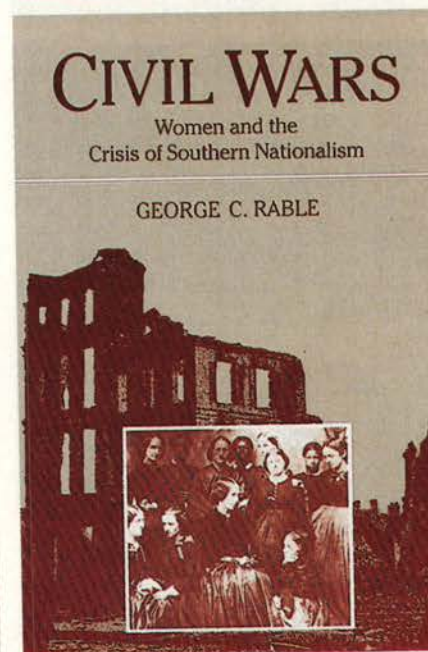
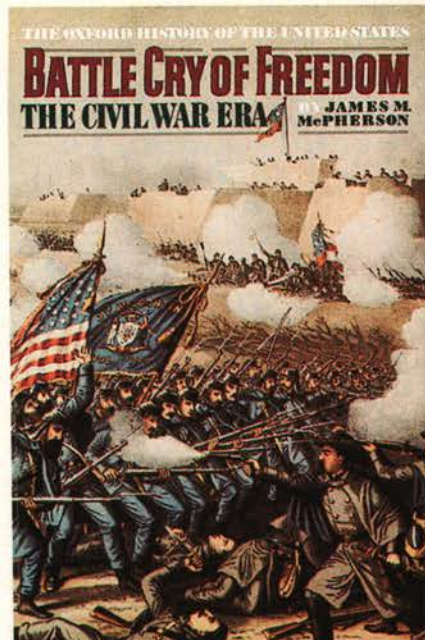
Of course many Civil War buffs do not have time or space for 128 volumes of army history and 31 volumes of navy history. Altogether, owners of the O.R., the O.R.N., and the O.R. Supplement will require approximately 32 1/2 linear feet of shelf space simply to store these volumes, let alone the rest of their collection. Fortunately, several more concise general works offer great value.

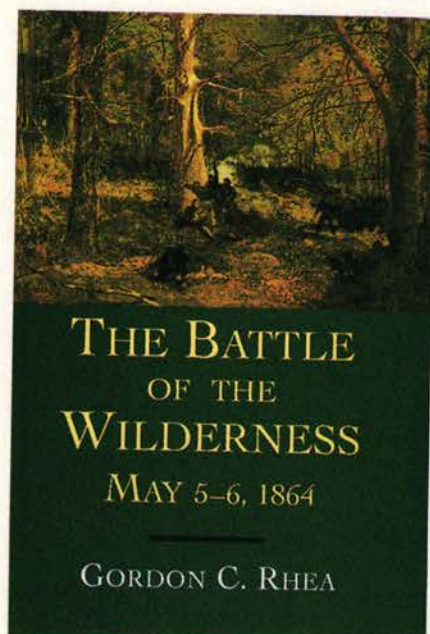
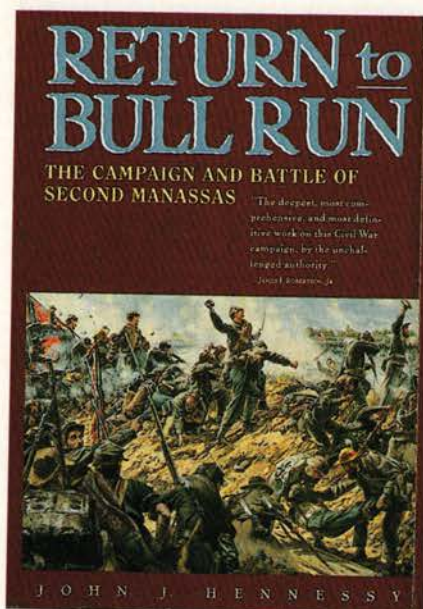
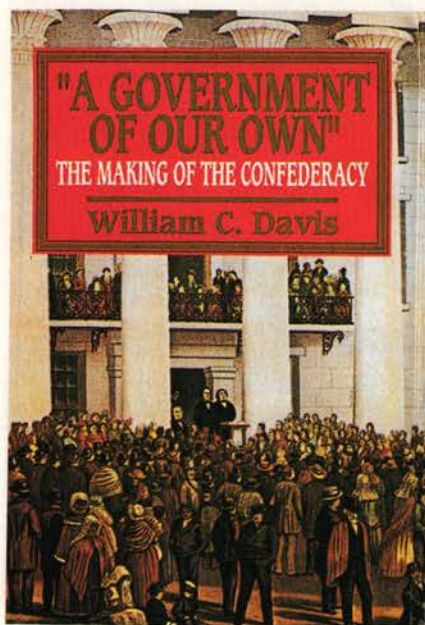
The most valuable, single-volume introduction to the war must be James McPherson's *Battle Cry of Freedom*, published in 1988 and winner of the Pulitzer Prize. The work covers the period from 1848 through 1877, but the emphasis is squarely on the military activities. McPherson emphasizes the four critical periods of the war in which events might have produced results of a very different nature—the bloody summer of 1862, the North's hopeful growth toward military competence after Antietam, the horrors and strategic importance of the great battles of 1863, and the long, hot summer of 1864 in which the noose tightened around the eastern Confederacy while Sherman's raid struck at the Southern will to resist defeat.

In the same vein as McPherson's book, one cannot envision being without *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War...*, a four-volume work edited by Robert Johnson and Clarence Buel (1887-88).

Covering the war's military events chronologically and written by dozens of its leading participants, this work sheds light on many major battles and minor skirmishes, as well as revealing much about the strategy and tactics of numerous campaigns. Both naval events and land operations receive lengthy and skillful treatment. The 388 articles by 226 authors are accompanied by 197 well-drawn maps, nearly 1,500 engraved illustrations, statistical summaries, orders of battle, and editorial notes. P.G.T. Beauregard, U.S. Grant, Don C. Buell, and Albert Sidney Johnston's son William Preston all describe Shiloh. This multiplicity of views is especially helpful because, as is sometimes the case with battlefield reports and postwar recollections, conflicting stories reflect rationalizations or outright distortions made to cover an individual's actions.

Words bring to life the actions of the war's participants, but volumes of images spark the imagination like nothing else. The most important single collection of photographs on the war resides in Francis Miller's *The Photographic History of the Civil War*, published in ten volumes (1911). The grandfather of pictorial histories, this mammoth set was published on the 50th anniversary of the war's start. Miller's work brings together written contributions from soldiers and historians on both sides. Among the authors are Frederick Dent Grant, Charles King, and Marcus Wright. The texts are generally well done and unusually spirited, in some cases allowing biases to shine through. Overall, however, the authors are successful in their attempts to describe aspects of the war as detached, objective history. The work contains 3389 images that constitute an important source work on the war's appearance. The reproduction quality is good in terms of 1911 printing technology, although recent reprintings contain images degraded substantially by making plates from the printed pages of an original copy. The captions must be used judiciously, as many speculate poetically on the accompanying scenes or contain outright errors, some of which originated with the photographers themselves. Much tabular and statistical material in the work is inaccurate.





An important complementary work to Miller's is the more recent *The Image of War, 1861-1865*, edited by William C. Davis and published in six volumes (1981-84). This work sets a modern standard for accuracy and provides a lively group of well-conceived texts and impressive photographic reproduction. Moreover, a survey prior to beginning work on this set uncovered a huge number of previously unpublished or little known images, which alone make these volumes a necessity for seeing the war as it was. In his introduction Davis suggests that the work is simply an extension of the Miller set. Despite occasional minor errors and frequently underpowered captions that link pictures only loosely, Davis's book is an outstanding model for Civil War photographic history.

As one reads more deeply into Civil War history, it becomes necessary to obtain a number of basic reference works. Perhaps first among these is a good dictionary that enables referring to the people, places, and events. The most used such book is *The Civil War Dictionary* by Mark M. Boatner III, originally published in 1959 and published in a second edition in 1988. However, users should be aware that Boatner's work contains a large number of errors and omissions. A few of these errors were caught and corrected for the second edition; most were not. More disturbing, his data on important figures are sometimes dead wrong: for example, he writes that Daniel E. Sickles was commissioned colonel of the 20th New York to rank from June 20, 1861. Sickles was in fact commissioned colonel of the 70th New York to rank from June 29, 1861. Had I not owned Sickles' commission, I might not have suspected. The bottom line? Be careful with the printed word—not everything you read is the truth.

The other primary dictionary, the late Patricia L. Faust's (ed.) *The Historical Times Illustrated Encyclopedia of the Civil War* (1986) should stand on the shelf near Boatner. Although this work contains only 57 percent as many entries as Boatner's, Faust's dictionary is far superior in accuracy and includes balanced coverage of the most significant terms, battles and campaigns, and individuals. The entries are generally longer and more analytical than Boatner's, al-

though Faust covers vastly fewer junior officers. On the whole, the overwhelming bulk of material this encyclopedia contains is reliable and constitutes the best one-volume, multifaceted, reference dictionary to date.

Terrible problems afflict the understanding of who was and who was not a general officer in the Civil War, and for what reasons. Even the venerable *Generals in Gray: Lives of the Confederate Commanders* by Ezra J. Warner, published in 1959, falls victim to these complexities. The information in this gem of Civil War history is usually highly reliable and the research solid. This book and Warner's *Generals in Blue* (1964) provides a photograph as well as a biographical sketch of the individuals. In his introduction to *Generals in Gray*, Warner correctly warns readers about the vagaries of general officers: "Almost from the closing days of the war," he writes, "controversies have raged about who was and who was not a general in the armies of the Confederacy." Warner includes 425 generals plus nine "Trans-Mississippi" generals. But in discussing some of his 434 generals, Warner commits the same infraction. He often ignores the differences between appointments, nominations, promotions, and commissions of various officers, which leads to incorrect listings of grades for 27 generals. Taking great care with the basic reference material of Civil War history is critical, as the descriptive, narrative histories that make a good read are based on these facts.

What of the more recent works that employ the much-favored, narrative history treatment of battles, biographies, and unit histories? Fortunately, the high rate of recent publication includes some really enjoyable studies. For example, *The Battle of Belmont: Grant Strikes South* by Nathaniel C. Hughes, Jr. (1991) explores a neglected fight whose significance toward the evolving campaigns for the Mississippi is frequently under perceived. The author's analysis of the events of November 7, 1861, surprisingly does not focus on Grant. Instead, Grant shares the spotlight with Confederate commanders Leonidas Polk and Gideon J. Pillow and a host of minor officers. This is, the author suggests, in part due to Grant's peculiar report on the battle.

The result is a bit surprising but in a very delightful way.

Similarly, John J. Hennessy's *Return to Bull Run: The Campaign and Battle of Second Manassas* (1993) is a smoothly composed, masterfully researched, and entertainingly written book. Rescuing Second Bull Run from its also-ran status, the author describes this important battle wherein much was at stake. Beginning in the wake of Cedar Mountain, a detailed picture emerges of the maneuvering of the two armies, placed nicely within the larger military context of the summer of 1862. The discussions on corps, division, brigade, and regimental levels wind through the maneuvering and subsequent actions. The author also provides a full and thoughtful analysis of the battle and what it accomplished.

Finally, Gary W. Gallagher's (ed.) *The Fredericksburg Campaign: Decision on the Rappahannock* (1995) provides a selective, analytical view of aspects of a major battle that is otherwise poorly documented in the literature. Following the format of several other volumes in the series "Military Campaigns of the Civil War," this work contains Gallagher's summary overview of the battle and campaign and sections written by experts on particular phases of the campaign. William Marvel's examination of Ambrose Burnside attempts to exonerate the much-maligned commander but succeeds only in part. George Rable summarizes the awful carnage that occurred on the field and searches for meaning in it. Other contributors include A. Wilson Greene, who outlines the month following the battle for the Army of the Potomac. With so many experts contributing such a variety of essays, this is a must read for anyone interested in what happened at Fredericksburg.

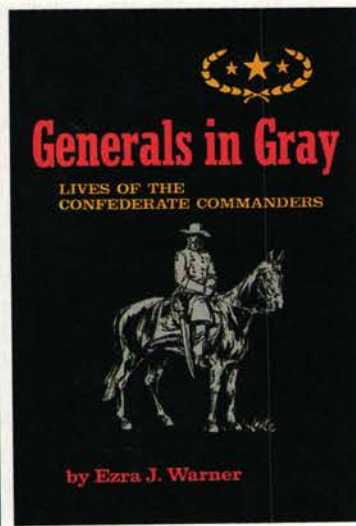
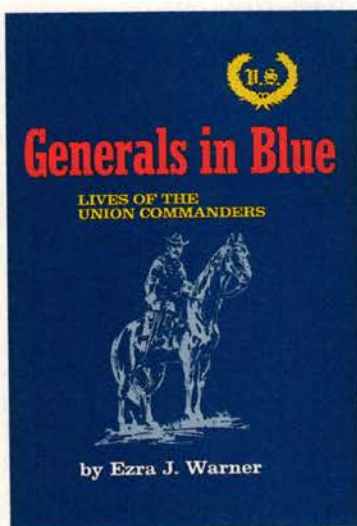
Recent biographies also offer glimpses of expertly researched and written narrative. *Longstreet's Aide: The Civil War Letters of Major Thomas J. Goree*, edited

by Thomas W. Cutrer (1995) offers a glimpse into the staff of one of the most celebrated Confederate generals. The author stayed with Longstreet through the entire war, participating in and writing about numerous actions. Written mostly to family members, the letters are often long and revealing, frank and earnest in their observations. Similar insight comes

powerful political force for reconstructing the Union during the war years. Grant's reputation as a simpleminded military man receives blunt counterpoint in this work, as the author repeatedly documents how the Union's military savior understood in complex ways the political implications of his battlefield actions. Christopher Phillips's

Damned Yankee: The Life of General Nathaniel Lyon (1990) is one of the most entertaining biographies of a Union general officer in the West. The critical battle of Wilson's Creek, in which Lyon was mortally wounded, receives relatively short treatment, and maps surely would have aided readers. Nevertheless, this book is a fine contribution to understanding the Civil War in the West.

Unit histories have somewhat of an unsavory reputation in that each tries to show that the regiment or battery in question somehow single-handedly made the decisive difference in winning the war or ridding the world of more



"Almost from the closing days of the war, controversies have raged about who was and who was not a general in the armies of the Confederacy."

—Ezra J. Warner

from Peter S. Carmichael's *Lee's Young Artillerist: William R. J. Pegram* (1995). Adored as one of the great young soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia, had Pegram not been mortally wounded during the final days of the war at Five Forks, he might have been remembered as a greater hero than he is. After a very brief treatment of the antebellum years, Carmichael examines in detail Pegram's role in the Seven Days, at Cedar Mountain, Harpers Ferry, Gettysburg, Spotsylvania, and Five Forks.

Recent Union biographies also offer absorbing reading. For example, Brooks D. Simpson's *Let us Have Peace: Ulysses S. Grant and the Politics of War and Reconstruction, 1861-1868* (1991) is a must for the Grant bookshelf. Supported by a peerless logic and keen insight over old—and frequently simplistically analyzed—source materials, Simpson argues that Grant's military and political abilities were intertwined. Indeed, he suggests that Grant acted as a

Yankees than anyone else. Recent examples of value include Richard Moe's *The Last Full Measure: The Life and Death of the First Minnesota Volunteers* (1993), which details the war record of the regiment that suffered one of the highest casualty rates of the war, at Gettysburg. Splendidly written, with great charm and vision, the volume covers the unit's full career in the Army of the Potomac with such a distinguished group of regimental leaders—including Willis A. Gorman, Napoleon J. T. Dana, Alfred Sully, and William Colvill—provides opportunity for dramatic storytelling, and the author comes through in entertaining fashion. More commonly, however, unit histories, as with other types of Civil War books, take on the vision of their subject and act as partisans, sifting through the facts and situations and selecting ones to construct a dramatic story that may or may not deliver a balanced account. Such is the case with Warren W. Hassler, Jr.'s

Commanders of the Army of the Potomac (1962). The author provides an overview and evaluation of the seven men Hassler contends "commanded the North's Army of the Potomac." Much insightful analysis of the roles of McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, and Grant appears on these pages. Yet the author's creditability is in question because of his choice of characters: Irvin McDowell never commanded the Army of the Potomac, nor did John Pope, nor did Ulysses S. Grant. A major general who did temporarily command the army in the winter of 1864-65, John G. Parke, does not appear in the book. One must wonder about the precision of the discussion.

So what are we to make of the Civil War? The size and complexity of the war itself and the huge cache of materials produced by it will ensure that Civil War books continue to be produced. Several years after the current period of discovery of the war began, sparked by the PBS series "The Civil War," Jim McPherson's *Battle Cry of Freedom*, and the motion pictures *Glory* and *Gettysburg*, we have yet to see interest in the war declining. This is very good of course for all of us who hold the war dear to our hearts. We must be cautious and analytical about what we read of Civil War history. Nowhere is the danger of assuming that something is correct simply because it appears in print more real.

RECOMMENDED LIBRARY BUILDING LIST

The top 125 Titles from *The Civil War in Books: An Analytical Bibliography*.

Battles and Campaigns

NAVAL WARFARE

- [U.S. Navy Department] *Civil War Naval Chronology, 1861-1865* (Washington, 1971)
[U.S. Navy Department] *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies in the War of the Rebellion*. 31 vols. (1894-1927; reprinted 1987)

ALL OTHERS

- Joseph, Alvin M., Jr. *The Civil War in the American West* (1991)
Castel, Albert. *Decision in the West: The Atlanta Campaign of 1864* (1992)
Coddington, Edwin B. *The Gettysburg Campaign: A Study in Command* (1968)
Cozzens, Peter. *The Shipwreck of Their Hopes: The Battles for Chattanooga* (1994)
Hennessy, John J. *Return to Bull Run: The Campaign and Battle of Second Manassas* (1993)
Rhea, Gordon C. *The Battle of the Wilderness, May 5-8, 1864* (1994)
Sears, Stephen W. *Landscape Turned Red: The Battle of Antietam* (1983)
Sword, Wiley. *Embrace an Wind, The Confederacy's Last Hurrah—Spring Hill, Franklin, and Nashville* (1992)

Confederate Biographies, Memoirs, and Letters

POLITICIANS

- Davis, Jefferson. *The Papers of Jefferson Davis*. 9 vols. to date (1971-1997)
Jones, John B. *A Rebel War Clerk's Diary at the Confederate States Capital*. 2 vols. (1866; reprint, 1993)

SOLDIERS

- Alexander, Edward Porter. *Fighting for the Confederacy: The Personal Recollections of General Edward Porter Alexander* (reprint, Gary W. Gallagher, ed., 1989)
Eicher, David J. *Robert E. Lee: A Life Portrait* (1997)
Gallagher, Gary W. *Stephen Dodson Ramseur: Lee's Gallant General* (1985)
Kean, Robert Garlick Hill. *Inside the Confederate Government: The Diary of Robert Garlick Hill Kean* (reprint, Edward Younger, ed., 1957; reprinted 1993)
Lee, Robert E. *The Wartime Papers of R. E. Lee* (1961; reprint, 1987)
Parrish, T. Michael. *Richard Taylor: Soldier Prince of Dixie* (1992)
Robertson, James I., Jr. *Stonewall Jackson: The Man, the Soldier, the Legend* (1997)
Sorrel, G. Moxley. *Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer* (1905; reprint, 1991.)
Symonds, Craig L. *Joseph E. Johnston: A Civil War Biography* (1992)
Thomas, Emory M. *Robert E. Lee: A Biography* (1995)
Wert, Jeffry D. *General James Longstreet, the Confederacy's Most Controversial Soldier: A Biography* (1993)
Wills, Brian Steel. *A Battle from the Start: The Life of Nathan Bedford Forrest* (1992)

SAILORS

- Semmes, Raphael. *Memoirs of Service Afloat, during the War between the States* (1869; reprint, 1987)

OTHERS

- Chesnut, Mary. *Mary Chesnut's Civil War* (reprint, C. Vann Woodward, ed., 1981)

BUT THEN AGAIN...

DON'T DESPAIR! There is an abundance of good news for Civil War researchers. The *Official Records*, along with Frederick H. Dyer's *Compendium of the War of the Rebellion* (3 vols.), William F. Fox's *Regimental Losses in the American Civil War* (1861-1865), Alan and Barbara Aimone's *A User's Guide to the Official Records of the American Civil War*, and the National Archives' *Military Operations of the Civil War: A Guide Index to the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* are already available on a single CD-ROM disc for under \$70.00. Though I prefer turning the page, if

these volumes were not already on my shelves I would opt for the CD. The thousands of dollars saved could have filled those shelves with other worthy tomes. Since Mr. Eicher limited himself to titles rather than volumes, I heartily recommend replacing Warner's *Generals in Gray* with William C. Davis' (ed.) six-volume *The Confederate General* (1991). Not only are the biographical sketches substantially longer, Davis' work includes every known photograph of the subject in uniform—not just one small, above-shoulder cropping.

Joseph L. Harsh's forthcoming *Confederate Tide Rising: Robert E. Lee and the*

Making of Southern Strategy, 1861-1862 (see review on page 88) should easily make anyone's top 125 Civil War titles. Also coming out later this year will be a revised, and greatly expanded edition of Frances H. Kennedy's (ed.) *The Civil War Battlefield Guide*, which was a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club and The History Book Club. Unlike Boatner's *Civil War Dictionary*, Kennedy's new edition will be worth upgrading.

Preference is a matter of personal opinion. Everyone has their own favorite unit history, campaign study, or biography. Four books that fall out-

NORTH & SOUTH

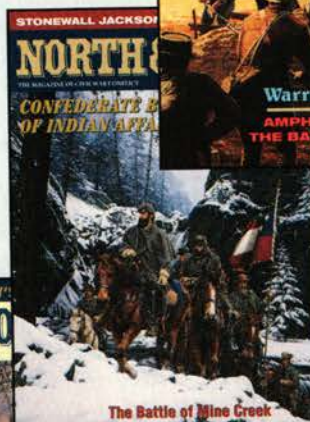
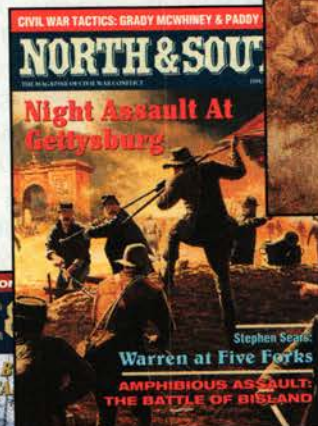
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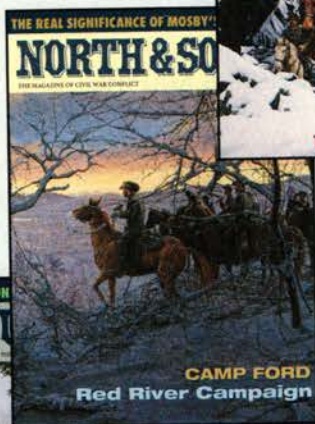
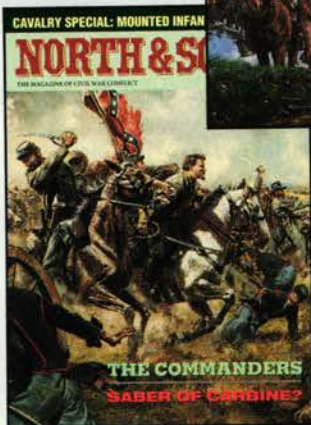
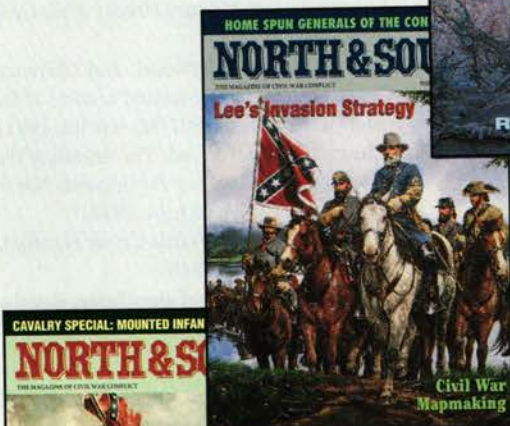
Philip Avila, President, North Bay Civil War Round Table
(Sebastopol, CA)

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Marilyn Gilhuly, Member, Georgia Civil War Commission



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 Pember, Phoebe Yates. *A Southern Woman's Story* (1879; reprint, 1991)
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 Gibbon, John. *Personal Recollections of the Civil War* (1928; reprint, 1988)
 Grant, Ulysses S. *The Papers of Ulysses S. Grant*. 20 vols to date (1967-95)
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 Jordan, David M. *Winfield Scoff Hancock: A Soldier's Life* (1988)
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 Marszalek, John F. *Sherman: A Soldier's Passion for Order* (1993)

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 Strother, David Hunter. *A Virginia Yankee in the Civil War: The Diaries of David Hunter Strother* (1961)

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Davis, Keith F. *George N. Barnard: Photographer of Sherman's Campaign* (1990)
 Lee, Elizabeth Blair. *Wartime Washington: The Civil War Letters of Elizabeth Blair Lee* (1991)
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AFRICAN AMERICANS AND THE CIVIL WAR

Berlin Ira., et al. *Freedom: A Documentary History of Emancipation, 1861-1867*. 4 vols. to date (1982-93)
 Glatthaar, Joseph T. *Forged in Battle: The Civil War Alliance of Black Soldiers and White Officers* (1990)

CIVIL WAR BATTLEFIELDS

Eicher, David J. *Civil War Battlefields: A Touring Guide* (1995)

THE COMING OF THE WAR

Stamp, Kenneth M. *The Imperiled Union: Essays on the Background of the Civil War* (1980)

THE COMMON SOLDIER

McPherson, James M. *For Cause and Comrades: Why Men Fought in the Civil War* (1997)

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Current, Richard Nelson, et al. *Encyclopedia of the Confederacy*. 4 vols. (1993)
 Davis, William C. "A Government of Our Own: The Making of the Confederacy" (1994)
 Evans, Clement A., ed. *Confederate Military History: A Library of Confederate States History Written by Distinguished Men of the South...* Extended ed., 19 vols. (reprint, 1987-89)

EQUIPMENT

Woodhead, Henry, ed. *Echoes of Glory: Arms and Equipment of the Civil War*. 3 vols. (1991)

FICTION

Crane, Stephen. *The Red Badge of Courage* (1895)
 Mitchell, Margaret. *Gone with the Wind* (1936)
 Shaara, Michael. *The Killer Angels: A Novel* (1974)

GENERAL HISTORIES

Early, Jubal A. et al. *Southern Historical Society Papers*. 52 vols. (1876-1959; reprint, with 3 vol. index, 1990-92)
 Foote, Shelby. *The Civil War: A Narrative*. 3 vols. (1958, 1963, 1974)
 Hattaway, Herman. *Shades of Blue and Gray: An Introductory Military History of the Civil War* (1997)
 Johnson, Robert Underwood, and Clarence Clough Buel, eds. *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War...* 4 vols. (1887-88; reprint, 1991)
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 McPherson, James M. *Battle Cry of Freedom: The Civil War Era* (1988)
 Nevins, Allan. *Ordeal of the Union*. 8 vols. (1947-71)

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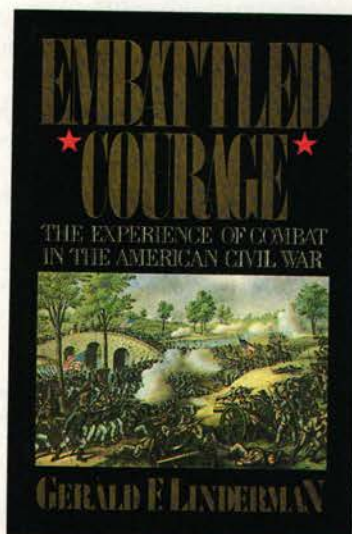
[U.S. Surgeon General's Office] *The Medical and Surgical History of the War of the Rebellion (1861-65)...* 2 vols. (1870-88; reprint, 1990-92)

PICTORIAL WORKS

Davis, William C., ed. *The Image of War, 1861-1865*. 6 vols. (1981-84)
 Gardner, Alexander. *Gardner's Photographic Sketch Book of the War*. 2 vols. (1865; reprint, 1959)

side of these areas that I would have included in the above list are Gerald F. Linderman's *Embattled Courage: The Experience of Combat in the American Civil War*, William J. Cooper, Jr.'s *The Politics of Slavery*, Robert K. Krick's *Lee's Colonels: A Biographical Register of the Field Officers of the Army of Northern Virginia* (4th ed., rev.), and Michael C. C. Adams' *Our Masters the Rebels: A Speculation on Union Military Failure in the East, 1861-1865*. Of course, where I come from it is not possible to have a Civil War library that excludes Douglas Southall Freeman's four-volume, Pulitzer Prize-winning *R. E. Lee: A Biography*.

—Lawrence Lee Hewitt



Miller, Francis Trevelyan, ed. *The Photographic History of the Civil War*. 10 vols. (1911; reprint, 1987)

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STATE AND TERRITORY PARTICIPATION

Barrett, John G. *The Civil War in North Carolina* (1963; reprint, 1990)
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Brooks, Noah. *Washington in Lincoln's Time* (1895)
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McKay, Ernest A. *The Civil War and New York City* (1990)
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STRATEGY AND TACTICS

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Mitchell, Reid. *The Vacant Chair: The Northern Soldier Leaves Home* (1993)
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WOMEN AND THE WAR

Clinton, Catherine, and Nina Silber, eds. *Divided Houses: Gender and the Civil War* (1992)
Rable, George C. *Civil Wars: Women and the Crisis of Southern Nationalism* (1989)

Unit Histories

ARMIES

Catton, Bruce. *The Army of the Potomac*. 3 vols. (1951-53)
Connolly, Thomas Lawrence. *Army of the Heartland: The Army of Tennessee, 1861-1862 (1967) and Autumn of Glory: The Army of Tennessee, 1862-1865 (1971)*
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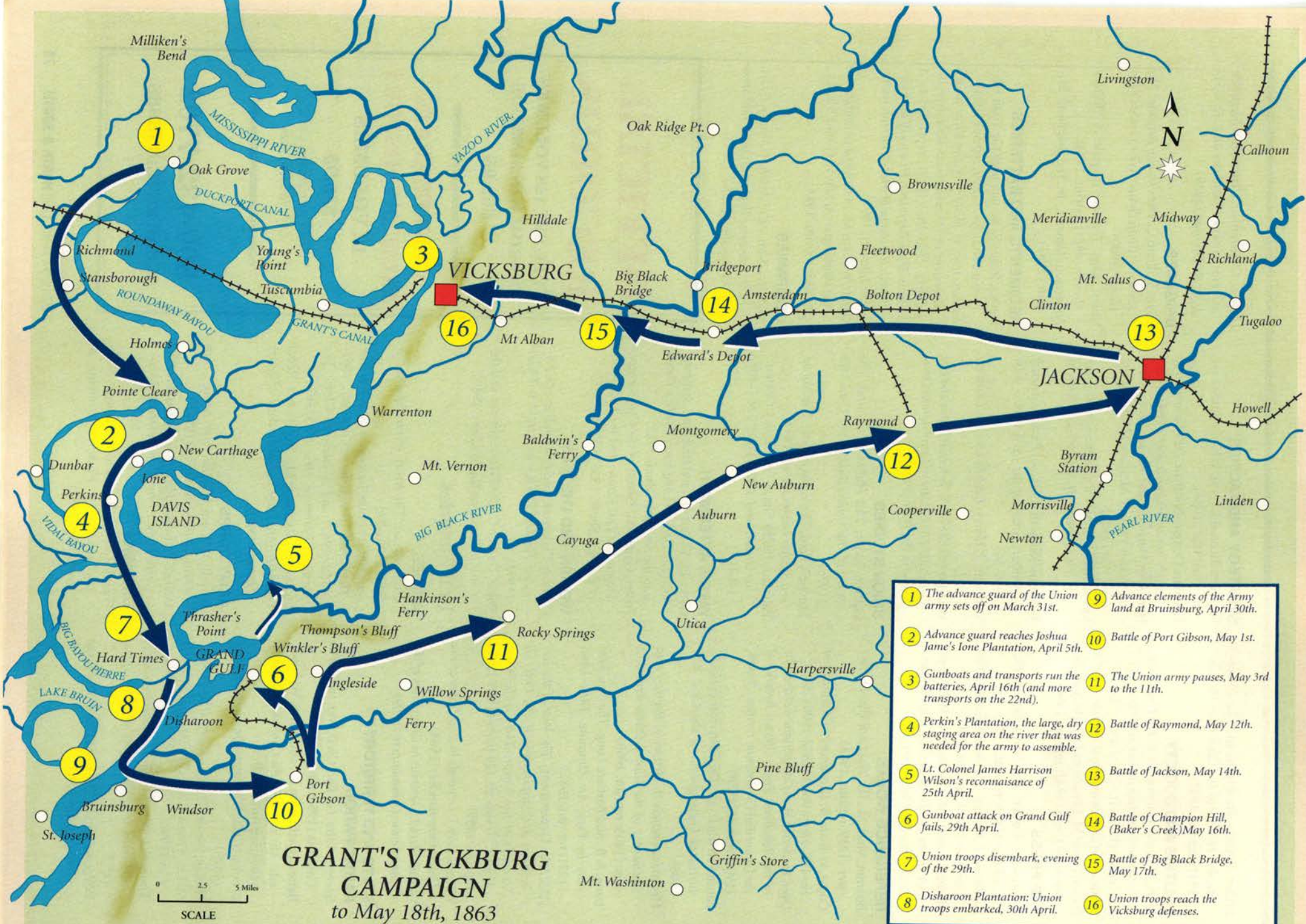
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FIVE BATTLES IN EIGHTEEN DAYS

DECISION IN THE WEST: THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN, PART III

Keith Poulter

THE STORY SO FAR: Thwarted in his December, 1862, overland attack on Vicksburg, Major General Ulysses S. Grant winters on the Mississippi river. On March 31, 1863, the vanguard of the Army of the Tennessee pushes south along the Louisiana shore of the river, seeking a route by which the army can bypass Vicksburg and, ferried by the navy, reach dry land on the western shore. After the failed naval assault on Grand Gulf (April 29), the army begins landing at Bruinsburg, seven miles to the south...

AS THE FIRST TROOPS began wading ashore, it became clear that tactical surprise had been achieved; of the Confederate army there was no sign. It was vital to move swiftly, however, lest the enemy man the bluffs which loomed a mile or so from the river. But, typical of the sloppy administration of Major General John A. McClernand's XIII corps, the three days of rations habitually carried by the troops had not been issued. Without waiting, the regiments of Brigadier General Eugene A. Carr's 14th division pushed ahead, leaving their rations to be brought forward by the following units.

After climbing the escarpment, the lead units paused to catch their breath. The federal commanders hoped to beat the Confederates to the little town of Port Gibson, and secure the bridge over the nearby Little Bayou Pierre. Accordingly the march was resumed at 5.30 p.m. Night fell but the troops continued to advance cautiously through the moonlit woods. At 12.30 a.m. the point of the column, a sixteen-man patrol, was fired upon by Confederate pickets four miles from Port Gibson.

At first light the men deployed forward. A Confederate force of around 6,800 men under Major General John S. Bowen had rushed from Grand Gulf to oppose the invaders. The terrain they occupied was ideally suited for defense. The country was bisected by sharp ridges, and the intervening ravines were choked with woods, vines, and canebrakes. As Grant put it, "the country in this part of Mississippi stands on edge." The roads ran mainly along the ridges, and as they approached Port Gibson the advancing Union army found itself split into two parts, with little lateral communication possible. Carr had fa-

vored a flank attack, but McClernand overruled him and initiated a frontal assault. Grant arrived on the battlefield around 10 a.m., and issued an order to McClernand's artillery to conserve ammunition. This order was angrily countermanded by McClernand, who resented Grant's authority.

The Army of the Tennessee's two political visitors, Governor Richard Yates of Illinois and Congressman Elihu Washburne, were both present. The former took good care to stay out of harm's way, but Washburne got quite carried away, riding behind the advancing soldiers and exhorting them, "Go on my men.....you are doing well. You are making history." On hearing this, one of the soldiers was heard to mutter sourly, "Yes, making more history for future generations of children to learn." At Magnolia Church both Yates and McClernand made speeches to the troops, leading Grant drily to suggest a



resumption of the advance. Skillfully using the terrain to full advantage, Bowen was able to hold the invaders up for much of the day, the Confederates even counterattacking at one point (see map). However, numbers eventually told, and by late afternoon the Confederates were in full retreat.

The following morning (May 2), federal units occupied the picturesque little town of Port Gibson, finding all the public buildings filled with Confederate wounded. Other units headed for the bridge over Little Bayou Pierre, north of the town, only to find that the Confederates had burned it. Little

*The Advance on Port Gibson (above)
From Prints & Photographs Div., Library of Congress*

Bayou Pierre at this point was forty feet wide, fifteen feet deep, and sluggish. It took the remainder of the day and all night to build a new bridge (the first attempt was unsuccessful), but by 5.30 a.m. on the third, the blueclad columns were able to move across the river and head north towards Willow Springs.

After his troops had skirmished with the enemy rearguards, XVII Corps commander Major General James B. McPherson (and later McClernand) established his headquarters at the home of Alfred and Elizabeth Ingraham, an impressive mansion surrounded by a picket fence, with the yard about the house enclosed by a huge box hedge. McPherson's reluctant hostess was a sister of Major General George G. Meade, presently commanding a corps in the Army of the Potomac. Elizabeth had accompanied her Philadelphia banker husband south some years before, and she had thoroughly adopted the values and attitudes of her new community. The Ingrahams had lost a son at Corinth, and as the extract from Elizabeth's diary reveals (see sidebar), yet more tragedy awaited them.

Meanwhile Grant rode with Major General John A. "Black Jack" Logan's advance as it marched westward. When they reached the intersection of the Ingleside and Grand Gulf-Hankinson's Ferry roads, it became obvious that the Confederates had evacuated Grand Gulf and retreated across the Big Black. While Logan took the right fork, following in the tracks of the retreating rebels, Grant and a small cavalry escort headed for Grand Gulf. When they reached the fortifications above the river they found that the navy had occupied the now deserted site hours before, and on one of the abandoned Confederate guns were scrawled the immortal—and mocking—words, "Captured by the U.S. Navy..." On the river below, several of Acting Admiral Porter's gunboats lay at anchor, though the admiral himself and much of his fleet were well to the south, steaming towards the Red River. Descending the steep bluffs, Grant went on board the *Louisville*, commanded by Lieutenant Commander Elias K. Owen. Since leaving Pointe Claire plantation on April 27, Grant had been out of touch with his personal baggage, and had not changed his underwear in a week. The first thing he did on boarding the gunboat was to strip off his clothes and take a bath.

At Grand Gulf, Grant received important dispatches. He learned that Major General Nathaniel P. Banks was campaigning up the Red River, some one hundred miles as the crow flies from Grant's present location. The tentative earlier plan had been for Grant, once he gained a foothold on the Mississippi shore, to send a corps downriver to cooperate with Banks in the reduction of the Confederate strongpoint at Port Hudson. This plan was now definitely abandoned. From now on, the campaign would be Grant's, and Grant's alone.

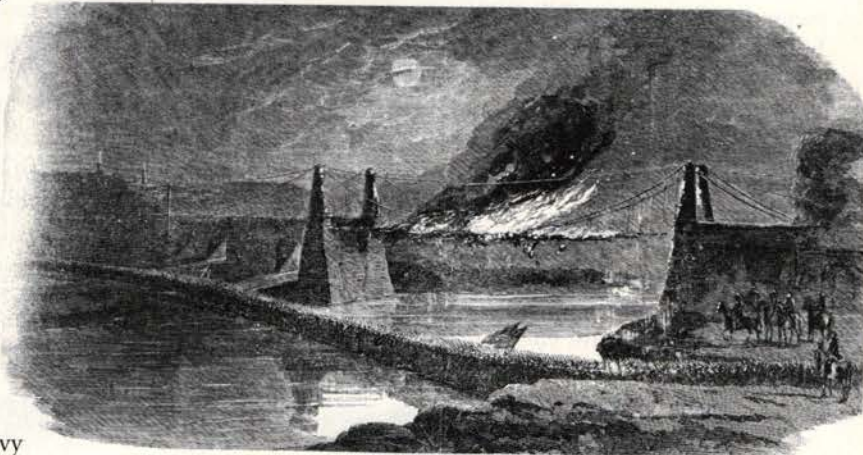
THE PAUSE

FIRST, HOWEVER, THERE HAD TO BE A PAUSE.

Grant had at this moment only McPherson's XVII and McClernand's XIII corps with him, a total of perhaps twenty five thousand men. The Confederates in Mississippi had twice this many, with another twenty thousand joining before long. Before Grant could move decisively against the enemy, he

needed at least part of Major General William T. Sherman's XV corps, two divisions of which were already marching along the Louisiana shore of the Mississippi to join him. He must also improvise a supply train, for while his troops could carry their own food, they could not also carry all the ammunition needed by the army. And meanwhile, Confederate Lieutenant General John C. Pemberton must be kept off balance.

First the supply train. Parties were sent in all directions, to requisition any kind of wheeled transport they could find. The result was certainly colorful—elegant carriages with matched horses, long-bedded cotton wagons drawn by oxen, and farm carts of all shapes, sizes, and conditions, many drawn by mules. Cattle and horses were collected up and driven in by the foragers, while sheep, pigs, and poultry were slaughtered on the spot, and their carcasses hauled back to camp.

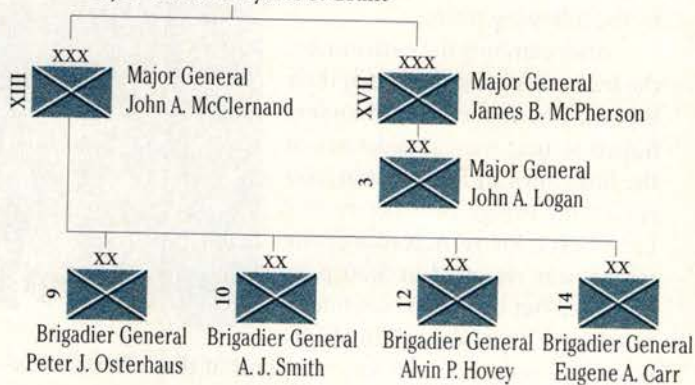


Battle of Port Gibson

ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE

Union Order-of-Battle

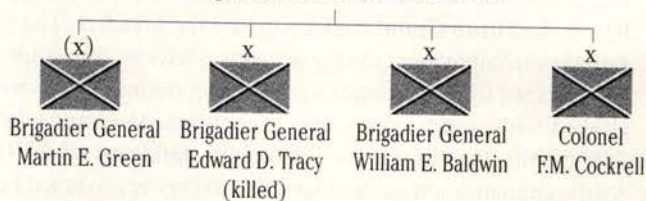
Major General Ulysses S. Grant



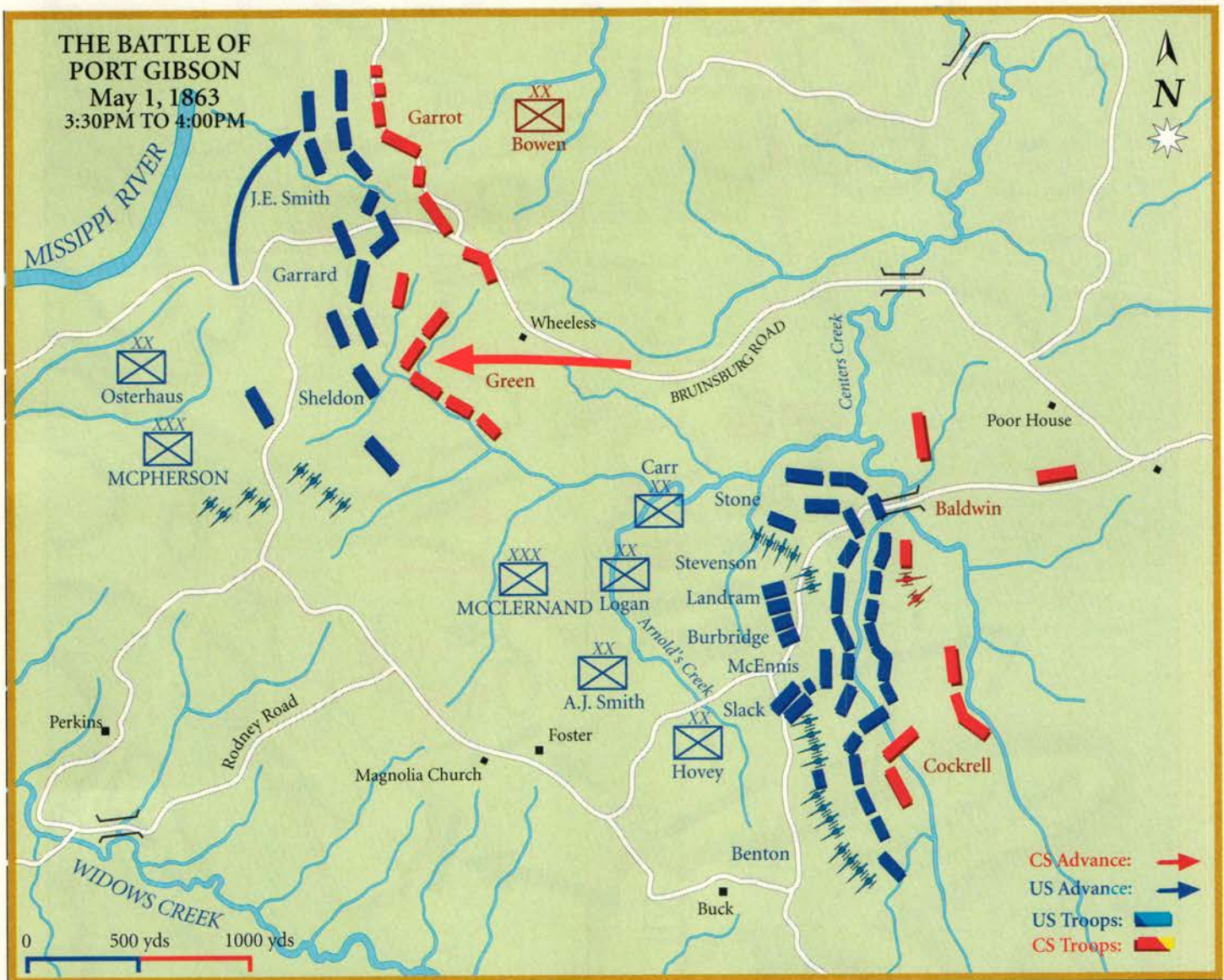
CONFEDERATE FORCES

Order-of-Battle

Brigadier General John S. Bowen



xxx=corps xx=division x=brigade



Grant's supplies at this point were being forwarded down the long, inadequate and still partly waterlogged "road" down the Louisiana shore, then ferried across the Mississippi to Grand Gulf, and finally from there forwarded to the army. It was possible to receive a certain amount of salt, coffee, hard bread, and ammunition by this route, but it was certainly not up to supplying all the needs of the army. The state of Mississippi would have to supply the rest.

Grant's two corps lay at Hankinson's Ferry on the Big Black and six miles farther east at Walnut Springs. McClernand's XIII corps seized a bridgehead north of the river at Hankinson's Ferry, a move which caused Pemberton to fear a direct movement north against Vicksburg. All crossings of the Big Black were carefully guarded, and the river formed a screen along Grant's left flank which the enemy were unable to penetrate. Constant cavalry patrols kept the Confederates in a state of uncertainty as to Grant's intentions.

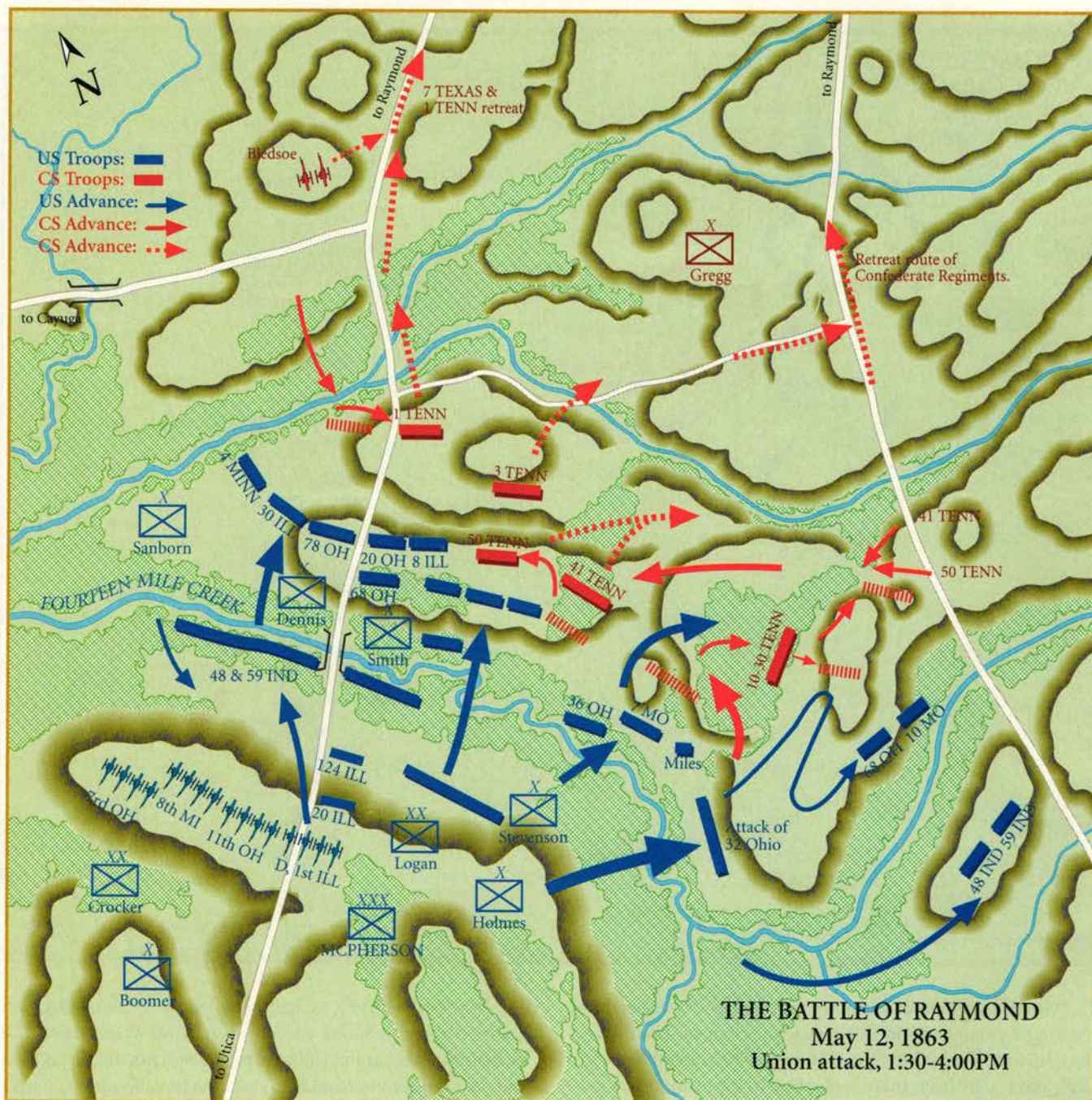
Pemberton by this time was a very confused man. In the days prior to Grant's crossing the Mississippi, his attention had been fixed upon a series of cavalry raids to the east, most notably that of Colonel Benjamin Grierson, which had traversed almost the whole length of Mississippi. Failing to halt the in-

vaders at Port Gibson, he had been led to believe that Grant planned next to move directly north on Warrenton and Vicksburg. Now, as the Union army moved northeast, Jackson and the Southern Railroad also became possible enemy objectives. As Grant moved away from his base at Grand Gulf, Pemberton planned to swing in behind him and cut the Union supply line.

But Grant now threw military orthodoxy to the winds. When his army moved on the 7th, moving northeast along the watershed between the Big Black and Big Bayou Pierre Rivers, he continued to picket the crossings of the Big Black, but made no attempt to hold the territory extending back to Grand Gulf in strength. The "line of communications" that Pemberton hoped to cut did not exist. Grant did, however, continue to receive supplies (ammunition, coffee, salt) via heavily escorted wagon trains which traversed the no-man's land between the Mississippi and the advancing army.

Between the 5th and the 7th Grant's army had given the appearance of moving in just about every direction, and

Opposite: General Logan's Federal division slogs through Bayou Pierre next to the burning suspension bridge. *National Archives*



Confederate units were marched to exhaustion to meet each possible threat. In addition to the confusion sowed in his mind by Grant, Pemberton was also the recipient of conflicting advice from President Jefferson Davis, who emphasized that Vicksburg must be held at all costs, and his departmental commander, General Joseph E. Johnston, who wanted to unite all available troops in Mississippi and give battle. The Army of the Tennessee spent the 7th to the 10th shifting gradually northeast, to the vicinity of Cayuga and Utica, while Grant regrouped and resupplied his army for a broad frontal thrust against the Southern Railroad between Edward's Station and Bolton. This railroad linked Vicksburg, via the state capital of Jackson, with the outside world. It was along this line that reinforcements from other parts of the Confederacy would come. But now came a change of plan. An enemy brigade was reported at Raymond, smack in the middle of Grant's proposed route

of advance, and he ordered McPherson to eject this brigade from its position.

Shortly before 10:00 a.m. on the twelfth McPherson's lead units collided with skirmishers of Brigadier General John Gregg's brigade south of Raymond. Pemberton was still committing the cardinal military sin of scattering his forces about piecemeal. In this case Gregg's brigade, three-thousand-strong, faced McPherson's entire corps. However, that was not the end of the story. Gregg believed, owing to erroneous scouting reports, that he faced only a single yankee brigade. He therefore acted aggressively, leading McPherson in turn to believe that he was up against far more than a brigade. In the wooded and confused terrain it was some hours before either realized his error. In fact, the whole battle was marked by confusion. On one occasion, two Confederate regiments passed one another, marching in opposite directions, each taking the place of the other! McPherson did not show well in this battle. He was over



cautious, and ordered no coherent moves during the entire battle, instead committing single regiments hither and yon. Nevertheless, McPherson had in actual contact with the enemy three times the numbers of his opponent, and seven times as many guns; in the long run these numbers had to tell, and by late afternoon the Confederates had quit the field.

Grant now determined to break the railroad at Jackson itself, and at the same time destroy Confederate supplies and munitions, and disrupt the assembly of the reinforcements he knew to be arriving from Tennessee, the coasts of the Carolinas, and elsewhere. Taking his whole army to Jackson would leave Pemberton somewhere in his left-rear, but Grant was prepared to take that risk.

ATTACK

Once more the Army of the Tennessee took up the march, all three corps converging on the state capital. At 5:00 a.m. on May 14, the blueclad soldiers went splashing through the sodden fields toward the hastily erected Confederate defenses. Johnston had six thousand men in the city, with a further seven thousand due to arrive by rail almost immediately, and more after that. It might have been possible for him to hold the Jackson defenses long enough for these reinforcements to arrive, facing Grant with not one but two sizable Confederate armies. But this the ever cautious Johnston did not do. Instead, after fighting a delaying action for some hours, he abandoned the capital to the Yankees. On hearing of the fall of the city, the

reinforcements which had been en route turned back. The scattering of his forces and the disruption of the rail communications which resulted from the federal occupation of the city, were to play an important part in delaying Johnston's subsequent attempt to succor Vicksburg.

Johnston was more than ever desirous of linking up with Pemberton, and sent three identical messages to that effect, each by a different courier. As luck would have it one of the couriers was a Union spy, and he promptly delivered the message to McPherson. On learning that Johnston was proposing a rendezvous with Pemberton at Clinton, Grant acted immediately to interpose his army between the two. The question in everyone's mind was, "Where exactly is Pemberton?"

The question was soon answered. On the fifteenth two railroad employees, Peter McCardle and William Hennessey, arrived at Grant's headquarters. They had passed through Edward's Station the previous night, and informed Grant that Pemberton's army was marching on his rear, with eighty regiments and ten batteries, a total of twenty-five thousand men. This was not a bad estimate, the actual figures being forty nine regiments, fifteen batteries, and a total of almost twenty three thousand men. A further eleven thousand Confederate troops had been left in Vicksburg.

Grant now knew exactly where his enemy was, and he lost no time in calling his forces together. Hovey's division of XIII

corps, followed by McPherson's XVII corps would move from Clinton towards Edward's Station. McClernand with the remainder of his corps would approach the same place from the southeast. One of Sherman's divisions was immediately recalled from Jackson to rejoin the army, the other to follow as soon as its work of destruction was completed. Sherman's third division, commanded by Major General Frank Blair, was also now approaching from the southwest, having completed its long journey from Milliken's Bend on the Louisiana shore above Vicksburg. At 7:00 a.m. on the 16th McClernand's lead troops struck a Confederate strong point on the Raymond road, and the battle that was to become known as Champion's Hill (the Union name) or Baker's Creek (the Confederate name) was on.

The Confederate position was well chosen. Champion's Hill rose steeply above the surrounding country, its thickly-wooded eastern slope protected by a steep ravine. Pemberton placed his three divisions in a line stretching three miles from flank to flank. The center of the line was held by Bowen's division, the left by the division of Major General Carter L. Stevenson, and the right by that of Major General William W. Loring. Stevenson's division occupied the heights of Champion's Hill. Pemberton expected the enemy's main strength to be on the right, and he neglected even to picket the roads leading toward his position from the northeast.

Extracts from Elizabeth Ingraham's Diary

May 4-June 13, 1863

"I write my thoughts, and wonder if you will ever read them, or if we will ever meet again in this world."

MONDAY, MAY 4TH. Osterhaus' Division, scum of St. Louis, camped in the big field. All the corn ruined in the field, and nearly all consumed in the granaries. They trampled through the house everywhere, all hungry as wolves. Came to father and asked for molasses. He told them he had none, that he was stripped, and had not been in the cellars. They said he had molasses, that the negroes *told them so...* Presently a loud crash, and whoop and hurrahs. Stove in the door, the heads, and away went molasses and sugar. They took every pan, pitcher, cup, bucket, to carry it off. Brought a wagon and loaded it up.... Elsie, faithful and true, and Jack and Emma very attentive. Eddens, about 11 o'clock, left as waiter to a Dutch Colonel.¹ General Osterhaus' Division still there and Hovey's Division of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio men come—bad enough, but much more decent than the Dutch. They told Elsie "I was a Northern woman, and *that* had saved the house and my room." Well, this rummaging went on all day, and stealing, we depending on the servants for food, and they providing comfortably for

us, even Harriet bringing me up a chicken. All day you could hear the rifles, shooting hogs. Today they report four left; don't know if any sheep. Buggies, carts, wagons, every horse...

TUESDAY, 5TH MAY. Major-Gen. McClernand asks leave to make "A———" his headquarters. Graciously granted, for the protection is very desirable... Bring their servants, food, etc.; well they did: much more considerate and decent than McPherson... Introduced to a young fellow by name Rigley; comes from Philadelphia... Mason and Rigley returned, and asked permission to stay all night; which we were glad of. They had their own provisions, would my woman cook it? I told Mr. R——— if he had asked me that question before 10 a.m. Sunday, I could have answered; now he must negotiate his own business. But the woman Elsie was a good natured, faithful creature, and I dare say she would, if she thought it would protect us....

1 P.M. 8TH MAY ...Wright and your father talked a good deal....

"Well, Colonel Wright, who do you think I shall have for guest to-night?" said your father, "is there any chance of my old friend, Wirt Adams?" "I should not be surprised, sir, such are the chances of war." He says, in Missouri it is the worst of civil war; his wife and children were turned into the road, and the house burned before her eyes.... We don't suffer at all; by turns the negroes have given me a chicken of what is left. They said truly, "I might better have them than those wild beasts." The last thing Eddens did was to save some meat for me. He slept in the spare room Sunday night, and Monday at noon he had quit our service.... Parker, Sol. Mordt, Jim Crow, Isaiah, and Wadloo, have quit us, but the rest are here, and very attentive and willing. Hester and Co., George Carpenter and Maria, have proved very faithful.... Kate has a bed. She walked over to see General Hovey, and told him how they had stolen her things, and told him "they came to rob the negroes, not protect them." John Smith true. I can prove nothing against Fanny

(continued on page 84)

McClelland, approaching from the southeast, had earlier been told to move cautiously and not to bring on a general engagement until the rest of the army was up. He therefore applied little pressure to the Confederate right flank, for much of the day. Over on the other flank Hovey's division drove up the hill, capturing guns and prisoners, and then was just as swiftly thrown back by a savage Confederate counterattack. Hovey called for reinforcements, and Logan's division was brought over from the far left. As a matter of fact, Logan had been ideally placed to sever the Jackson road and cut the rebel army's line of retreat, but no one realized this at the time. (A properly organized brigade of cavalry could have ascertained this, but the cavalry of the Army of the Tennessee was still operating in bits and pieces.)

The battle was the most bitterly fought of the campaign, Hovey's division losing fully one third of its men. At 2:30 p.m. a five thousand strong Confederate counterattack led by Bowen threw the federal forces back and very nearly cut Grant's army in two. But the federals rallied, and in desperate hand-to-hand fighting gradually regained the lost ground. Loring ignored Pemberton's repeated orders to reinforce the left flank, which finally crumpled. Had McClelland put in a strong attack earlier in the day, the Confederate army would have fared even worse. But McClelland claimed he did not receive positive orders to attack until 2:00 a.m. (It might have been better if Grant had himself gone to see McClelland, rather than send-

ing a staff officer, but by this time relations between Grant and his subordinate were so strained that face-to-face communication simply did not take place.) In any event, by 5:30 p.m. the Confederate line had collapsed, and much of the army went streaming to the rear, while other units fought to block the path of the pursuing federals. Pemberton had lost over thirty eight hundred men and sixteen guns, and while two divisions straggled back towards Vicksburg, the third (Loring's) was cut off and ended up joining Johnston—which is what the whole of Pemberton's army should have done, rather than letting itself be locked up in Vicksburg. Federal losses were less than twenty-five-hundred.

The following day (17th) the victorious blueclads defeated the Confederate rearguard at the Big Black River (see next issue). That evening the troops of the Army of the Tennessee prepared to follow their routed foe to Vicksburg. Exhilarated by the speed and success of their campaign to date, they believed that one more engagement would finish their opponents and result in the capture of Vicksburg. The morrow, however, would prove them wrong (to be concluded)

- (1) Almost certainly a member of the same family as Edward D. Ingraham, the Fugitive Slave Commissioner in Philadelphia mentioned in the article on page 36.

Right: The destruction of the Railroad and Rebel Stores at Jackson. *Harper's Weekly*, June 20 1863

Below: The Battle of Jackson
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but that she was among the first to come up and be here when I came from the woods. Monday I set Hester and Martha to pack up the clothes... I said to Martha, "you have not been over honest, but I can hardly think you could treat me so at such a time..." This is the anniversary of our dear Ed's death—murdered by these very vandals! ... [we saw a] cloud of dust. It was General Sherman's Corps, composed of three divisions... Tuttle's came by us, and if ever the outpourings of jails and every thing mean and low, these men certainly were the quintessence of rascality—as Elsie says, "Lousy, dirty beasts."

...These last demons burst open the places, took whatever they wanted to carry molasses in, with them, and broke up as much of the rest as they could. "Bang, bang!" Colonel Coffey's picture has a hole through each eye! I have not been up stairs, but am told every thing is gone... The whole house just so—nothing left but my room. Words cannot describe the noise and confusion, the oaths and execrations. Some decent ones trying to prevent and restrain them. "They are d——d old rebels, ought all to be killed, and the house burnt" Servants afraid to come up. Did not see Elsie or Jack all day. Friday night some of them sent Jack for water, and then tried to abuse both Elsie and Emma... The latter screamed so it brought Jack back, who called the pickets, and the devils skedaddled. After all the mischief was done, General Sherman sent a guard to protect the property... Some of them talk beautifully, but the majority of them are all alike. It is a war of extermination, and many openly declare it, and are not ashamed to confess it, but glory in it.

...Colonel Mudd,² of McClernand's staff, drove up in Mr. Owen's carriage (saving it for him). Your father showed him the house. Seemed sorry. Told the teamsters to stay here as long as they could and keep off all stragglers.... Old Lane, who has served in Europe, said, not more than 20,000 had passed, but I have no doubt whatever but they have at least 100,000 men with them. They are going up the Jackson road to Big Black bridge. Some think they will have a fight there. They themselves dread it. I have listened to their talk, and their "only hope is in numbers." I have argued with them Scripturally and Constitutionally, and except the rabble, they are heartily tired of the whole affair.... One of them said: "Ain't you a Union woman?" "No." "What are you?" "Why, a real old cantakerous rebel." "Good for you, I believe in holding up to your own opinions." ...

MAY 10 ...They say Isaiah and Wadloo were forced away, and I rather think it is true. They carried Dan up to Rocky Springs yesterday, but he was back this morning. They took Jim to Big Black, but he gave them

the slip. Poor things, I pity them! One man asked Emma to go with him and nurse his children. She declined. He asked her where her father and mother were? She replied she never had a father, and her mother died when she was a baby. "Then who brought you up?" "My old Miss." "Then stick to her!" said the man. "I mean to," said Emma, "for I don't think much of you white folks." ...

MAY 11 ...We hear the men visit the quarters, and are still tampering with the negroes. No one at-work; there is nothing to work with—not a mule or horse left...

MAY 13... Another battle at Fredericksburg. We have whipped them but, alas! not routed them. Father wants me to think about what I am going to do—we must work for our living—gets mad when I say I think we will remain here.... Elsy still faithful, feeds us, and does what she can; Ria Jane too; Bowlegs very attentive. More of my property at the quarters than I have at the house; know where a good deal is, but am powerless to act. Emma beginning to tire of waiting on me, did not come up at noon; Nancy not true. I do not say any thing to them one way or the other, take what they choose to do, and finish the rest myself. ... Pistols and rifles in the hands of the negroes at the quarters. Poor things! I feel sorry for them. They are not to blame, and if we succeed they must return to their work and place, and I trust to an all-merciful God that we may, though these brutes and vandals outnumber us, I fear ...

MAY 14 ... We are very anxious about Frank. They have had a terrible battle at Fredericksburg again—God grant he is spared—and what for? ...

...what have we done, that we are so severely punished? Very much troubled; Edward's sash and six pairs of new gloves taken out of my wardrobe. I am afraid Emma has done this; don't feel as if I could trust any one but Elsy; she feeds and takes care of me. My children must never forget or desert her; and if she should leave us, remember she has tried to do right, and led to do wrong ...

MAY 16—Lovely day, pleasant and cool, favorable to our enemies. It would seem that God was on their side...

MAY 17—Another lovely day. ...several letters from Frank, all old, up to the 28th of April; no news of the fight at Fredericksburg; very anxious... negroes off visiting; Emma gone on a visit, and may not return before to-morrow...

MAY 18 ...have reason to think the hands will all leave; only a question of time, they are not quite ready; Elsy still true; but Jack doubtful. She is very attentive and kind, and does all she can to make us comfortable; went up stairs today; it is terrible; and our negroes have done the most part of it; not a looking-glass or piece of china left; everything in confusion.

I have offered to hire the woman to clean up and give fifty cents a day; she declines. Elsy will begin by herself tomorrow...

MAY 21—Was very sorry yesterday. Elsy cleaning out the filth of the parlors, and Ria in the kitchen with Harriet for an assistant. Then I got Judge to shake the carpets, and take the dust off from the mats; neither mats or carpets will be usable unless scoured. Most of my bedding brought up, but pillows and bolsters were missing. Some of the ladies of color demurred at my asking for my own things. Mrs. Adams very loud. It all went on at the Cabins, as I was deaf; but they have stolen to their very hearts' content; who wonders, when their liberators set them the example? The men are far more respectful and obliging than the women; the latter refuse to come and work, one and all of them, except Ria, Jane and Kate, whom I did not ask. This morning I had wheat biscuit for my breakfast. Elsy sent me a plateful, and Kate G——, all very nice. Yesterday Father told Maria she must roast him a turkey for his dinner, and get him a turtle soup; the old thing laughed, and went off and cooked him bacon and greens, rice and green peas. ...We are beginning to reap the fruits of misrule, or rather no rule at all. Last evening Jack and old Dabney had a very bad quarrel; axes were used, and murder threatened, and this morning Jack still very angry—and Elsy says it is not over...

...Father got a St. Louis paper; Hooker has had a severe repulse. If *we only could* hear about Frank! *I think his death would kill your Father, the last son!* A beautiful corn season, and no one to work it—what are we to do for food, if we cannot cultivate the soil? Father beginning to think it is God's will that the Institution should be wiped out...

MAY 22 ...Elsy very attentive; paid Emma one dollar, and desired her to stay away—very lazy and not respectful—would rather do my own work than be so bothered—she is going fast to destruction—sent word to Martha to take her in hand...

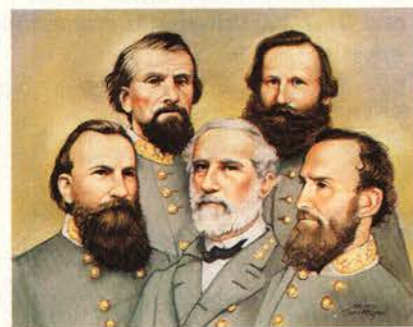
MAY 26 ... The Suggs people are doing their own work. Father and sons taking the plough, and mother and daughters the wash-tub—*hurrah for them!* better than fretting and sitting down in the dirt Old Dabney been to Grand Gulf ... wish I had known he was going, but they do not even do that much. I suppose they would not think they were free if they told us where they went. I do not care; they do not annoy me, and I do not trouble them. I think, in time, we shall lose them all, if we lose Vicksburg. Back of Mr. Martin Pattison's, the people are at work as usual. I think if Father would call them all up and tell those to go who mean to, and the rest to go to work, they would do it. I am told J—— did it, and very few left; they have gone to work. Negro meetings are being held,

and the few whites left begin to be very anxious. Think the meetings ought to be stopped and the negroes put to work. We won't meddle with them, it is certain. Powers was burnt out by his own negroes. I fear the blacks more than I do the Yankees. Jack trying to persuade Elsie to leave, though he comes up and goes whenever I want him. She tells him to get her a home and a way of earning her living, and she is ready to go, but not before—after a while, fool-like, she will go. I told her, if he left her, to move up into the wash-house with her children. I would give her \$12 a month and feed her four children. I thought it good wages, and Becky could nurse the little children and Mose help her—and Jack was free, I should consider her free also, and free to go whenever he found that home for her. God knows what she will do.

MAY 27... Randall gone to Port Gibson, a little afraid, as the negroes have all kinds of stories afloat, and do not consider Port Gibson safe for "free people of color." ...The negroes are a idle as darkies only can be; nearly four weeks since "their vacation began," as *Elsie* calls it, and not a stroke of work. Buck gives Paul a bucket, and bids him milk two cows for him. Don't say a word, for I believe a good time will come, and Mr. Buck will not steal my milk. They have stripped the garden of every thing; go when they please, and do as they please; no one interferes. Martha refused to tell Patsy what to do for her baby, unless she was paid for it... Just think of Martha! she is a great rascal, and if I had my way, and we can ever get our rights again!

MAY 31... Poor Elsy! she has a hard time between her duty to her husband and that to her old mistress, and I believe she would be glad if Mr. Hays would leave her and her children, and I know I would be, for I do not think he is reliable. She told me yesterday "to put no dependence on him, for he would go yet," no matter how he talked. He complains that she waits on me, and none of the others do; that she behaves just as if she was not free, "coming up here and waiting on me and master" just as usual, which is not quite true, as she goes down at nine, and sometimes before, and cooks what little she has for us at the quarters; brings it up; we eat in a short time; I help her wash up, and she is off again. In the morning I do all stops; strip the bed and wash up, while she makes the bed and sweeps up. She is very willing, and does not like to see me work; but he is a rascal, for all the time he tries to make me believe he is true and never will leave me. I want her to bring her children up with her in the morning, and feed them here. She says "our negroes are the commonest set of people she ever saw; she would be glad to get away from them forever; they are bad people; they are only niggers."

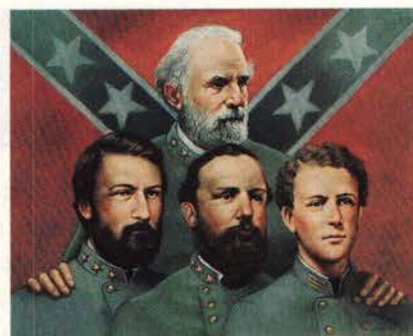
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MAY 31 ...Colonel Mudd, of McClernand's staff, told us they had batteries opposite to Vicksburg, ready to pour hot shot into it. Was there ever such a barbarous war: people of the same country slaughtering each other!

JUNE 2 ...But for Elsy I don't know what we should do, and Jack is at her all the time to leave. I wish he would go, and let her alone; she don't want to follow him; she tells him to go and get her a home and a way of getting her living, and she will leave me. I offer her twelve dollars a month, feed her and her four children, she to work as usual and live on the lot (if Jack goes), and do as well as we can until she betters herself. She has behaved well, as Elsy can do when she chooses. It seems high wages, with four children, making five mouths to feed; but I know her ways, and she mine... It makes me very unhappy to see my dear old husband so distressed... I do pray to God he will withstand the oath; we can't lose much more, in a worldly view, and let us pray to have strength to resist that despotism, at all events until the whole country succumbs, and there is no Confederate Government. Hunter, Hamilton, and Berry have taken it. The two latter we are not surprised at, the former astonishes us. S. calls himself a "Union man;" property saved...

JUNE 3... Port Hudson not evacuated, and General Gardner has repulsed Banks with much loss. News from Vicksburg also good. Lee has really taken Arlington Heights, and we hope he is swarming and pillaging Pennsylvania. If New York could only be fired, I think I would feel better. I don't care for Washington—we may want that yet.

JUNE 5 ... Five weeks to-morrow, and nothing from dear Frank since 28th April; not a word since those awful battles...

JUNE 7 ... Our people very unsettled and getting ready to go. Martha, with her three children and Emma, left at midnight Friday, with Uncle Austin from Harding's, an old rascal of a preacher; the rest are packing to-day. Hays resolved to go, and I dread lest he take his wife with him for I can hardly get along as it is, and shall die if I have the cooking to do.

We heard yesterday, through Captain McClellan, some Virginia news... He says Lee whipped Hooker badly ... that the casualties were few, and no mention of any one we know, so hope Frank is still unscathed...

MONDAY 8th—Fanny, John Smith, and the children, Buck and his family, Dave and his, Kate and hers, making in all thirteen who have gone... As Jimmy W—— says, those who have staid are utterly demoralized; if they work for you, the job is only half done. My room is finished and called clean, but it is only slicked—but I am glad to have that and say nothing...

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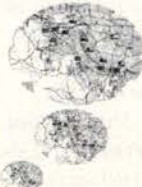
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JUNE 11—Father returned from Watson's heart-broken. My dear old husband's troubles never end; our last hope gone, on the battle-field of Chancellorsville. Yes, our dear Frank, killed in this cruel war—making two valued souls sent to eternity—and the name of this branch dies with your father—no son! ...

JUNE 12—Received the Richmond Enquirer from Mr. Watson; the only one killed in Company I, First Mississippi Regiment, is *private Frank J*—: some wounded, some missing—*only my son killed!* If we could only hear some particulars, know if he was buried, the spot marked, though we will

never have the means to bring the bodies here, and put them side by side. They were united in life. How I shall long to bring them all three here, that they may sleep in their narrow beds, as in childhood, side by side! It will never be! No money, negroes, stock; everything stolen.

JUNE 13—no news.

Notes:

1. German-Americans were commonly referred to as Dutch.
2. For the fate of Colonel Mudd see the article on the 2nd Illinois Cavalry in *North & South* #1

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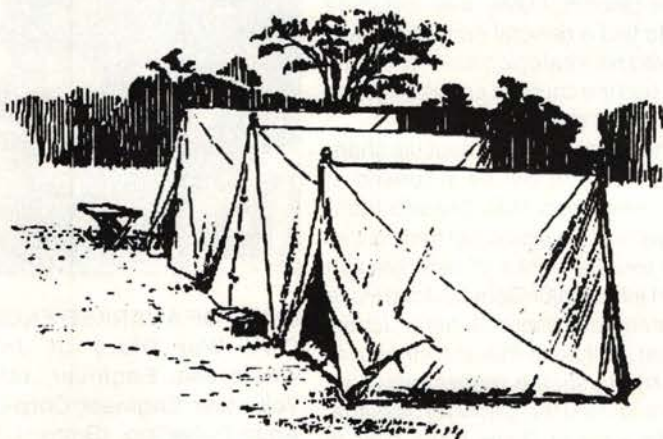
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Briefings **Reviews**

CONFEDERATE TIDE RISING:

Robert E. Lee and the Making of Southern Strategy, 1861-1862. By Joseph L. Harsh (Kent and London: The Kent State University Press, 1998. Pp. xviii, 272. \$35.00, ISBN 0-87338-580-2.)

THIS IS A BOOK I did not set out to write. It wrote itself as I tried to understand why Robert E. Lee crossed the Potomac with his Army of Northern Virginia in early September 1862; and, even more, as I struggled to comprehend why Lee stubbornly clung to his campaign in Maryland long after common sense dictated that he return to Virginia. Persuasive answers to these questions could not be found within the bounds of the Maryland campaign itself (p. xiii).

And so Joseph Harsh begins his analysis of the military policy and grand strategy adopted by Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee during the first seventeen months of the Civil War.

There is nothing here for the reader who believes that the Confederates should have resorted to guerilla warfare. Harsh contends that the policies adopted by Davis and Lee enabled the Confederacy to survive as long as it did, and that those same policies offered the South its best chance to win its independence. Consequently, the Davis presented here is not overly committed to a perimeter defense, and Lee is given due credit for his strategic abilities. Fundamentally, Harsh believes that unlike his opponent Abraham Lincoln, Davis was fortunate enough to find a general early in the war who shared his strategic vision for victory and who had the courage and intelligence to execute that strategy.

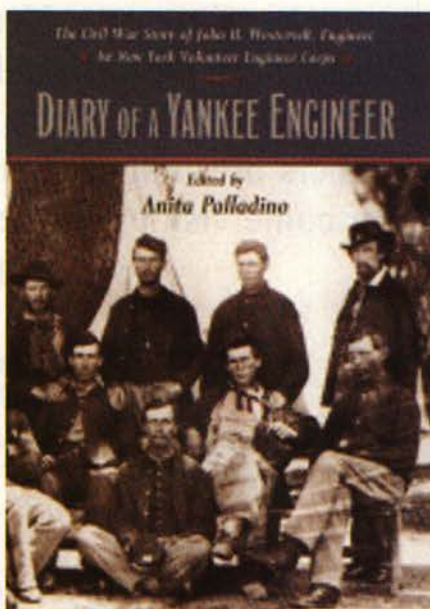
Lee, however, is not without his shortcomings. Readers will be surprised at Harsh's conclusion that Second Manassas was not Lee's greatest tactical victory, but more a stroke of luck brought about by Union Major General John Pope and Confederate Major General James Longstreet. In light of this and other contentions by Harsh, the reader should always bear in mind the following passage: "While the view of Davis given here is more favorable than is customary, it is still possible that too much credit is accorded to Lee and too little to the president. Regrettably, much that passed between the two men cannot now be known, and ideas attributed to Lee may have originated with

Davis" (p. xiv). No future historian of the Confederate war effort or biographer of Davis or Lee will be able to ignore *Confederate Tide Rising*.

As someone who was threatened with hanging at a public forum because he stated, "Lee was a fool to fight at Sharpsburg," this reviewer eagerly awaits Harsh's next volume, and hopes it proves to be but the second volume in at least a trilogy. Great history requires a suitable subject, and both are abundant in this volume. Seldom does such a masterful combination of professional training, decades of scholarship, thoroughness of research, and open-mindedness occur. *Confederate Tide Rising* may prove to be *THE* history book of 1998!

—Lawrence Lee Hewitt
North & South

BRIDGE BUILDING IN WARTIME: Colonel Wesley Brainerd's Memoir of the 50th New York Volunteer Engineers. Edited by Ed Malles. (Knoxville: The University of Tennessee Press, 1997. Pp. xxii, 415. \$45.00, ISBN 0-87049-977-7.)

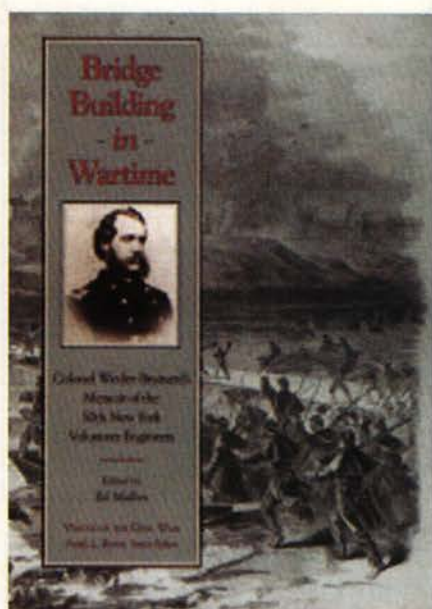


DIARY OF A YANKEE ENGINEER: The Civil War Diary of John Henry Westervelt, Engineer, 1st New York Volunteer Engineer Corps. Edited by Anita Paliadino. (Bronx: Fordham University Press, 1997. Pp. xxiv, 265. \$27.00, ISBN 0-8232-1724-8.)

They cut the roads, built the bridges, erected the signal towers, and constructed the intricate field fortifications that defined a new type of warfare. Despite

such a central role, however, these highly skilled soldiers have traditionally received scant attention from scholars. The blame for such neglect is not hard to assign: the engineers, as a group, produced relatively little source material for future historians to work with. It is thus particularly heartening to note the release of two fresh, primary accounts dealing with this often overlooked branch of the service. But while the titles display a few surface similarities, closer scrutiny reveals a significant disparity in overall quality and usefulness.

Bridge Building in Wartime represents that happiest of discoveries — an intelligent, eyewitness account prepared by a man who stood at the storm center of the conflict. Based in part on a wartime diary, the memoir features vivid recollections stitched together in a tight chronological narrative. And because Brainerd penned the manuscript for the benefit of his young son rather than for publication, it is notable for its intimacy and candor. Although Brainerd resisted the initial rush to arms, the catastrophe at Bull Run ignited a fierce



determination to help save the Union. He earned a captain's commission by recruiting a company for the 50th New York Engineers. The regiment joined the 15th New York to form the Engineer Brigade of the Army of the Potomac. Brainerd's company saw its first significant action during the Peninsular Campaign of 1862, throwing critical bridges across the Chickahominy River and White Oak Swamp. But the most conspicuous — and

most controversial—role came at Fredericksburg. Thanks to bungled orders and horrendous weather, the regiment's pontoon train reached the front days behind schedule. Though the lapse allowed Confederate forces ample time to entrench on the heights behind town, Brainerd conducted a daring reconnaissance mission across the Rappahannock River that revealed an unguarded crossing site. To his astonishment, however, he received order to span the river directly in front of Fredericksburg.

The engineers undertook the grim mission in the face of a murderous sharpshooter fire. "The bullets [sic] of the enemy rained upon my bridge," remembered Brainerd. "They went whizzing and spitting by and around me, pattering on the bridge, splashing into the water and thugging through the boats." Despite repeated attempts, the engineers made little headway. While directing operations at the end of the yet unfinished pontoon bridge, Brainerd suffered a serious wound—a wound rewarded by eventual promotions to major and colonel. Shortly thereafter, a group of determined infantrymen mounted an amphibious assault and dispersed the Confederate sharpshooters, allowing the engineers to finish their work unmolested.

Brainerd provides an immensely satisfying account of his subsequent experiences at places like Franklin's Crossing, the Wilderness, and Cold Harbor. Along the way he weaves a dazzling tapestry of humorous anecdotes and colorful vignettes and candid biographical sketches. Most importantly, he relates the fascinating and little-known tricks of the engineering trade. The memoir, in fact, frequently performs double duty as a regimental history. The only real disappointment involves the abrupt end of the narrative, which comes as Union forces approach Petersburg in June, 1864. Brainerd apparently set the manuscript aside, intending to complete it at a later date. Sadly, he never did.

Malles, while silently correcting the more egregious punctuation errors, wisely avoids tampering with Brainerd's quirky spellings. He focuses instead on clarifying details, describing strategic objectives, and providing valuable historical context. In short, *Bridge Building in Wartime* will please anyone interested in the Army of the Potomac in general or its engineering branch in particular.

At first glance, *Diary of a Yankee Engineer: The Civil War Diary of John Henry Westervelt, Engineer, 1st New York Volunteer Engineer Corps* displays similar

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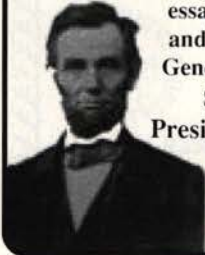
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characteristics. Like Brainerd, Westervelt began his journal for the benefit of a young son. Furthermore, editor Anita Palladino promises "an eyewitness history from the seldom-seen point of view of the engineer." The final product, however, falls far short of its potential. The failure cannot be blamed on Westervelt's wartime experiences. He participated in numerous operations that required the special talents of the engineering branch—most notably the repeated Union efforts to capture Charleston, South Carolina. His company later served briefly in Florida before joining the Army of the James for the final drive against Richmond and Petersburg.

Unfortunately, Westervelt rarely commented on the unique activities undertaken by the engineers. Nor did he convey much useful information concerning military affairs. Instead, he usually confined his observations to mundane details—the weather, the arrival of mail steamers, the construction of camp furniture. Such information retains value, of course, especially considering the relative dearth of material related to these neglected theaters. And because far more time was spent in camp than on the battlefield, such routine observations help clarify our understanding of the day-to-day lives of common soldiers. Nonetheless, the omission of important details becomes particularly regrettable when Westervelt hints at what might have been recorded. "A general inspection is an occurrence of considerable interest and importance," reads one entry, "but as I find when I undertake to describe military matters it takes too much space, I shall omit any description of this interesting event." Such disappointments are only partially offset by the inclusion of Westervelt's wartime sketches, reunited with the text for the first time.

Further problems crop up in the editorial department. Although Palladino furnishes valuable information on the military careers of Westervelt's comrades, she relies far too often on a particularly dubious source—Francis T. Miller's *Photographic History of the Civil War*. More disturbing is her failure to place the events described in their proper context.

The key difference between the two volumes, then, is one of relevance. *Bridge Building in Wartime*, by enriching our knowledge of the engineering branch, represents a valuable addition to the literature. *Diary of a Yankee Engineer*, on the other hand, amounts to little more than a sadly unfulfilled promise.

—Mark Chance
Venice, Texas

WHEN THE DRUMMER FALLS. By Spencer Kope (Annapolis: Willow Creek Press, 1995. Pp. 191. \$17.95, ISBN 0-9647183-0-8.)

Most Civil War buffs I know were bitten by the bug in their pre-teen years. I suspect that the author of *When The Drummer Falls* also had an adolescent experience that enchanted him to dream about an encounter with a ghost from the battlefield. This novel is about seventh graders who are keen trophy hunters living in the Gettysburg locale. The "Marauders," as they call themselves, regularly launch nocturnal sorties to the Gettysburg National Military Park to hunt for artifacts. In their teenage fervor, their parents and the law are ignored; the hopes for a PULSAR 7000 metal detector are paramount, and stealing a few brewskis is a badge of manhood. Eventually, their hijinks lead them to a face-to-face confrontation with the ghost of a Union drummer boy from the 83rd Pennsylvania at Devil's Den.

Josh Harding, the drummer boy ghost, has been searching for his drum since the fateful day of his death. As he befriends these modern day boys of a same age, the story unfolds that Josh is not alone in his earthly wanderings at Gettysburg. There are hundreds of Rebel and Yankee souls who are doomed to reenact their battles, suffer their wounds, over and over again. How their final rest is resolved is the heart of this yarn. This book is not an adult novel for hard-core Civil War readers. Rather, it's a tale that would delight young readers who are interested in history and can imagine a great adventure that allows them to bridge the time warp. *When The Drummer Falls* is not the stuff of ghostly nightmares and R.L. Stine, it's more the stuff of a good book you can read with your kids in hopes that they will be bitten too.

—Donni Case
Chicago, IL

FIRE & THUNDER: Exploits of the Confederate Navy. By R. Thomas Campbell (Shippensburg, PA: Burd Street Press, 1998. Pp. xii, 294. \$24.95, ISBN 1-57249-067-5.)

This is the fourth volume in the author's series on the Confederate navy. The previous books, *Gray Thunder*, *Southern Thunder*, and *Southern Fire*, as well as this one, extol the courage and initiative of the "men in navy gray...who faced the flaming shot and shell of an overpowering enemy" (p. xi).

Each chapter in *Fire & Thunder* is devoted to a different aspect of the story: the rebel privateers, the CSS Nashville,

the little steamers of the self-described Mosquito Fleet, the CSS *Louisiana* and her sister ship the *Mississippi* during the battle of New Orleans, the battle of Galveston island, the Confederate raiders off Cape Fear, the blockade runners during the last two years of the war, and the adventures of the *Shenandoah*.

The book also includes appendices providing details of the privateers and the Mosquito Fleet (ship types, armament, tonnage, crew numbers, commanders, and capsule histories of the vessels). Additionally, the author provides the names and ranks of the officers serving on the *Louisiana*, *Mississippi*, *Tallahassee*, *Chickamauga*, *Shenandoah*, and the Confederate vessels at Galveston.

Fire & Thunder is short on analysis and long on narrative, but this observation is not intended as a criticism. For a comprehensive, authoritative history one needs to read Raimondo Lauaghi's newly published *History of the Confederate Navy* (1997). Campbell has a different objective: where Lauaghi, for example, mentions Galveston only in passing, Campbell provides a lively

battle narrative—lots of thundering cannons.

Fire & Thunder is seasoned with a strong southern flavor; it is "DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO WORE NAVY GRAY AND THE LOVED ONES THEY LEFT BEHIND" (p. iii). Nevertheless, the resourcefulness and bravery of the gray sailors inspires admiration, whatever one's Civil War proclivities. This is a good fireside read, old fashioned drum and bugle stuff: "they lived, they loved, they laughed, and, yes, they cried" (p. xi). Recommended to the buffs.

—Frank J. Wetta

Daytona Beach Community College

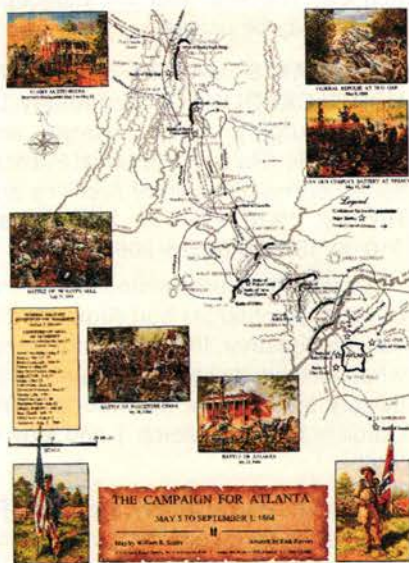
THE ROBERT E. LEE FAMILY COOKING AND HOUSEKEEPING BOOK. By Anne Carter Zimmer (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1997. Pp. xiv, 283. \$24.95, ISBN 0- 8078-2369-4.)

This book, authored by the great-granddaughter of Robert Edward and Mary Custis Lee and the maternal granddaughter of Robert E. Lee Jr., is a tapestry of Lee family genealogy, a personal glimpse of domestic life pre- and post-Civil War, and an intriguing array of mid- nineteenth

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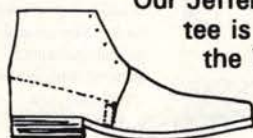
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century "receipts" (recipes). Having read several "period" cookbooks, I was amazed that this volume has induced me to try my hand at replicating some of General Lee's favorite dishes. This motivation, in part, was due to the diligent translating and testing of the recipes, even to the extent that some are microwavable!

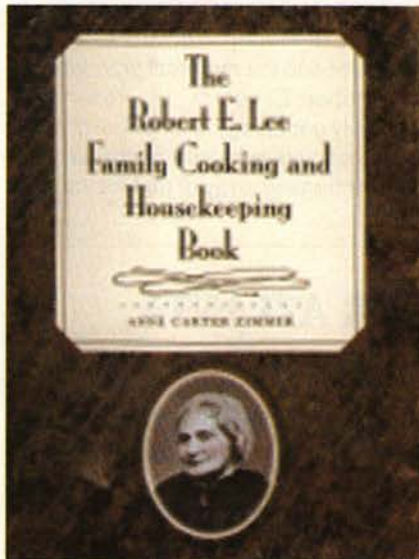
Anne Carter Zimmer's book had its beginnings when the curator of Arlington House sent her a photocopy of a faded little notebook that belonged to her great grandmother Mary Lee. In addition to receipts, this treasure trove was full of other contents: lists of the grandchildren; groceries bought; socks and gloves knitted; and, household uses for common ingredients like salt and ammonia. Many of the entries of the notebook were in Mary Lee's own hand with reproductions of her handwriting

(amazingly readable despite her crippling arthritis). The book is further enhanced by photographs of Lee family and friends, many rarely published, loaned by relatives.

The anecdotal insights were especially refreshing. Ever wonder who or what was Sally Lunn? Did privileged Southerners eat salads? More interesting, did you ever comment on how your grandmother cooked vegetables beyond recognition? While this overcooking persisted through WWII, its origins can be traced to the time that people thought raw and undercooked vegetables caused cholera, typhoid, and other dreaded diseases, and boiled them long enough to kill the real culprit, germs in contaminated water.

The Robert E. Lee Family Cooking and Housekeeping Book was altogether satisfying, being both amusing and informative. For those of us who can't get enough pieces of the Robert E. Lee puzzle, this handsome book is highly recommended.

—Donni Case
Chicago, Illinois



Also Recieved:

THE CIVIL WAR SOURCE BOOK. By Philip Katcher (New York: Facts on File, rep. 1992. Pp. 318. \$35.00, ISBN 0-8160-2830-0.)

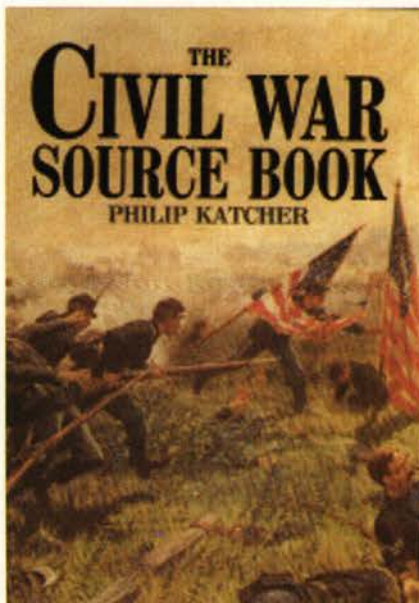
A single-volume reference source on the armies, battles, weapons, and leaders of America's bloodiest war. The section on "The Militia of the Individual States" may be unique.

SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH NORTH CAROLINA: A Chronology. By Wilson Angley, Jerry L. Cross, and Michael Hill (Raleigh: Historical Publications Section, Division of Archives and History, 1996. Pp. xvi, 129. Paper, \$10.00, ISBN 0-86526-266-7.)

Each of the three authors wrote one of the three chapters that comprise this volume. Together, they present a somewhat detailed, day by day account of all military and political activities in North Carolina between March 1 and May 4, 1865.

THE CIVIL WAR: America at War. By Michael Golay (New York and Oxford: Facts on File, 1992. Pp. xii, 180. \$19.95, ISBN 0-8160-2514-2.)

A summary account of the Civil War, discussing political background, military strategy, and battles. □



Knapsack (continued from page 12)

A number of drummer boys greatly distinguished themselves in action, such as the unknown boy who fell at the head of Confederate Colonel James C. Tappan's 13th Arkansas in a skirmish along the Arkansas River at one point in the war, who's stirring courage was remarked upon by Union troops. Though most drummer boys served more or less anonymously, some acquired considerable fame.

The most well known Civil War drummer boy was undoubtedly John Clem (1851-1937), who added "Lincoln" as a middle name in 1861. At the age of ten, little Johnny ran away from home in Newark, Ohio, and tried to enlist in various regiments, to no avail, since he was too young. He managed to tag along with the 24th Ohio, however, and shortly acquired a drum. He served at Shiloh, earning the nickname "Johnny Shiloh" for his steadiness. Later transferring to the 22nd Michigan, Clem drummed the long roll at Chickamauga—where he acquired the nickname "The Drummer Boy of Chickamauga"—and at Chattanooga and several other battles, occasionally finding the time to lend a hand with the fighting as well. After the war he attempted to win an appointment to West Point. Having been otherwise occupied when most children his age were in school, he was unable to qualify. With the support of President Ulysses S. Grant, in whose army he had drummed at Shiloh, and Major General George "The Rock of Chickamauga" Thomas, for whom he drummed on that disastrous occasion, Clem was given a direct commission into the army as a second lieutenant in 1871. He retired from the service 45 years later as a major general.

Willie Johnson, from St. Johnsbury, Vermont, the drummer for Company D, 3rd Vermont, greatly distinguished himself during the "Seven Days" retreat. The only drummer in his division to come away with his instrument, by no means a trivial accomplishment, he was awarded the Medal of Honor, the youngest person ever to have received the highest decoration, being then just 13 years old.

John McLaughlin, a native of Lafayette, Indiana, enlisted as a drummer in the 10th Indiana in 1861, being then "a little over ten years of age." He had numerous adventures. During the Henry-Donelson Campaign, he put aside his drum to take up a musket and join the firing line. Subsequently transferring to a Unionist Kentucky cavalry regiment, he fought as a trooper at Richmond, Perryville (where he took a wound in his leg), and in the pursuit of Colonel John Morgan, during which he received a saber cut in the same leg. His wound proving serious, he was dis-

charged. Though he recovered only partial use of his leg, he fought the discharge, appealing to President Lincoln. After a private interview with Lincoln, McLaughlin was enlisted as a bugler in the Regular Army.

"Little Oirish," a Kentucky lad of about eleven, enlisted in the Confederacy's famed "Orphan Brigade." At Shiloh he is credited with stemming a rout by grabbing the colors and rallying elements of the brigade which were in danger of breaking under a Federal assault.

At least one teenage girl served as a "drummer boy" during the Civil War, known only by her given name, Emily. A native of Brooklyn, Emily had several times tried to enlist, so her parents sent her to live with relatives in Michigan. Once there, she managed to slip away and, disguised as a boy, she enlisted in one of the state's regiments in late 1861. Emily served in the Army of the Cumberland through all its battles until Lookout Mountain, where she was mortally wounded. Her true sex was revealed at that time.

There is an amusing tale about an encounter between President Andrew Johnson and a drummer boy. Shortly after the "Grand Review," during which the armies had marched through the streets of the capital, the eastern troops on May 23, 1865, and the western ones on the 24th, the president received visitors. A drummer boy, George Van Zant, a 13-year-old Ohioan was among those admitted to the White House. Originally a drummer with the 79th Ohio, Van Zant had served through the Atlanta Campaign, rising to high private and orderly to Brigadier General William T. Ward.

Johnson, weary from being bombarded by requests for promotions and other favors, shook the young man's hand and asked, "Well, my son, what do you want? A brevet, I suppose? Brevet corporal? How will that do?"

The boy looked up and replied, "No, sir, I don't care for rank. I have a pony brought all the way through, and they are going to take him from me, and I want to take him home and keep him."

Pleased that here was a simple request that he could readily grant, Johnson said, "You shall have him," and immediately wrote out the appropriate orders, directing that Van Zant be given his pony and that transportation be provided back to Ohio for the lad and his horse. When he handed the orders to the boy, the latter said, "Now I am all right again, thank you," and went happily on his way.

Since they were quite young, drummer boys were among the last of the Civil War veterans to pass from the scene. The last well-documented veteran to die was Union veteran, Albert Woolson, originally from Minnesota, who crossed the river in 1956. □

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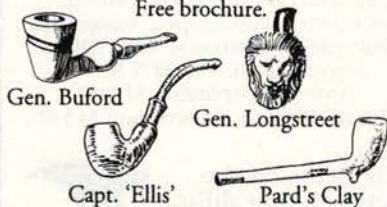
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Crossfire (continued from page 7)

Geary's divisions that during the course of the afternoon "charged" up to the battery, did so after it was already abandoned in no-man's land.

Neither Ward nor Ireland was wounded in the initial assault. Ward was wounded a short time later, Ireland much later in the day.

A detachment of ten companies of Coburn's brigade, Butterfield's division, under the command of Major Buckingham, 20th Conn., also assisted the 5th Ohio and 33rd N.J. in digging out and hauling off the guns.

—Harold Nichols
St. Louis, Missouri

Fact—Not Prejudice!

Sir, there are two reasons that I am subscribing to *North and South*. The first reason is that I consider it to be a very well-written publication with many interesting articles and features. The second reason is your reply to a Mr. Robert Eden from Illinois in the January 1998 issue. Mr. Eden wrote, "You are too pro-Southern! Forrest was a bandit not a soldier." And your reply was, "Be as partisan as you like. Feel as passionately about the war as you like. But don't deny historical reality... One thing he was not [was] a bandit." Thank you for setting this person straight without being partisan.

Several years ago I subscribed to *Civil War Times Illustrated* and a "Yankee" from Ohio wrote a letter to the editor and equated all Confederate soldiers with Hitler's SS troops. The editor wrote not a single word in rebuttal to this incorrect labeling. I could only assume that the editor agreed. My reaction was not to write a reactive letter but when the subscription ran out I simply did not re-subscribe. In retrospect, I should have asked the editor why he allowed this to go unchallenged.

In any case, thank you again. From your response to Mr. Robert Eden I would assume you would call the hand of a "Johnny Reb" who might get "out of line."

VERITAS VINCIT—TRUTH CONQUERS!

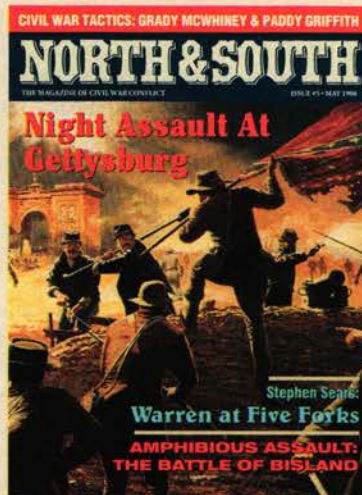
—Patrick B. Harris, Jr.
Troy State University

Ed. You betcha!

DYK Answers

1. Major General George G. Meade
2. Tuberculosis
3. The Willard Hotel
4. Jefferson C. Davis shot and killed William "Bull" Nelson.
5. Jimmy Carter
6. John C. Pemberton

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE



GLORY TO GOD! WE ARE SAVED!

The desperate night assault of the Louisiana Tigers on East Cemetery Hill, July 2nd 1863, and the heroic defense by Rickett's battery.

Peter Tomasak

THE MYTH OF THE RIFLE REVOLUTION IN THE CIVIL WAR

Paddy Griffith argues that the introduction of the rifled musket had, contrary to popular belief, very little impact on the Civil War battlefield. Noted authors

Grady McWhiney and Perry Jamieson dissent.

PAROLE OF HONOR

An Illinois senator and the President of the United States interceded to enable a Confederate prisoner to visit his dying father. Mel Young

GOVERNEUR KEMBLE WARREN AND LITTLE PHIL

When Major General Philip H. Sheridan fired the commander of the V Corps at Five Forks, he started a controversy which has lasted to the present day. Stephen Sears

CHAOS ITSELF: THE BATTLE OF MINE CREEK

When Confederate General Sterling Price led his men north in 1864, he little knew what fate had in store for him. Kip Lindberg

DECISION IN THE WEST: THE SIEGE

Noah Trudeau discusses the siege of Vicksburg, and Keith Poulter gives an overview of this critical campaign. Plus previously unpublished letters from Lieutenant David J. Logan of the 17th South Carolina Infantry, part of Johnston's relief force.

ONE WHO GOT AWAY

Things you never knew about Lincoln conspirator John Surratt. James Lange and Katherine DeWitt

"A MOST MISERABLE HOLE"

So said prisoner of war Lieutenant William H. Cowdin of the 42nd Massachusetts Infantry. But in fact, while no holiday camp, the regime at Camp Ford, Texas, was relatively mild. Karen Gerhardt

Cover Story



The cover illustration of this issue is "Cause Defended" by Dale Gallon. Dale painted it as a tribute to the Confederate infantryman, and as such it is not specific to any particular time or theatre.

NORTH & SOUTH

Who Ordered Lincoln's Death? Authors James Lange and Katherine DeWitt take us a long step nearer to the truth. (N&S #6)

Ambush at Vienna: Virginia, June 1861 The first tactical use of a railroad in the war. (N&S #6) Mitchell Yockelson

Halleck and Lincoln John Simon examines the question: if Halleck was as inept as he is usually painted, why did Lincoln tolerate him for so long? (N&S #7).

Mosby's Confederacy Just exactly what was the impact of John Singleton Mosby's Confederacy on the Federal war effort? The answer may surprise you ... (N&S #7).

Home Spun Generals of the Confederacy Stephen Woodworth looks at how, without benefit of military training, men like John B. Gordon exhibited natural martial ability... (N&S #8).

The Cavalry Issue #9 of *North & South* will be a special on the cavalry, north and south—its nature, organization, tactics, supply, leadership, evolution, and role.

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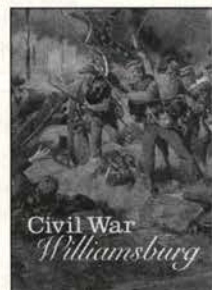


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